

The Sound of Young America

Fireworks

These flowers and two ice cubes and one back bone and window view

Too much of anything is never a good thing

On the brooms for what it loves

I am what I am, just not what I was

I'm not sure of anything and I don't feel a thing

I'm letting go of everything that I know

I'm low, I was set first time of the down room, room, room

The summer's has been thick and dry

The same as the sleep in my eye

Too much of anything is never a good thing

I caught a smile like Halloween

It's just smoke and mirrors

I doubt you can stand for this

I'm not sure of anything and I don't feel a thing

I'm letting go of everything that I know

I know, when I worship the song or the docks

Mental, I'm mental, I'm mental (2x)

I'm letting go of everything I've ever known

I'm know, I worship the song or the docks