The Army Of Freshmen, Talk Of The Town

Saturday Night and the rain keeps pouring
down to wash away this boring
town where no one left is scoring
that's how the story goes
voices in my head start screaming
seeing stars but I'm not dreaming
sinking in this empty feeling
that's how the story goes

here comes the weekend, here comes the same old song
we keep singing but we get it wrong
at a party with more faces then friends
if the fun never starts then the fun never ends
but the weight of the town it just dragged us down
we know every street but we're lost not found
screaming inside but we make no sound
gearing up for the weekend let down

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in a small town well the word spreads fast
and the great nights have long since passed
and the future is whatever dad does
what you are isn't far from what he was
cashed and crashed as the party winds down
the place is trashed but the sorrows drowned
and in the morning when I'm not around
for at least one night I'll be the talk of the town

for every drunken promise past, this time I'll make it last

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same faces never seemed so old, same stories always being told
I'll add one last chapter to mine, out where the sun still shines

there goes the weekend, there goes the same old song
we kept singing but we got it wrong

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