

Tsunami Bomb, Roundabout (Demo)

1 A.M. the venue closes down. It's been a fine day
We're on a great big road trip from coast to coast
The map is in our head, wave goodbye and off we go
Free from normal life
so many cool kids, so many cool bands
Who were here since we began

Whoa, here we go
This adventure is our history
We're out here on our own

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?
We'll never get there
And if we did then who would care

Then there are times when
I feel so alone and no one knows who I am
Then there are times when
Heaven's like a dollar not so quickly spent
Then there are times when
The kids we meet mean more to us
Than we ever thought they could

Whoa, here we go
This adventure is our history
We're out here on our own

Driving all day, driving all night
Five bucks for coffee, Tom got in a fight
Sleeping on the floor, driving through the snow
Sweaty, smoky venues at every single show
El Diablo is our home
Still one question: where do you let go?