

Another Night at Windy Point

Allday

Fight music in the car with neon's on
Orange like Vietnam
Fighting our deal was
Now me and my boys driving through town in 3 or 4
P-plater cars, awaken demons, noise from the exhaust
Lost hours, save it for the horse power in need of course
We bow to live forever
Think we'll never see the morgue
Smoking on this fucking you know
On some nights when the starlight is just right
But on this one night, we everyone dry
I need some girls to sort my shit out
Hormones and cyclones
On these nights it's like a big town less of a city
Up at windy see the lights are pretty
My dealer isn't picking up this night is dying quickly
My friend lights a ciggy
Car pulls up beside us they don't like us really
These dudes I know, with acronyms to describe em
Seeing I'm a sissy
I'm not one for fighting
Nor for hiding so I tighten my belt
Say have you seen Orion's?