

# The Cardigans, For The Boys

Burn it all and break your home  
This one's for the boys  
You're a vain and shameless man  
But hell, I love your voice

Skinny fingers and mumbling mouths  
I'd like to mark your words  
'cause sometimes I don't trust you when you're singing  
Of love and play  
It's the story of you

Losing to your daydream  
You dancing with a smokescreen  
Goin' under with your daydream  
In the wake of a big machine

Honey, honey, and money and man  
All my lonely boys  
Easy with the sleight of hand  
You're talking sweet 'bout the pain and the ladies

And sometimes you look ugly when you're happy  
And sometimes you look better when you're down  
A real good song  
It's the story of you

Losing to your daydream  
You dancing with a smokescreen  
Goin' under with your daydream  
You're sliding through the big sleep

Man, you can sing  
Like you're tryin' to break my heart  
And you can hate  
And you can blame it on the stars  
You're strung up in your guitar  
You're strung out on who you are  
Come on boys, it's time you let it go

(Losing to your daydream)  
(You dancing with a smokescreen)  
(Goin' under with your daydream)  
(You're sliding through the big sleep)

See me losing to your daydream  
See me dancing with your smokescreen  
Going under with your daydream

In the wake of a big machine  
In the wake of a big machine  
In the wake of a big machine