

Mest, Rooftops

Starin' at the broke street light,
Some of those lonely nights,
I didn't know if we would make it through.

Stayin' up 'til 5 AM,
Watchin' the sun come up again,
I'd do it all again if i could.

So if I call will you be there?
I miss the nights we used to share...

Up on the rooftop,
Listening to punk rock,
Nobody believed that,
This could be our one shot,
That was all we had...
The nights that we wasted,
Got us through the days that,
Seemed never ending,
Always in a haze but,
We just didn't care...
No, we just didn't care...

The only place that we could go,
Starin' at a world we didn't know,
Wondering if this was all we had.

40 ounce, intoxicated dreams,
All our faded memories,
That's what made us who we are today.

So if I call will you be there?
(If I call will you be there?)
I miss the nights we used to share...

Up on the rooftop,
Listening to punk rock,
Nobody believed that,
This could be our one shot,
That was all we had...
The nights that we wasted,
Got us through the days that,
Seemed never ending,
Always in a haze but,
We just didn't care...
No, we just didn't care...

All these nights,
Left alone,
Is what made us...

All these nights,
Left alone,
Is what made us...
What made us...

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Listening to punk rock,
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