

# Boysenfire, (10) And Counting

I can remember when  
There were times I thought we'd never eat again  
And salvation was our drinking

Things were different then  
It was five of us against the world but then  
The world sure seemed much smaller

Broken down, down and out  
Out of gas, out of food, without a doubt  
Broken up, up in arms  
Armed to the teeth with ways to kill the pain

I was around back when we would fight each other for a couch or bed  
Though we'd never end up sleeping  
We could rely on friends through the good, the bad, the ugly times that  
We spent together when we were  
Stealing our daily bread, naming vans until they all became our friends  
At least until they left us

Broken down, down and out  
Out of gas, out of food, without a doubt  
Broken up, up in arms  
Armed to the teeth with ways to kill the pain

I wouldn't trade these drunken days to be like you  
And say "I will be safe, I'm just waiting for  
Waiting for life to start."  
You can hate what we create  
But we'll be standing here when everything falls apart

Broken down, down and out  
Out of gas, out of food, without a doubt  
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