

JV All*Stars, The

"Hope Is A Good Thing, Maybe The Best Of Things, An"

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Gold sunsets and warm air
We may be close but we're not there yet
Every hour is another hour from home
All your new friends are just goodbyes waiting to
happen
I know we'll be ok
As long as there's a hunger coursing through our veins
And our hearts to guide us (guide us)

This is where i'll be until i'm old enough to know
Better get busy living
Or use to dying
Beyond common sense but believe me i'm trying

This is where we make up all the rules
By ourselves
This is how we fall, and hit the ground
And run like hell
(Fall and hit the ground, run like hell)
This is where we make up all the rules
Don't take this for granted

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