

# Angels and Airwaves, Rite Of Spring

I was locked all day in the summer heat,  
In a small brown house in Suburban Streets,  
My skateboard and my shit guitar,  
I dreamed all day that they would get me far,  
My dad would ask me about my grades,  
The asshole sports that I never played.  
And then I'd ask about the girls he'd date,  
Behind our backs when mom would stay up late.  
It was near when I turned sixteen, got kicked out of school,  
And so it seemed, things were closing in  
And ready to blow,  
My dad moved out about that year or so,  
And talked in hours start a punk rock band  
To offset my fucked up family land  
And as I held my mom would start to cry  
I swore ourselves a better life

If I had a chance for another try,  
I wouldn't change a thing  
This made me all on who I am inside  
And if I could thank god  
That I am here, and that I am alive  
And everyday I wake  
I tell myself a little harmless lie  
The whole wide world is mine

The summers gone, the years have passed,  
My friends have changed, a few did last,  
The smallest dreams got pushed aside,  
The largest ones that changed my life,  
And all I wish for was come to past  
From rock and roll, to love and cash  
It's all success if it's what you need  
Do what you like and do it honestly

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Hey yo oh oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh oh  
Hey yo oh oh

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The whole wide world is mine!  
And the whole wide world is mine!

