

Our Own People

Stuck In Your Radio

Last Friday night
Strangers in sight
Just sitting here in my friends
Plotting the night
'Cause all the time
Seems to be wasted insteadAs older times walk by
Shivers climb up their spine
The looks will come
And they will know
That nothing its the sameIts our life and it's ok
What we wear or how we swear
How we look or how we sound
There's no changing us around
Its our life, its ok
No matter what
Will always have the reins
We are our own peopleLast Saturday
Our Holiday
The car fits 7 inside
No room to stretch
But in the end
We always have a good timeAs we arrive and realize
This part of town is dead
Turn on the lights
Blast all night
We paint this town in red!Its our life and it's ok
What we wear or how we swear
How we look or how we sound
There's no changing us around
Its our life, its ok
No matter what
Will always have the reins
We are our own peopleIts our life and it's ok
What we wear or how we swear
How we look or how we sound
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There's no changing us around
Its our life, its ok
No matter what
Will always have the reins
We are our own people

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