

# The Bouncing Souls, The Pizza Song

On a dark street,  
On a cold night,  
Pizza's cooking in a storefront oven,  
On the corner a boy is waiting,  
The moonlight feels cold and desperate  
Some hidden sadness is bound down  
Attention is all over town,  
Ready to burst open into  
Driving, burning, exploding sound,

If these walls could sing  
They'd sing us a hundred songs  
If these walls could talk  
They'd say they'd seen it coming all along  
All along

Tony's makin' sliced pies,  
For the lunch rush,  
Stirring the sauce,  
Poundin' out the dough  
His brother left town with his girl,  
She ain't his girl no more.  
And some days they seem to never end,  
So mundane in this old town,  
Ready to burst open into,  
Driving, burning, exploding sound.

If these walls could sing,  
They'd sing us a hundred songs,  
And if these walls could talk,  
They'd say they'd seen it coming all along  
All along

May all these walls we've made  
In our wasted years and days,  
Not stand in our way,  
That we may feel the winds of change.  
(Change, change)  
(Change, change)

And if these walls could sing,  
They'd sing us a hundred songs,  
And if these walls could talk,  
They'd say they'd seen it coming all along.

And if these walls could sing  
They'd say they'd seen it coming, coming  
(If these walls could talk)  
Coming, coming, coming all along  
All along, all along, all along, all along, all along