

Can't Kick up the Roots

Neck Deep

The golden groves are lined with affluence and roses
But the bagheads down by Central Station are closer to where home is
It can be grim and send you West from time to time
Yeah, this place is such a shipwreck
But this shipwreck, it is mine Day by day we grew to love this place
And where I make my grave, my anchor lays I've been wasting away
But in a town with no way out, there's not much else to do anyway
If you're looking for a place to decay
Then there will always be a place in my town called revelry I've seen a punch or two
Narrowly escaped a few
And if you can get the day off, I could show you a view
I remember the football games
The first time that I got laid
And the time J broke his finger drinking by the lake Day by day we grew to love this place
And where I make my grave is where my anchor lays
The sound of my youth echoes out through these empty streets
I guess I can't kick up the roots
It's home, and that's the truth I've been wasting away
But in a town with no way out, there's not much else to do anyway
If you're looking for a place to decay
Then there will always be a place in my town called revelry We know what it's like to be put down
So fuck you to the world, and stand your ground
We know how to turn it inside out and get a little bit rowdy We know what it's like to be put down
So fuck you to the world, and stand your ground
We know how to turn it inside out and get a little bit I've been wasting away
But in a town with no way out, there's not much else to do anyway
If you're looking for a place to decay (to decay)
Then there will always be a place in my town called revelry I'm not stuck I'm staying (I'm not stuck I'm staying)
Yeah I said, I'm not stuck I'm staying (I'm not stuck I'm staying)
And if you've got sorrows to drown and the bottom's where you're bound
You will always have a place in my town called revelry

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