

Grudge Report

Bomb the Music Industry!

Contact through computer.
Broken guitar. Broken amps and dreams.
I felt old a long time ago but now the rest of the world's gotten older than me.
So what's the deal here?
Are you too old to get there?

Are you too lazy to get here?
Too lazy to even stay in touch?
No calls inside those walls.
A simple "how are you" is a little much to ask of you.
So I'll go on without you.

Take my chances and go it alone.
I hate people anyway.

Pile up in a dumpster.
Light that match and burn it up
And run away to somewhere safe.
Rubber tires are grounded and go from place to place.
You cannot live here.
You've already died here.

Take my chances and go it alone.
I hate people anyway.

Don't give up on the first thing you believe.
Take my chances and go it alone.
I don't need this shit anyway.

I don't wanna wake up to an alarm clock thinking
"Well, what the fuck. I've done enough. Time to stop livin' and start giving up."
I know I'll have to or just go on without you.
Take my chances and go it alone.
I hate people anyway.