

More Than Local Boys

The Matches

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Out in the streets at all hours of the night
Softly bathed in flickering dashboard lights
Hey! There's no painless
way to say
that I pass on the piece of pie
that you planned as mine
I'm starving too, but I'm hungry for life
Not that life,
But my life,
It's my time
My POS car with the radio playin'
The graveyard jockey is on the air sayin'
"Here's a new hot band outta Oakland..."
And it's the sound
Of my way out We make noise
What else could we choose?
We're gonna be more than local boys
And shake! shake! shake!
The dust off these shoes I used to watch this kid
turning wrenches next door
He grew up
Engines strewn across the oil stained floor
I got a car
The next year
I knew better but let it fall
into disrepair
I gotta get away, gotta get away,
Gotta get away from here
But four wheels
aren't going to get me there
Summer time blues
on the front porch swinger

The jock says that
The Rage got a new singer
The first note
rips through the speaker
And it's the sound
of my way out Yeah!
We make noise
What else could we choose?
We're gonna be more than local boys
And shake! shake! shake!
The dust off these shoes
We make noise
What else could we choose?
We're gonna be more than local boys
And shake! shake! shake!
The dust off these shoes...
The dust off these shoes... We're the wolves
Prowlin' the shadows of these worn down streets
A rabid dose of ambition drives us to the books
To the highways -
To the low-way -
To the air waves -
We're all just trying get a better look
At what's beyond the tall grass
That grows around this town
I gotta see the world for myself
And I only know one way to get out
Pick up my ticket to anywhere but here
It's got six strings and a soul
I gotta get away, Gotta get away
Gotta get away from here
Turn it up, and rock right out of this whole We make noise
What else could we choose?
We're gonna be more than local boys
And shake! shake! shake!
The dust off these shoes
We make noise
What else could we choose?
We're gonna be more than local boys
And shake! shake! shake!
The dust off these shoes
Shake! Shake! Shake!
Shake! Shake! Shake!
Shake! Shake! Shake!
Shake! Shake! Shake!

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