

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