The skate park is only 15 songs away

and there's nothing that I'd rather do on on this terrible fuck ing day.

Than break, break my fucking bones and feel the pain of self improvement.

It's not your job to make everybody happy.

You don't have to answer to anyone or anybody.

Just stick, stick, stick to your guns.

And don't quit it till you feel like changing them.

And the shame to keep yourself from knowing the things that mak e you beautiful and complete.

And we lie to ourselves and we can feel our insides rotting.

When the world could be bowing at our feet.

At our feet.

Stick, stick to your guns.

And don't quit it till you feel like changing...

Stick, stick, stick to your guns.

And don't quit it till you feel like changing...

Stick, stick, stick to your guns.

And don't quit it till you feel like changing them.

Stick, stick, stick to your guns.

And don't quit it till you feel like changing them.