Rusty James

Green Day

This whiskey sour, amateur hour Raise your glass and toast your friends Someday we will fight again

Well, your enemies, your tragedies Pocket knives and rusty chains Where the hell is the old gang at?

And all the losers, can't even win for losing And the beginners don't even know what song they're singing

When there's no one left around And you're the last gang in town And your heart can't even break When it doesn't even pound

This broken scene is turning green A brass knuckles left in the rain Death wish kids among the living

I wanna ride on the divided Anything but the mainstream Where the fuck is your old gang man?

And all the losers, can't even win for losing And the beginners don't even know what song they're singing

When there's no one left around And you're the last gang in town And your heart can't even break When it doesn't even pound

So long Didn't even say goodnight So long There's no where to go when you're hiding in plain sight

When there's no one left around And you're the last gang in town And your heart can't even break When it doesn't even pound