

The Kills, You Don't Own The Road

You don't own the road boy
Better kick up a storm
You don't own the big city lights
Better cop out your own

You don't own the green pines,
The blue sky, or the smoke
You don't own the dust in your
Big brown eyes when you keep them closed

Yeah, steal them back for me love
Oh yeah, steal them back for me love, oh yeah

You don't own the road boy
And neither do I
You don't own the big city lights
That make my eyes cry

You don't own the green pines
So be careful where you lean
And when you're lost under the blue sky
Look down and you'll find me

Yeah, steal it back for me love
Oh yeah steal it back for me love, oh yeah

Come on over
If that's the way you feel
When you're lonesome steal it
Back when you're lonely
Back when you're lonely, back

You don't own the sadness son
See the tide just comes in
Guilt is played on the violin
By those who never cared to sing

Yeah, steal it back for me love
Oh yeah, steal it back for me love, back for me love
Oh yeah, steal it back for me love, back for me love
Oh yeah, steal it back for me love, back for me love
Back for me love
Back for me love