

# Michael Penn, Bedlam Boys

Years away  
With foreign girls  
The bedlam boys  
Took sand from pearls  
The tide went out  
The time was ripe  
It's so much more subtle  
To be the silent type  
And I'm in no mood to reunite  
If they came with her tonight

The bedlam boys  
Make some noise for me  
The bedlam boys

Lisa's knocking at  
My open door  
With a chance to makeup  
And a hope for more  
So I just whispered to her  
Underbreath  
"This love has suffered  
Such a quiet death"  
The keys in your pocket  
Have turned to rust  
You brought suspicion  
I was put in trust  
She says "time and tide abide"  
Yeah 'cause time and tide's been fried

By the bedlam boys  
Make some noise for me  
The bedlam boys  
Make some noise for me

Well, it's history my baby  
Like ruins in textbooks  
That's making you stare  
With come-hither-type looks  
And that's why your touch seems  
So baited with all those old hooks  
This ain't part of the deal  
See all that counts is how you feel

About the bedlam boys  
Make some noise for me  
The bedlam boys  
Make some noise for me  
The bedlam boys  
Make some noise  
The bedlam boys  
Make some noise for me