

## 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 many more  
How many more  
How many more  
How many more  
How many more  
How many more  
How

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