

Wasted Again

Turbonegro

1, 2, 3, 4

I've got a brand new bag, the old one was such a drag

I'm going to the void, I'm gonna get destroyed

Sweeping floors, working nine to five

Working for the weekend just to stay alive

Streets are dead but I'm totally wired

It's 4 a.m and my soul is on fire

And I'm wasted again

Tanked up on the juice and gin

Wasted again, all right

We're going to the disco, we're going to the bar

We're going in the snowplough, we're gonna take it far

Sweeping floors working nine to five

Working for the weekend just to stay alive

Streets are dead but I'm totally wired

Dude, it's 4 a.m and my soul is on fire

And I'm wasted again

Tanked up on the juice and gin

Wasted again, all right

You know I'm wasted again

I'll never ever feel this good again

Wasted again, fuck yeah

So won't you meet me in the twilight zone

'Cause I'm the boy that nobody owns

And my body is a temple, my body is a temple

My body is a temple and tonight I'll tear it down

Wasted again

Tanked up on the juice and gin

Wasted again, all right

You know I'm wasted again

I'll never ever feel this good again

Wasted again, fuck yeah

I'm the boy that nobody owns

I'm the boy that nobody owns

I'm the boy that nobody owns

And I'm wasted