

Peso...Joga...ginga...roda

Vera's face burnt as a memory of bedroom fun  
With a lighter and some hairspray  
Smoking in the girls' room  
Not worse than Shelley's rape behind the McDonald's  
By a man she thought was fine, didn't tell anybody  
Or maybe back then we just thought that she was getting some

Now we look back and see that she didn't know how  
We never thought that we'd get caught up  
Stuck in the teenage waste

As we explode  
As we explode

Then getting drunk in the bushes by the road outside the Kmart  
Rolling around in them to see if you would get pricked  
Slip the acid on your tongue rooftop mall parkade  
We couldn't get enough

Then count the stars and the ten million woes  
Just you and the universe judging each other  
We never knew that we'd get caught up  
Stuck in the teenage waste

As we explode  
As we explode  
As we explode  
As we let go...yeah

Peso...roda...ginga...joga

It's a fight, it's a fight and you finally belong  
Got a shiner now and it's more than a battle scar  
More than a battle scar, such a good, good story to tell  
At lunch break, lunch break, lunch break, lunch break  
Such a good, good story to tell

You bully, you break, you bully, you break  
You fake, you fake, you fake, you fake  
You smoke, you toke, you want, you flaunt, you hit it and you're in it and it's spinning

And it's wild  
We never thought that we'd get caught up  
Stuck in the teenage waste

As we explode  
As we explode  
As we explode  
As we let go

We're counting the stars  
We're counting the stars  
We're gonna go far, we're gonna go far  
We're counting the stars, we're counting the stars  
We're not very far, we're not very far

And it's you and me in the open air  
It's truth or dare, we don't care  
We're counting the stars, we're counting the stars, we're counting the stars, we're counting the stars