

Thrash Unreal

Against Me!

If she wants to dance and drink all night, well there's no one that can stop her.

She's going until the house lights come up or her stomach spills onto the floor.

This night is gonna end when we're damn well ready for it to be over.

Worked all week long now the music is playing on our time.

We do what we do to get by, and then we need a release.

You get mixed up with the wrong guys.

You get messed up on the wrong drugs.

Sometimes the party takes you places that you didn't really plan on going.

When people see the track marks on her arms she knows what they're thinking.

She keeps on working for that minimum,

as if a high school education gave you any other options, you know now.

They don't know nothing about redemption.

They don't know nothing about recovery.

Some people just aren't the type for marriage and family.

No mother ever dreams that her daughters going to grow up to be a junkie.

No mother ever dreams that her daughters going to grow up to sleep alone.

(2x)

She's out of step with the style.

She don't know where the actions happening.

You know the downtown club scene ain't nothing like it used to be.

You reach a point where there's not a lie in the world that you could use to make the boys believe you're still in your twenties.

But they keep getting younger, don't they baby?

She's not waiting for someone to come over and ask for the privilege.

She can still hear that Rebel Yell just as loud as it was in 1983, you know.

There ain't no Johnny coming home to share a bed with her and she doesn't care.

No mother ever dreams that her daughters going to grow up to be a junkie.

No mother ever dreams that her daughters going to grow up to sleep alone.

(2x)

No mother ever dreams that her daughters going to grow up to be a junkie.
And if she had to live it all over again you know she wouldn't change anything for the world.