Against Me!, Cliche Guevara

One, Two, Three, Four!

And we'll keep ourselves in a place
where it's easy to hold onto.
The last threats came and went,
this is the way the wars are played.
Always heading for a front,
heading for a front,
heading we go into the obscurity
of an easy to pass on feeling,
objection is so clich.

A new way on (x4)

So can your pop sensibilities sing me the end of the world?
Turn gunshots and mortar blasts
into a metaphor of how we are all the same.
Well there's a lot of things that should be said, said,
so we're hammering six strings,
machine guns in audible voices,
this is the party we came for.

A new way on (x4)

We stand in amazement of motion
in a world that is constantly revolving.
With plans of invasion and arms races racing
yeah we rock, we rock, we rock, we rock!
to the new sensation

A new way on (x4)