

Wow! That's Loud

Green Day

Smell your technicolour in your eyes
Makes me sick with pleasure in my mind
Treat you like the sound of lightning, staring at the sun is blinding
Like a bottle rocket in the sky

Dressed to the nines like a black cats eyes
You're such a beautiful mess tonight
Wow that dirty dress is so loud
Wow that dirty dress is so loud

And it goes...

Wearing a psychotic red alert
Your bouquet of flowers in the dirt
Radioactive primal, Nuclear is so delightful
Wear a decal where you know it hurts

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