

Testosterone Makes The World Go Round

Death By Stereo

In this great catastrophe, the evils of our world collide
You're forced to stand alone and survive
You against the world as they conquer and divide
A passive nod or a smile as they casually walk by
A spit and gesture of disgust as they turn the other way

American teenage bullshit
At one point it's got to stop
But it's how I feel today
Every time I see a cop
Every time someone gets pushed around
Sometimes I want to pop
When I see you on the dance floor
I'd like to pluck you from the crop

A spit and a gesture of disgust
As they turn the other way
A small part of me hopes they turn around
And another wants to ignore
Sometimes out of pure hatred
Another to kill the bore
In this great catastrophe, the evils of our world collide
The evils of our world collide

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Go home
Please go home
Go
Go

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