

JV All*Stars, The "Abbey Road Theory"

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Welcome to the best and worst of my hometown
As illustrated in true dialogue and sound
Photos with captions you can read aloud
A one-sided conversation

There's something worn and old about this home
(about this home)
Cold and comfortable just like the streets (like the
streets)
That I won't trade for anything
It's here and now and won't be forever
Here's to friends who will be there 'till the end

It's these nights
And these faces
Keep me warm
Hold me grounded
Touch my soul
Keep me moving
Keep me moving
Keep me moving

For every Joyo night at 2AM
When the show was over and I was alone
For every patient person who's believed in me
Is one more step from desperation, I sing louder than I
have before

It's these nights
And these places
That keep me warm
Hold me grounded
Touch my soul
Keep me moving
Keep me moving

We are fragile like an antique looking-glass
We are proud of who we are and what we have
Yeah, when every single vice is a helping hand
This is my home

These songs should come together seamlessly
And lack all proper names to make you think
"This could be anyone, including me,
Or is just my, just my imagination?"

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