

# The Matches, More Than Local Boys

Out in the streets at all hours of the night  
Softly bathed in flickering dashboard lights  
Hey! There&apos;s no painless  
way to say  
that I pass on the piece of pie  
that you planned as mine  
I&apos;m starving too but I&apos;m hungry for life  
Not that life,  
But my life,  
It&apos;s my time  
My POS car with the radio playin&apos;  
The graveyard jockey is on the air sayin&apos;  
&quot;Here&apos;s a new hot band outta Oakland...&quot;  
And it&apos;s the sound  
Of my way out

We make noise  
What else could we choose?  
We&apos;re gonna be more than local boys  
And shake! shake! shake!  
The dust off these shoes

I used to watch  
This kid turning wrenches next door  
He grew up  
Engines strewn across the oil stained floor  
I got a car  
The next year  
I knew better but let it fall  
into disrepair  
I gotta get away  
Gotta get away,  
Gotta get away from here  
But four wheels  
aren&apos;t going to get me there  
Summer time blues  
on the front porch swinger  
The jock says that  
The Rage got a new singer  
The first note  
rips through the speaker  
And it&apos;s the sound  
of my way out

Yeah!  
We make noise  
What else could we choose?  
We&apos;re gonna be more than local boys  
And shake! shake! shake!  
The dust off these shoes  
We make noise  
What else could we choose?  
We&apos;re gonna be more than local boys  
And shake! shake! shake!  
The dust off these shoes...  
The dust off these shoes...

We&apos;re the wolves  
Prowlin&apos; the shadows of these worn down streets  
A rabid dose of ambition drives us to the books  
To the highways -  
To the low-way -  
To the air waves -  
We&apos;re all just tryin&apos; to get a better look

At what&apos;s beyond the tall grass  
That goes around this town  
I gotta see the world for myself  
And I only know one way to get out  
Pick up my ticket to any where but here  
It&apos;s got six strings and a soul  
I gotta get away, Gotta get away  
Gotta get away from here  
Turn it up, and rock right out of this whole

We make noise  
What else could we choose?  
We&apos;re gonna be more than local boys  
And shake! shake! shake!  
The dust off these shoes  
We make noise  
What else could we choose?  
We&apos;re gonna be more than local boys  
And shake! shake! shake!  
The dust off these shoes  
Shake! Shake! Shake!  
Shake! Shake! Shake!  
Shake! Shake! Shake!  
Shake! Shake! Shake!