

Suburban Kings

Tom DeLonge

That is gonna come to meet us
Every guy that wished and fell
I got a brand new apartment
On the other side of Poway Hill
Every kid is dreading Monday
Ice is on my window sill
Waiting for a brand new skateboard
I'm waiting for a bit of skill
Tommy want a punk-rock weekend
And Tommy need a new guitar
Tommy ain't a high school drop out
Who kicked out of high school

I'm holding my head is gonna blow up my mind
Wake shot up these words
I've got quite a bit grey
Like they were yesterday
We were on our way
When the songs do their thing
And we singing

Suburban kings they will die but will rise up again
Like little kids they will fight til they all get their way
And make the most of themselves
But we sound the alarm
Like they jumped straight out of Hell
A freaking hydrogen bomb
Bombs away

You gotta get the rules and break them
This house is getting out of hand
Mother's got a thing for praying
But God is gonna hate my band
Tommy wants a life of purpose
Tommy has some dreams to plan
I drive to that shit apartment
I'm gonna build a punk-rock band

I'm holding my head is gonna blow up my mind
Wake shot up these words

I've got quite a bit grey
Like they were yesterday
We were on our way
When the ships stop at lair
And we woke up the hell

Suburban kings they will die but will rise up one day
Like little kids they will fight til they all get their way
And make the most of themselves
But we sound the alarm
Like they jumped straight out of Hell
A freaking hydrogen bomb
Suburban kings they will die
But will rise up one day
With steady wings they will fly
From up and out of their cage
We show the worst of themselves
We must sound the alarm
These kids, they jumped out of Hell
A freaking hydrogen bomb
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