

## State Champion "Thanks Given"

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We grew our hair down to our eyes  
Dancing miles toward the throne  
But oh sometimes a grave is marked by a milestone  
And when the time comes to go and rock'n'roll alone  
I'll march around this town drunk  
With 'Out Of Step' in my headphones  
Faking like I'm throwing rocks at cops  
'Cause I am too scared to let go  
Just let go of all I know

And there's a day in a month in the year  
When "Thank you I'm so glad to be here  
I like all those pictures on your wall" and all that  
Is what you're supposed to say

But hey is it that wrong  
To just give thanks for a holiday?

There's a hole in my chest  
Where the sunshine don't fit  
But my heart still works  
It beats through my shirt like a whip  
Striking down the bandits and the benedicts  
Striking them down into the ground  
Striking them down watching them bleed  
Calling them bozos making them leave

You grew your hair down to your eyes  
(Why'd you grow your hair down to your eyes?)  
When you grew your hair down to your eyes  
Was it for me?

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