

AFI, Half-Empty Bottle

The ends don't always justify the means
But I know what it takes to get what I need
I've got the cure when passive protest just won't do
Just flick my Bic as I hold it to the fuse
Smash it up, break it down
Bring it down, down to the ground
Tear it up, burn it down
Burn it down, down to the ground
How long have we waited for the day
When they tighten their grips and we slipped away?
The sound of breaking glass, it drives me back up
It makes me whole when I've been down on my luck
Smash it up, break it down
Bring it down, down to the ground
Tear it up, burn it down
Burn it down, down to the ground
The ends don't always justify the means
But I know what it takes to get what I need
I've got the cure when passive protest just won't do
Just flick my Bic as I hold it to the fuse, smash it up