

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