

Gym Class Heroes, 7 Weeks

My life's these yellow lines, concrete, and Parliament butts
Exhaust fumes and rest stops who drive hard for their bucks
Load in, sound check, play show, load out, let's go, next city, oh great, off day
Hangovers, hangups, dialbacks, running make up, apologies and promises
And nobody acknowledges that boys in bands got it so damn bad
But we love like it the last cigarette we'll ever have
I'm putting miles on my body, 'bout due for a tune up
In this gas station, food ain't really helping but
I'm loving every minute, every road signs a reminder of
Exactly why we did it to begin with

This is how it has to be
A kiss for luck, submerge myself
And in seven weeks resurface
Even if we don't look back again
Tired boys with wired eyes
Exposing imperfections
To the public eye we're perfect
Even if we don't look back again

I like these hotels, passports, and random bag checks
Daydreams of love affairs that I haven't had yet
Touch down, baggage claim, new town, different dame
Same clothes, seven days, whew, damn I need to change
And it's a lifestyle that I wouldn't recommend
Wild 'N Out on a level Nick Cannon couldn't comprehend (fuck outta here)
We made a lot of friends and even more enemies
Some of which were genuine and others just pretend to be
It's all gravy baby, life's lovely
Even when the gray rain cloud's right above me
The girl's textin' me talkin' about gettin' all cuddly
'Cause you paint a pretty picture but the frame is so ugly

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And now it's back in a van with four of my mans
Until we catchin' a tan on the Florida sands
I feel like tourin' this land's made me more of a man
From killa California to the shores of Japan
Good times stayin' up late in Austin
Coast to coast V8 to Chicago
To gettin' up with Johnny Cupcakes in Boston
And smokin' that most great eight in Colorado
Home ain't home no more
I hug the road and kiss the concrete and sometimes
I even hear her heartbeat
No matter where we go or where we at
We carry upstate on our back, it's like that

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"So a lot of you don't realize.
There's a whole subculture of boys driving around in vans."
Even if we don't look back again
"Looking for your daughters, and your lottery tickets.
Love it or leave it." (I'm like this)
Even if we don't look back again
"I love my life. Bitches."
Even if we don't look back again
Even if we don't look back again