

Tear It Up

The Bruisers

Don't worry about your boy
He's just stuck in a bad boy phase
Got a new tattoo and an old guitar
Gonna hit the streets and make his own way

Tear it up, tear it up
He's a suicide king running straight to hell
Better believe that he's got a story to tell

There's a cherry red born in '61
The tires are flat and the rag top's torn
He sees it everyday and knows some way
Gonna gas it up and drive it away

Tear it up, tear it up
He's a suicide king running straight to hell
Better believe that he's got a story to tell

Howling at the moon at night
His future's going up in flames
Like the heart tattooed forever on his arm
All messed up with no place to go
Gonna point the car right at the moon
With a suicide king as his good luck charm

Suicide king running straight to hell
Got a half a pint of courage and a story to tell
Still got that old guitar and that old tattoo
And that '61 caddy now he's got that too