

Dolorean

"So You're A Touring Band Now"

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Blow in through the door
Like a ghost that is nice
My crosshairs align and my grip is tight
My friends are bullets
That I shot at tin cans
No feathers no wings
No feet and no beaks
And no place to land
No place to land

When you finally come home
Don't be surprised
If there's rust in my throat and red in my eyes
My friends are knives
That cut out my tongue
No songs and no beats no words left to speak
Just utters and grunts
Utters and grunts

Drive ten thousand miles
Just to tear off your arm
Just to play the guitar and recite a poem
My friends are bottles
That I dropped on the ground
They shatter and break
And they always take
Too long to come home
Too long to come home

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