

Teenage Cremation

My Ticket Home

Hey, my unborn friend
Do you like your Mom?
Do you like your Dad?
Hey, can we be friends?
We could be both go out, or we could both stay in

I'm no good for you

Put me out
The last one in the pack is slow burning out
They all carry the tune
Why?
Cool kids complain about life
I just wanna tell them "Fuck You"
Put me out
The last one in the pack, I'm slow burning out
They all carry the tune
Why?
Cool kids complain about life
The handshake is dead

Hey, my dear old friend
Do you know your Mom?
Do you know your Dad?
Hey, are we still friends?
We could both grow old, or we would both stay dead

I'm no good for you
I'm no good

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