

Continental Cats

New Bomb Turks

We drop by giving up the laughs galore.
But when it's time to go we're solo out the door.
It always hits us in the ass on the way.
Makes us feel we're alive,
or at least okay.
I ain't might be gain, but feeling good's the goal.
This cat's pushing.
He's got nothing to lose.

The damned don't cry 'til the fire flies.
They got nothing to lose.
This snake's eying his behind.
He's got nothing to lose.
Yeah we've got nothing to lose.

Squaresville, Squaresville is the only place
you won't find on our treasure map of deep disgrace.
Well-oh-well rounded's our aim.
Continental, sentimental,
usually disdained.
We land standing on life...