Rainbows In The Dark

b-boa

One, two, three, four
I was kidnapped real young by the sweet taste of love
Built a fondness for things that just weren't good enough
I cradled the crow, always shooed off the dove
Which tagged me a nave son
So, the fortunate kids, yeah, they left on their lights
And they stuck up their noses and started some fights
Their parents all cackled at dirt on my hands
While my father was slaving, my mother explained it
Sometimes that's just how it is
So my sister went kissing a maple-skinned boy
Finally, held up her fists, said "I'm done being coy"
And the neighborhood boys started buzzing with joy
We finally had front-page news
Although it was sad, I couldn't help but laugh
Such ridiculous hate in the hot, summer sweat
I laid on my back, let the punk record spin
The stomping guitar, it was shooting out stars
It all went to my heart, yeah, some rainbows in the dark
So, I called up danger, my friends and some strangers
They stumbled and wavered, one called me his savior
They slipped me the blood in the whole of the vial
But I didn't feel them change
Then I met a man with a fist for a hand
Held me flat on my back, taught me how to give in
Some phrases were shot, pretty roses got tossed
The gift of a fat-lipped grin
Now, they're drilling my teeth while I'm soiling sheets
With my lover, she's counting the diamonds on rings
And even when truth doesn't help with the sting
Out of no numbers, some harsh looking color
You pull them out, feel they're changed
No need for a thousand cranes
So, I thank the city, the lights that it's spinning
The friends that I have and the shoes we?re not shining
The drunk horn?s so violent, all spinning out sounds
But the color's so vibrant , the color's so loud
The newly-born crying realizing what life is
In the eyes of my grandpa, the right people dying

The see-saw of love, it, its rickety bounce
The feeling of coming, the feeling of going
The mother, the child, the tame and the wild
The sleeping in minor, the gold leaf, the tire
The crooked, the straight, all the hip and the fake
Oh, I'm finally feeling the stitching of beautiful seams
Sometimes, you just can't hold back the river
Sometimes, you just can't hold back the river
Sometimes, you just can't hold back the river
Sometimes, you just can't hold back the river
Hold back the river
Hold back the river
Hold back the river

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