

Street Punks on a Freight Train

Bryce Vine

We took a hard fall
But it's okay
I'm an asshole
Your a headcase
We were street punks on a freight train
Should've never been together in the first place
Rummage through the rubble
See memories of trouble
The rest are getting busy in a black car shuttle
Jamming Rancid in the class cause we crash with each other
You're coolest in the winter but you're hottest in the summer

One day we may laugh about it
One day we'll let it all out
One day we may talk about it
But that day's not now

We took a beating inside
I saw you fall from the ride
And started buying new clothes
You took the ring out your nose
I said your making me sick
You look at me like tough shit
I'm not the rebel yelling bitch you remember
That day when I crashed your car
That time when you punched my wall
I know we're responsible
We're both so irresponsible
And we keep steering down the wrong path
Sparks flying everywhere and now we can't turn back

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One day we'll let it all out
One day we may talk about it
But that day's not now

Wow, look at us now
I went right behind the shutter
And you've become another
Side, maybe it's fine
Toss your pea coat
Burn your steel tongue boots
Blues, got in my grooves
You live a facade in covered up tattoos
So bye, maybe it's fine
Maybe one day we'll ride that train with pride

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One day we may talk about it
But that day's not now
One day we may laugh about it
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But that day's not now