

I was an Indiana kid, getting no one in my bed
I had your sweet tunes to play
I was staring at the map, feeling fire in my head
I had your sweet tunes to play

I was mean to my dad, cause I was mean to myself
I had your sweet tunes to play
Stealing smokes in my car, with the window way down
I had your sweet tunes to play
Your sweet tunes to play

I was sitting in the bath, cleaning off the ash
I had your sweet tunes to play
And I hated all my friends, and wouldn't let them in
I had your sweet tunes to play

On a long desert train, with a knife in my bag
I had your sweet tunes to play
Under the Market Street Bridge, burning one in my hand
I had your sweet tunes to play
Your sweet tunes to play

Now it's hard to hear you sing, the crow has lost his wings
I got your sweet tunes to play
I'm getting older everyday, still living the same mistakes
I got your sweet tunes to play

Either get out or stay in, I won't let these dark times win
We got your sweet tunes to play
Your sweet tunes to play