

JV All*Stars, The

"Seventeenth/Vine"

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Between now and again I know that nothing will make
sense
As much as I try I will make the same mistakes again
I told myself, "I'll let you know when you end up coming
close
To, to another faithless friend"

Between 17th and Vine and the end of Friday night
Await my trusted audience the roads and city lights
I told myself you should have learned by now you get
what you deserve
In every bitter end

I don't feel bad
I don't feel anything
I can't tell insult from injury

You don't know me anymore
And you never did as far as I'm concerned
Only the closest ones can make you burn

Woah
Woah

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