

Park Ave., All Boy Band

One more set, baby, you'll survive
Just play guitar, don't look them in the eye
They're all here to see you tonight
Such expectations impress the writers
All boy band, all boy attitude
Break your bass will get them in the mood
If you want I will sing for you
"Anything girl, anything girl"
When every mouth that sings complains and honesty can be replaced
There are sadder things to say
I guess it's true I look for it
A tragedy that's gonna fit the chorus that I need more than anything
Is it happiness is so impossible that you can't touch it even when it's close t
Or is it emptiness is still so probable that you're scared to even reach for it?
You can't pretend? Is that what this is about?
The feeling's gone, but the album just came out
And even though there is no meaning now, I can't stop singing
Can't stop singing
Well, here's the book I stole it from all repeated and tired-tongued
There is still nothing to say
But I can say with confidence there are a hundred bands that sound like us
But that's not important and it never was
It's the feeling that creeps in when it is late
And you pull the van to the side of the interstate
And you lay on the roof, the stars hang above
And you wonder what they'd look like if you were in love
Well, tonight I am ecstatic with the sounds of the amplifiers
Filling up the emptiness with distortion
I can tell the kid has been crying, he puts his mouth on a pacifier
A microphone, a memory, an emotion
Are those people at the bar, they look more like statues
Expressionless, they listen to the first band
I'm looking for a payphone, a familiar voice
I need someone who understands
That this isn't how I wanted it to be