

Graffiti

The Cadillac Three

(woah....woah....woah...)
Everybody piled in the back of a beat up truck
Riding down the road with the radio up
I got my arm around my girl with a farmers tan
All my boys shakin' up them cans
A 12-pack and spray paint
Takin it too far
We're doin it our way
Leaving our markDown the halls
On the walls
In the bathroom stalls
Underneath that freight-train bridge that we jumped off
We wrote long live the kings and queens of this city
Small town famous - our names in graffiti
Graffiti, graffiti, graffitiJust a little something to remember us by
Like our very own Hollywood sign
Our stories spread around
Word of mouth -town to town oh yea
Even now still talkin' 'bout, still talkin' 'boutDown the halls
On the walls
In the bathroom stalls
Underneath that freight-train bridge that we jumped off
We wrote long live the kings and queens of this city
Small town famous, our names in graffiti.....Woah we still got the crown
It was more than just a memory
Never going down in water tower history
The halls
On the walls
In the bathroom stalls
Underneath that freight train bridge that we jumped off
We wrote long live the kings and queens of this city
Small town famous, our names in graffitiThis town is ours, cross our hearts, keep our secrets safe
And every tale will be swept into our graves
To all the jocks and the punks
The freaks and the hippies
Yea we're small town famous, our names in graffiti
Graffiti, graffiti, graffitiYea we're small town famous, our names in graffiti
Graffiti, graffiti, graffiti
Yea long live the kings and the queens of this city

Small town famous, our names in graffiti
Graffiti, graffiti, graffiti, graffiti

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