

Well Oiled Machines

Koffin Kats

Don't need any bitches back home
They leave us anyway
There is nothing left
That will hold us back

Well oiled machines we roll
Burning up in apathy
Blasting down the road
Don't tell us which way to go
Stand in our way
And well run you down

Don't want any new friends now
They all think that were rich
Nothings free in life
Not even a handout