

# Young Hearts

## Beach Slang

This crummy town  
Is filled with wild boredom  
A battleground  
Rumbling like a wardrum nowIt gave us guts  
It made us saints of danger  
It woke us up  
It made write to save usThe gutter's alive  
With young hearts tonight  
The gutter's alive  
With young hearts tonightThe nothing kids  
The restless and forgotten  
We never fit  
It's been our bravest weaponThe gutter's alive  
With young hearts tonight  
The gutter's alive  
With young hearts tonightIt made us saints of danger  
It made us saints

Songwriters

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