

Roundabout

Tsunami Bomb

1 A.M., the club is closing down. it's been a long day
We're on a great big road trip from coast to coast
The map is in our hands, wave goodbye and off we go
Free from normal life
This adventure is our history, we're out here on our own
Whoa, here we go
We'll never get there, we'll never get there
If we didn't, who would care?
6 A.M., the sky is turning light. Wish I could go home
LA to Salt Lake in one long night
The sun is coming up but my body feels cold inside
What am I doing?
This adventure is our history, we're out here on our own
Then there are times when
I feel so alone and no one knows who I am
Then there are times when
Gabe and Mike and Dom are there to be friends
Then there are times when
The kids we meet mean more to us
Than we ever thought they could
Driving all day, driving all night
Mike bought some coffee, Dom got in a fight
Sleeping on the floor, driving through the snow
Sweaty, smoky venues at every single show
El Diablo is our home
Still one question: where did Gabe go?

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