

## Nobody's Accusing You (Of Having a Good Time)

Hot Hot Heat

Some days are gonna be diamonds some days are just gonna be stones  
Some days the reaper isn't looking so grim some days the past is the only mine that has gold  
But don't get too heavy  
Don't get so intense  
Don't make you this party's problem  
No one put a gun to your head  
Nobody's accusing you of having a good time  
Some days you're crawling forwards some days you're spinning backwards  
Some days your bullshit detector's turned off some days a medieval torture test won't even trigger a cough  
Don't get too petty  
don't be so exact  
You can't let go you can't relax  
A payment plan for heart attacks  
you got your money who's got your back  
Why can't we all just start from scratch  
There's no gun to your head