Choke

Direct Hit!

When I was 17, there was no in-between
I left my heart in magazines and TV screens
I walked a lonely road where only beds would go
I watched the bombs explode from the comfort of my home

We left our families, walked out to shores of seas
We felt the waves crash on, felt the salt upon our knees
And when we came to breathe the air between the trees
It opened up our eyes, didn't ask what it might mean

When I was 17, we were no king or queen
We lived for nicotine, obscenity, caffeine
And we walked along the road where lonely kids all go
And watched the bombs explode so many years ago

We walked on home, asleep before we'd even know
That we were high on nothing but our own egos -
We'd tell the stories to our friends,
And pour the liquor down our throats,
And it tastes so sweet to me I feel like I might choke

When I was 17, I didn't know what quit could mean
We never thought someone would ask us to come clean
And we walked along the road, our thumbs stuck out you know
Hitchhiking home and probably stunting all our growth

We walked on home, asleep before we'd even know
That we were high on nothing but our own egos -
We'd tell the stories to our friends,
And pour the liquor down our throats,
And it tastes so sweet to me I feel like I might choke

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