

Madcap, Bright Lights, Big City

In a bar in downtown Dale an old man tells a tale.
He screams of a day of poets where
the streets are ours not theirs.
He screams piss on everything.

na na na na na na na hey!

My leather jacket is zipped up and ready.
The boots on my feet, they keep me steady.
I want to join the gang and sing.

Na na na na na na na hey!

Bright lights, big city
Bright lights, big city
we want the streets [x3]
Bright lights, big city!

Old men say, they say son
It's going to be hard to get older.
Give it time and you will see see.
Well now that time has come and gone
its gone, yeah!

I may be young but I know nothing
nothing really matters
except what's in your heart.
No good, no bad, no wrong, no right.

Na na na na na na na hey!

Bright lights, big city!
Bright lights, big city!
(we want the streets [x3])
Bright lights, big city!

Meet us on the street
Underneath bright lights, in the city.
There we'll find our hearts,
our souls,
our dreams

Meet us on the street
underneath bright lights, big city.
Nothing hold us back
when we believe our heart's
the size of buildings.

Yeah!

Bright lights, big city
Bright lights, big city
(we want the streets [x3])
Bright lights big city
Bright lights big city
(we want the streets [x3])
Bright lights, big city