Six years ago, a very hot summer night, ave a with friends hang ing tight

No future, no goals, and no destiny, hanging on the corner For the world to see

Some friends drunk, some friends high

Laughing talking shit as the people walked by

The air was tense and muggy as fuck, lower east side running am uck

Guilty by association, judged by who I know Can't keep all my friends out of trouble When they got no place to go

Me drug free in the midst of it all Crazy fucking summer hanging out with madball People got their ass kicked, people got hurt But I was accepted for all it was worth Bad repuations are hard to live down I'm not guilty for who I hang around

Sometimes I felt like an outcast, trying to talk my friends out of trouble

Tried to be a positive role model, but I got caught up in the r umble

We had ideas scribbled on walls, six years later, our destiny calls

Living our lives, some of us in bands

Touring the world, but we know where we stand

Cause when we play shows together or just hanging out

We're still the same fellas, still all tight, young till we die And ready to fight for what's right

As I look back now on that summer vacation

I realize, I'll always be - guilty by association