

# Tsunami Bomb, Roundabout

1 A.M., the club is closing down. It's been a long day  
We're on a great big road trip from coast to coast  
The map is in our hands, wave goodbye and off we go  
Tell you what we wanna do  
This adventure is our history, we're out here on our own

Whoa, here we go  
We'll never get there, we'll never get there  
If we didn't, who would care?

6 A.M., the sky is turning light. Wish I could go home  
LA to Salt Lake in one long night  
The sun is coming up but my body feels cold inside  
What am I doing?  
This adventure is our history, we're out here on our own

Then there are times when  
I feel so alone and no one knows who I am  
Then there are times when  
The only thing I wish for is a friend  
Then there are times when  
The kids we meet mean more to us  
Than we ever thought they could

Whoa, here we go  
We'll never get there, we'll never get there  
If we didn't, who would care?

Driving all day, driving all night  
Asking for direction, should've taken right  
Sleeping on the floor, driving through the snow  
A sweaty, smoky venue at every single show  
El Diablo is our home ooo  
Still one question: where'd the time go?

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If we didn't, who would care?