

Bang

Mt. Joy

Here we are going nowhere
And it's not bad, could it be worse?
The ice cream man's got a new line of work

We go up, up, up, try holdin' on
To almost there but it won't come today

They're holding court on Montrose and 21st
And the cops don't care, they want it to get worse
It goes bang, bang, bang, bang
Nothing changed, they just gaslight the blame

They ought to make a dance
For when the world shits its pants
You go up, up, up, try holdin' on
To almost there but it won't come

You go up, up, up, try holdin' on
To almost there but it won't come
And we'll remember everything
The dogs in the rain
And the sunken eyes
Feelin' so strange

Like, how many more
How

It goes bang, bang, bang, bang
Heartless thieves, it ain't me but it might as well be