

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