

The Cardigans

"For The Boys"

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Burn it all and break your home

This one's for the boys

You're a vain and shameless man

But hell, I love your voice

Skinny fingers and mumbling mouths

I'd like to mark your words

'cause sometimes I don't trust you when you're singing

Of love and play

It's the story of you

Losing to your daydream

You dancing with a smokescreen

Goin' under with your daydream

In the wake of a big machine

Honey, honey, and money and man

All my lonely boys

Easy with the sleight of hand

You're talking sweet 'bout the pain and the ladies

And sometimes you look ugly when you're happy

And sometimes you look better when you're down

A real good song

It's the story of you

Losing to your daydream
You dancing with a smokescreen
Goin' under with your daydream
You're sliding through the big sleep
Man, you can sing
Like you're tryin' to break my heart
And you can hate
And you can blame it on the stars
You're strung up in your guitar
You're strung out on who you are
Come on boys, it's time you let it go
(Losing to your daydream)
(You dancing with a smokescreen)
(Goin' under with your daydream)
(You're sliding through the big sleep)
See me losing to your daydream
See me dancing with your smokescreen
Going under with your daydream
In the wake of a big machine
In the wake of a big machine
In the wake of a big machine

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