

Fireside

Bryce Vine

Okay I know it's been a minute since we come along
The old house you were livin' is now a synagogue
"Opah" the hardest part of growin' is the lack of a choice, yeah
I rode past that old bowling alley but now it's a Vons
Rolled past the O'Malley house and the family is gone
It's cold now but I'm highly evolved
So I don't feel the cold in the car
I stopped two blocks from the high school lot
On the corner every mornin' where Denae got dropped
Pretty broad, momma caught up on the PTA
Sneak her off, ditch a class and go to CPK
But it's A-okay
Still a markin' from the tires where my old car crashed
Metal, glass, burnin' rubber on my whole car dash
My boy sleep in the back, god damnit another panic from your blow hard dad
Fuck around in the back of a jeep
Run a muck in the street
Fall awake at the passenger seat, all aboard
That ship don't sail like it did anymore, so

We're goin' back to the fireside
It's been a long time but we're alright
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It's been a long time but we're alright

Well it's been so long and you're still so neat
Hair still shine and you smell so clean
Romance those days when you passed back
Looks to me horn rim shades and advance class books
Walk my way in a plaid green skirt
Hide that stain on my band t-shirt
My friends all laughed when you grabbed my hand
Had young love and I lost that chance
Man, oh man, how the years slipped by me?
Up off the page with the devil behind me, oh
Good fuckin' work
Another ten years at the tip of the iceberg

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Okay I know it's been a minute since we come along
The old house you were livin' is now a cinema
I'm not growin' by decision or a lack of a choice, yeah
But I remember the smoke blaze and naming the star
Still remember the drunk fights that gave me the scars, all aboard
That ship don't sail like it did anymore, so

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Just say
We might be better off for all those

Bruises and the scars
The times we missed the mark
That made me thick
We're goin' back to the fireside
It's been a long time but we're alright