

## Boys Will Be Boys

Every Avenue

We saw the summer night,  
We drank down the sober sky  
Left our mark into the concrete  
Burned up all our tires sleeping  
Words flow as we are fading  
Watch the canvas become our painting  
Not all roads lead to Rome  
'Cause this one leads to the hell back home

Oh oh, this is what we do.  
Oh oh, this is what we do.

You can say, it's wasted ignorance.  
But we're okay, just living in the wreckage.  
Don't you get the wrong impression  
It's just business with the worst intentions

We felt the floor fall out  
And, well, I guess it's too late now  
Guess we'll just count our losses  
Fix it no matter what the cost is

Lie down with a view  
Fell asleep on top of the roof  
Remember when the sky turned orange  
Or was it black the night before?

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