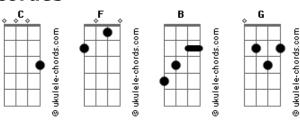


The White Buffalo - Bb Guns And Dirt Bikes

Tom: C Intro: C We were ridin out with heads in the sky We were ten and twelve and thirteen We got BB guns and dirt bikes And heads full of crowded dreams We always won in the hot suburban sun We were kings of the west side track These new kids over cross Slater Street Comin on like a heart attack Chorus: Mama says Where are ya going? And when will you be comin home? With my brother and my memory G I'll bring my history home

Sealed with piss and with pride through the streets we would ride Over cracks in the dirt and weeds

Acordes



We'd best be home by suppertime Just in time to craft a scheme

If you've got my back heres the plan of attack Listen up if you would boys please We'll hit these pussies round midnight And roll off like a band of thieves

(Chorus)

Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh oh Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh oh

With quiverin eyes and our fear in disguise We gathered all that would burn in the breeze We hit the asphalt howlin like hellfire Had no time to get weak in the knees

Under the cover of night when the timing was right Like a furious army of three We'd light up the sky like the fourth of July And race home like it was a dream

And Mama yells
Where have ya been?
And where the hell are ya comin from?
With my brother and my memory
I'll bring my victory home
With my brother and my memory
I'll bring my history home

Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh oh oh Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh oh oh Oh oh oh ohhh oh ohhhhh oh oh oh ohhhh oh Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh oh oh