

High Price on Our Heads

Circle Jerks

won't fit, can't conform
i'll allways be the same
hateful eyes glate to say
I refuse to be tame
no way to get ahead
in a losers' race
where no one wins
they draft no master plan
just punishing pain
from the damned

no options
to accept
we've got opinions
we wanna express
no way to get ahead
in a losers' race
where no one wins
they draft no master plan
just punishing pain
from the damned

outlaws, renegades
with nothing left to save
there's no tomorrow
there's no today
no reward stands in our way
gotta high price on our heads