

Halos "Living Like Kings"

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Oak Creek merlot and that great American Spirit
It tastes like midnight to me
A torn up couch cushion and raccoons on the wall
You can hear an engine blowing out its steam

I'll remember back to days when we were...

Living like kings in confined spaces
We made the best of where this cursed time had
placed us
We gave up on all we knew could keep us afloat
We traded life vests for wood

A leg up meant we all came along
We built trust
And we drank hard
And we lost friends
And we wrote songs
And by the by,
we split and chose our different sides
If no one's wrong and no one's right,
I'd be surprised

Remember back to days when we were...

It could have been clean
But you scraped off all the sheen
Its what you do to everything
You're small-time
You're a featherweight fighter with his head on the line
Play it down
You can give up now

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