

# Army Of Freshmen, Talk Of The Town

Saturday Night and the rain keeps pouring  
down to wash away this boring  
town where no one left is scoring  
that's how the story goes  
voices in my head start screaming  
seeing stars but I'm not dreaming  
sinking in this empty feeling  
that's how the story goes

here comes the weekend, here comes the same old song  
we keep singing but we get it wrong  
at a party with more faces than friends  
if the fun never starts then the fun never ends  
but the weight of the town it just dragged us down  
we know every street but we're lost not found  
screaming inside but we make no sound  
gearing up for the weekend let down

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in a small town well the word spreads fast  
and the great nights have long since passed  
and the future is whatever dad does  
what you are isn't far from what he was  
cashed and crashed as the party winds down  
the place is trashed but the sorrows drowned  
and in the morning when I'm not around  
for at least one night I'll be the talk of the town

for every drunken promise past, this time I'll make it last

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same faces never seemed so old, same stories always being told  
I'll add one last chapter to mine, out where the sun still shines

there goes the weekend, there goes the same old song  
we kept singing but we got it wrong

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