

Avalanche

Butch Walker

Well we ushered in the Millennium
And watched it fade away
I'm never pacified
There's always something to say
Tight rope ride
New crop of kids on their way
Man I'm weary from the storm
But I dove in anyway

And the emo gods
They think they'll leave a star trace
With blacked out eyes
Tethered to their myspace
No one ever reads the lyrics anymore
I'm addicted to nostalgia
And to being adored

I keep running away from an avalanche
Shoulda been running with it all along
When you come off the tracks and you can't get it back
Honey always know where you belong

Welcome to the jungle
Where we all live alone
Bands named after novels
That exist on your phone
Right of passage when I say
You miss the things you don't know
Best way to get off is that replay
Of your whispered videos

Now the emo guys
Masquerade as DJs
Only black keys
Guitars they had their heyday
When no one feels at the same we did before
I'm feeling so nostalgic
I just wanna be adored

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