

We're All Going Down

Butch Walker

Burnt to a crisp I can't sleep from the sound of the train of t
hought inside me
So I grab the keys as the clock it starts to smile
5 in the am seems so surreal
Where the red lights are friends

With the automobiles
And just want you to stop
And say "hi" for awhile

'Cause we just want to be heard
And act like we're better
Than anyone else or not to feel lower

So laugh when they cry
Jump when they're down
Smile when they frown
We're all going down
We're all going down...

So take a hi-five from another zombie that walks in the bar
Straight out of a movie
Where 10 dollar drinks
Are the highlight of his week

And all the kitty cats
Get out their catty kits
Sit and they talk shit
Bout this bitch and that bitch
And makes me feel a little better about me