

Against Me!, Slurring The Rhythms

There was no cameras brought for pictures
to hold all the small details.
we left them all behind, we left them all behind.
there was a place for and there was a time for
we arrive to leave again,
there is no point in a keepsake when you run from collections.
I know one day there will be a book or a song line to remind me
how much it meant to be hungry,
exhausted,
and alone.
direction is a point,
direction is a purpose,
destination is a reason to live..
makes a heart beat.

Woh-oh oh oh
Woah oh oh...

this could be any day (Woh oh oh)
this could be any year. (Woh oh oh)
this could be any stage (woh oh oh)
this could be any city. (woh oh oh)
all that matters is we are moving on. (woh oh oh)
the roadside graveyards pass (woh oh oh)
and we escape, we escape, we escape, we escape repeating. (wooh!)
the construction of a nation building up (woh oh oh)
and the destruction of a nation tearing down to build again. (woh oh oh)
trailing taillights like the ghosts of the last (woh oh oh)
to escape those past en route to arrival. (wooh!)
we are never going home.