

All Time Low, The Reckless and The Brave

Long live the reckless and the brave,
I don't think I want to be saved.
My song has not been sung.
So long live us.

Looking out at a town
called Suburbia.
Everybody's just fighting
to fit in.
Little rats running mazes,
Having babies,
It's a vicious little world,
that we live in.
Looking back at a life on
the other side.
I realize that I didn't fit in,
didn't hate it,
but I didn't quite relate it,
To my precious little world.

Long live the reckless and the brave,
I don't think I want to be saved.
My song has not been sung.
And long live the fast times,
so come what may
I don't think I wanna be saved.
My song has not been sung.

Breaking out of a town
called Suburbia.
I remember everybody
always saying,
"Little brat must be crazy,
never make it in our
vicious little world."
Still I'm leaving.
Got a van, got a chance,
got my dignity.
Got a dream, got a spark,
Got somewhere to be,
Take a breath, say goodbye
to the precious little world.

Long live the reckless and the brave,
I don't think I want to be saved.
My song has not been sung.
And long live the fast times
so come what may
I don't think I wanna be saved.
My song has not been sung.