

Bullgooseloony, The Crew

get up in the morning
and head on out the door
i'm hangin' with my friends
yeah i coulndt ask for more
poker hands or punk rock shows
ev'rythings alright
whichever way we go yeah

chorus
violent fits poker chips
and all the other shit we do
when we screw around
in our little town
when im hangin' out with my crew

go down to the basement
and break out the guitars
amps cranked high so the
noise'll rock the stars yeah
we play raw and we play loud and
when i strum these chords i'll see ya bouncin' in the crowd yeah
chorus x2