

I'll Make You Famous

Write This Down

Hey!!

Let's go

I was driving down the interstate

looking for a getaway from all the killjoy jobs.

And I know how every single song

goes DJ turn the volume up let's get on the dance floor

and it's a bore and it's rerun I've heard before on the last song.

They're scraping from the bottom of the barrel

for a new improved original that no ones heard before.

Another party jam everybody's getting out of hand, out of hand.

Another wasted youth falling on the floor,

crawling out the door just slipping away.

Show time the party scene is filing in looking

for a hideaway from all the deadbeats clones.

And I know how every single night

goes crash out on the balcony tearing up the front lawn.

And its a bore it's a rerun I've seen before every weekend

and they're scraping from the bottom of the barrel

for a new improved original that no ones heard before.

Another party jam everybody's getting out of hand, out of hand.

Another wasted youth falling on the floor

crawling out the door just slipping away.

We're slipping, just slipping away,

we're wasting just wasting our days.

Another party jam everybody's getting out of hand, out of hand.

Another wasted youth falling on the floor,

crawling out the door just slipping away.