

Gym Class Heroes

"7 Weeks"

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My life's these yellow lines, concrete and parliament
butts
Exhaust fumes and rest stops who drive hard for their
bucks
Load in, sound check, play show, load out
Let's go, next city, oh great, off day

Hangovers, hangups, dial backs, running make up
Apologies and promises and nobody acknowledges
That boys in bands got it so damn bad
But we love like the last cigarette we'll ever have

I'm putting miles on my body 'bout due for a tune up
In this gas station, food ain't really helping but
I'm loving every minute, every road signs a reminder
Of exactly why we did it to begin with

This is how it has to be
A kiss for luck, submerge myself
And in 7 weeks resurface, I'm like this
Even if we don't look back again

Tired boys with wired eyes
Exposing imperfections to the public eye
We're perfect, I'm like this
Even if we don't look back again

I like these hotels, passports, random bag checks
Day dreams of love affairs that I haven't had yet
Touch down, baggage claim, new town, different dame
Same clothes, 7 days, whew, damn, I need to change

And it's a lifestyle I wouldn't recommend
Wild 'n out on a level Nic Cannon couldn't comprehend
(Fuck out of here)
We made a lot of friends and even more enemies
Some of which were genuine and others just pretend to
be

Soft raving baby, life's lovely
Even when the gray rain cloud's right above me
The girl's textin' me talkin' about gettin' all cuddly

'Cause you paint a pretty picture but the frame is so
ugly

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And now it's back in a van with four of my mans
Until we catchin' a tan on the Florida sands
I feel like tourin' this land's made me more of a man
From killa California to the shores of Japan

Good times stayin' up late in Austin
Coast to coast, V8 to Chicago
To gettin' up with Johnny Cupcakes in Boston
And smokin' that most great eight in Colorado

Home ain't home no more
I hug the road and kiss the concrete
And sometimes I even hear her heartbeat
No matter where we go or where we at
We carry upstate on our back, it's like that

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Tired boys with wired eyes
Exposing imperfections to the public eye
We're perfect, I'm like this
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So a lot of you don't realize
There's a whole subculture

Of boys driving around in vans
Even if we don't look back again

Looking for your daughters
And your lottery tickets
Love it or leave it, I'm like this
Even if we don't look back again

I love my life, bitches
Even if we don't look back again
Even if we don't look back again

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