We are bitter losers, snarling through our smiles We're the lost boys, in the supermarket isles We're Christmas dogs, dumped by the side of the road Confused, we will run for miles We are road rage We are stone age We are wild

We are busted light bulbs, in a backstreet neon sign We're the shaking gun, in a service station line We'll drink though we're drunk, We'll sink though we've sunk We're fucked but we say that we're fine We are rampage, Missing back page's in our spine

We long, for journeys and the roadside We long, for starlight and the low tide Yeah, we long, for fairy tales and firesides And oh,

We are coffeehouse cynics,
Too righteous, too rigid to believe
Disappointed romantics,
Scraping the heart's from our sleeves
We're the toothless drunk,
We're the ageing punk
Yeah, we are Adam,
We're the apple and we're Eve
We are beggars with shiny pennies, on our knees

We long, for sunlight on the hillsides Yeah, we long, for yesterdays and hindsight Oh, we long, for fairy tales and firesides And oh,

Yeah we long for carnivals and fairground rides Oh, we long for journeys and the roadsides Oh, we long for fairy tales and firesides