

Cardigans, The "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

Like you're tryin' to break my heart
Man, you can sing

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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