

T.S.R. (This Shit Rules)

Against Me!

The party's over
A cd's skipping
It's the same hook repeating
Grows more grating with each passing second...

And the walls contain a resonation, laughter, and conversation.
It was fun while it lasted, but now we should be going.
And I hope everybody had real, real good time
The hospitality's partaken, my head is flying my heart's racing
to keep up.
And I hope I havent overdone it nooo...
I hope my body can take it. I hope I make the occasion.
It's only this fucked up I start realizing
all this living is just dying
and if these are my friends, if this is my home,
if this is how Ii spend my nights, how I communicate, and demon
strate a love of life.
My eyes roll into the back of my head, if these are the last wo
rds that I ever said
No I'm not ready to die just yet.