

Sugarcult

"Everyday America"

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Grew up on a tightrope, learned to smile
Even when I was falling down
Daddy had a hard hand and Mama always had hope
And me and my sister couldn't wait to get out
Fell in love out of collage
Good man for the bad year
Visions of sugarplums and boxes of roses
All my girlfriends cried and I was outta here

Ooh, whoa, everybody's dreaming big
Ooh, whoa, but everybody's just getting by
That's how it goes in everyday America
A little town and a great big life

Joey stares at a trophy
Took us all the way to state back in '85
A shining moment and a dusty reminder
He never felt so scared, he never felt so alive
We found his toys in the backyard
Daddy's boys, yeah, you know how they like to fight
When they sleep, he swears they're angels
He wouldn't trade a day for all those Friday nights

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We can laugh, we can cry
We're all just looking for the reasons why
In a place of dark can we see the light
Either way it'll be alright

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