

D.E.A.D.R.A.M.O.N.E.S.

Modern Life Is War

Making come true our modest impossible dreams.
Stuck in public school classrooms at age 15.
Those long hot days just before the summer...
Knowing that we're stuck here...
And there's something happening somewhere.
Knowing we know we gotta get there.
It's true what they say...
Death is more perfect than life...
That's why we already died.
What could have been?
We don't wanna know.
Tonight we'll get our kicks.
Tonight we're all letting go!
'Cause we're all Dead Ramones!
Sore back!
Sore feet!
A ragtag army and we're sick in the heat.
We're not pretty and we're not rich.
We're gonna hafta fucking work for it.
It's our life!
We do what we choose!
Black Jeans.
Black
Shirt.

Black Shoes.
Mom and Dad still don't approve.
Twenty eight shows.
28 days.

Pulling up new rogues all along the way.
I'm just another face in this desperate youth parade.
And all the bunk beds locked doors, hardwood, sweat,
Guts, skateboards, cold war bomb shelter basement screams, no sleep, good dreams.
We're playing hard as we can and a whole lotta time stuck in the van.
Reading the graffiti on every bathroom wall in truck stop fast food hell.
Save me from ordinary.
Save me from myself.
Another punk rock summer came and went
Now I just wanna go back home and turn up my stereo
Until the rhythm melts my bones 'cause I'm a Dead Ramone.
D.E.A.D.R.A.M.O.N.E.S.