

## Dull Boy

The Growlers

Lost in the valley of malls  
The kids are all eating themselves  
Living on capsules and balls  
Thinking that there's nowhere else at all

Flicking a match in the sky  
Turning my back on my own  
Finally the bottle's bone dry  
With a message inside  
That says that I'm gone

I'm a dull boy with a dead dream  
Searching for a pulse in any given scene

This city's shrinking down  
I think it's time to leave this town  
Pulling out while there's still time  
Littered all my memories behind

The statues win so let them have it  
Let them keep their squeaky clean  
Whatever was now is in ashes  
There isn't anymore room here for me

'Cause I'm a dull boy with a dead dream  
Searching for a pulse in any given scene

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