

Boys Will Be Boys

Every Avenue

We saw the summer night
We drank down the sober sky
Left our mark into the concrete
Burned up all our tires sleeping
Words flow as we are fading
Watch the canvas become our painting
Not all roads lead to Rome
'Cause this one leads to the hell back home and
Oh oh, this is what we do
Oh oh, this is what we do
You can say, it's wasted ignorance
But we're okay, just living in the wreckage
Don't you get the wrong impression
It's just business with the worst intentions
We felt the floor fall out
And well, I guess it's too late now
Guess that we'll just count our losses
Fix it no matter what the cost is
Lie down with a view
Fell asleep on top of the roof
Remember when the sky turned orange
Or was it black the night before?
Oh oh, this is what we do
Oh oh, this is what we do, whoa
You can say, it's wasted ignorance
But we're okay, just living in the wreckage
Don't you get the wrong impression
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