

## **G.a.s. Drummers**

### **"Late Night Conversations"**

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In the outskirts on a roof,  
I watch the city mute  
And hide  
In this endless summer night.

I'm waiting for those late night calls  
Where we always proved  
Each other  
We kept hanging on

Where we survived our cowardice  
And we overcame disgrace,  
We'll wander with a spray can  
And the same old words to paint.

Lost dogs of the working class  
Against the hourglass

Those records straightly spoke to us.

Learning about new countries in the globe  
We point our fingers  
To the non discovered - yet land...

Where we survived our cowardice  
And we overcame disgrace,  
We'll wander with a spray can  
And the same old words to paint.

Because if we don't remember the past,  
Then future broken  
Because present is stolen.

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