

Five, six, seven, eight  
God is good but I am great  
I am delusional, I am rock and roll  
And you're not gonna take it from me, no  
Ain't there something left to do around this town  
The collective shared thought is that it's all been done  
And we're not gonna do it again  
Let's do it again

Don't let them in  
They cannot be trusted  
They've got bullets in their pockets  
And blood pouring from eye sockets  
Don't let them in  
They are holy ghosts  
And they're not gonna be happy til everybody's clapping along

This place was supposed to be miraculous  
But my water never turned to wine  
I got a really funny feeling that I'm going to hell  
If I don't make it to heaven on time  
And I stare at my reflection  
I watch my chest just rise and fall  
You know sometimes I wish that it did not ever  
Come back up at all

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Five, six, seven, eight  
We can bend you til you break

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