Souls

Hippo Campus

back to the streets were the kids are new
love was around the corner from you
you played it well like an old time jive
and girl, i swear, i've never seen you look so alive
back the trail, now upon the path
rolling off the tracks, no you'll never see it again
wrote the song that you dug so much
livin' it up with the boys and such
oh, oh we won't go, back to the room where we sold our souls
oh, oh, we won't go
oh, oh, boots and bros, down with the shrine of american gold
oh, oh boots and bros
we moved in packs together
bounded by our oldest brothers, oh, oh, oh
we sung our songs of making
rolling cigarettes and sneaking out, oh, oh, oh
we sung our songs of youth and promised that we'd never lose it, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
oh, oh, we won't go
back to the roon where we sold our souls
oh, oh we won't go
oh, oh boots and bros, down with the shrine of american gold
oh, oh, we won't go

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/