

# The Beijing Cocktail

## Off With Their Heads

Patience, it's not my virtue  
When I feel the anger I want to shout  
Hatred of everything  
Call the cops when it's time to let it out

Walking the streets when I can't fall asleep  
I'm still wondering what it is all about  
Feeling defeat in every situation I meet  
I can't wait to give up and lie down on the ground

Try to fight it, but I can't deny it  
I can't bring myself just to go back home  
Don't wanna stay here, but I can't go back there  
I'd rather be freezing than be all alone

Patience, it's not my virtue  
When I feel the anger I want to shout  
Hatred of everything  
Call the cops when it's time to let it out

Walking the streets when I can't fall asleep  
I'm still wondering what it is all about  
Feeling defeat in every situation I meet  
I can't wait to give up and lie down on the ground

Home is any place where you don't have to carry the baggage you  
hold at all  
It's anywhere where you wake up and repeat the things that you'  
re told

But its gaining rather quickly  
Getting to the point of everyone  
Realizing that we've based our whole lives  
On something we almost didn't do before

Wait for the day, 'cause it's coming fast  
When you turn around and realize you're the last.