

American Hi-Fi, Something Real

Staring down the boulevard
Crescent heights the city lights the way
To another wasted day
Shiny cars and shooting stars
California dreaming in my ear
I just wish that you were here
I'm dealing with scars
Just trying to see who we are
Nobody said it would be easy
Fighting your way through another day
I think I know how you feel
Looking for something that matters
Keeping it together when it's all been shattered
We all want something real

Summer's on a holiday
Pills to chase the blues away
Who knows just how far this story goes
So listen to the radio
Turn it up so you can sing along
Even though the notes are wrong
I'm building up walls
And trying to break all the falls

All your life you're wondering
We don't know what's happening
Somethings gotta give
Falling through the atmosphere
See the world in black and white
These pictures coming clear
How many times I wished that you were here