

The Boys

Lisa Mitchell

The wind blows my hair across my face
Does it kill on your skateboard in a manly stunt
We're driving down the avenue, past off the big houses
And there's something about these streets
And the way you wear your heart on your sleeve
And down below I see, the aquamarine

I think that I'm beginning, to care
I think that I'm beginning, to care
Oh the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys

Boys park in, and sit in the backyard
Hair and our skins all, salty and starch
The air is soft and reminds me of the ending days

I think that I'm beginning, to care
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Oh the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys

Yeah the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys

Stay with me, stay a while
Stay with me, stay a while
I think your love is making me nervous
The way your eyes hold me stand in backstage
I'll find my way from the old road but I don't know when

I think that I'm beginning, to care
Oh the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys

Yeah the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
With the boys, the boys, driving in cars
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