

Festival Song

Adam Green

I believe we have to live to die just to give
I wanted you to say you play with me
Now for you to touch me, to reach out and cut me
Just like my mother said you'd stand in my way

No, no, it's not allowed to be a party
You got a whole lot of good money to live it
You got a whole lot of good money for nothing

Here's coming down a cannonball
Stand backwards looking up at your girl in the hotel bed
And here's a look back to Babylon
What you feeling now the kid's gonna get the best of you

And you're standing in the doorway
Draggin' your dick back to some place to lay
Yeah, you're standing in the doorway
Don't care what she's saying

No, no, it's not allowed to be a party
You got a whole lot of good money to live it
My God you'd trade money for your honey