

Classy

Kenickie

We're
On our backs
Looking up at the satrs
We
Have a laugh
Falling down
Scratching cars

Watch your backs
Hide your knives
I'm the fastest man alive

We make things out of sin
With blood and human skin
We never see the sights
We're out to late at night

We
Don't need you
We go out
By ourselves
We catch the bus
Into town
Into hell

Break your heart
Break your face
Not that much to look at anyway

We make things out of dust
So we can smash them up
We never see the sights
We're out too late at night

Now you know that my lips thick
I'll write on your shirt
Make the words look like pictures
And that's just the start
Of it all

WE'VE GOT CLASS
WE'VE GOT STYLE

We're on our backs
Looking up at the stairs
We have a laugh falling down
Scratching cars

Watch your backs
Hide the knives
I'm the fastest man alive
We make things out of sin
With blood and human skin
We never see the sights
We're out to late at night
So we can smash them up
da da da da da da

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