Truck

Pothead

Children all have saviors
Children don't care who saves us
Round the corner, round the bend
Fingernails torn to the end
Bring back, bring back
Bring back, bring back on me
On me
I told them, we scold them
Can't console them always
Toy soldiers falling
Dominoes, but who knows?
Bring back, bring back
Bring back, bring back on me
On me
Yeah and I dream of falling stars

And tokes for all my friends
And I will live forever
Yeah and I dream of all I'm worth
And all along the way
And I will never even
Yeah and I will coast through falling prayers
And all along the way
And I will always listen
Bring back, bring back (I)
Bring back, bring back (Or)
Bring back, bring back (We)
On me....
Bring it back, bring it back on
Bring it back, bring it back on
Bring it back, bring it back on

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