

Screw The Standard

eatmewhileimhot!

Radio's blarin' and my heart's on fire,
put a bullet through my head and then we'll call it a night.
Whoa uh oh oh uh oh, whoa uh oh oh uh ohhh.

Stereo's singin' and I'm out of luck,
another cigarette and I'll say I've had enoguh.
Whoa uh oh oh uh oh, whoa uh oh oh uh ohhh.

Burnin' down while I'll be your favourite lie,
packing all my things, I'm leavin' you behind.
I've got my keys, I've got my keys.
Forget the load, forget the load.
I've got my friends, I've got my friends.
We'll hit the road, we'll hit the road.

Riding on the back in the fear of the standards,
the standards that now we will reign,
and I'll I've got to say is that I'm sick of this town
and let's screw the standards, and let's make a stand!

Burnin' down while I'll be your favourite lie,
packing all my things, I'm leavin' you behind.
I've got my keys, I've got my keys.
Forget the load, forget the load.
I've got my friends, I've got my friends.
We'll hit the road, we'll hit the road.

And all I know, all I know, is that I'm never lookin' back, nev
er lookin' back again, oh again.

I thought I told ya. I thought I told ya!