

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "Forget The Fashion"

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There's no room for substance
When you've got abundance
And who needs self-respect
When you've got fortune and fame
Stepping stones labeled "friends"
Without roots, the mighty oak won't last for long
Let's hear it for ideals
Can I get a round of sound for something real
For he's a jolly good fellow
But he's being put out to pasture
To make way for prosperity
And if that's my right of passage
Then I will opt in the favor of failure
And never think twice
Let's hear it for ideals
Can I get a round of sound for something real
This is not to break you down
This is to build you up and remind myself
To forget the fashion and bring back the passion

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