

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!

