

The Heroes Of Valhalla "It's A Wonderful Li(f)e"

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Taking time to count the tempo off, we've got a
hundred miles behind us covered in exhaust. And
every verse is dressed to dance and wreck romance,
and every chorus kills it's chance. We've filled our
lungs with miles to give you every breath. With four
wheels beneath our feet we'd give you all that's left.
Take your pictures down and tear me out, you know I
won't be home for christmas, and take back everything
you never meant to say. Your lips are a runway and
mine are a plane that'd rather crash into the ocean
cause I know they cause the pain. And we've got hearts
of gold just so we guarantee that we'd sink beneath the
memory of all your diaries. They're dated and inked in
every kiss you never gave. The summer sun would
wear out every single page

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