

Dillinger Four, O.K.F.M.D.O.A.

Witness a jaded town
Got some champagne for a forty ounce frown
I've worked my theories through
Already half dead and nothing more to lose

Forget now what we've got
And all your Old Stories celebratin wounds
I've heard enough of "those days are gone"
Because there's never time to play the fool

Come on, kill the lights with troublemake
Come on, smash the light and celebrate
Let's tie a yellow ribbon around the necks
Of the motherf**kers living for the giving in
Move with the rogue set choking out the radio
A thousand voices booming out in stereo
From top to bottom knock them down like dominoes

Why wake up in the past
With well-framed pages from the book of rules
I've heard enough of "where were you then"
Because I don't give a shit about collecting dues

I saw it coming now it happens all the time
First you had a D.I.Y. chip on your shoulder
Now you got an ego fifty fanzines wide
Don't give me those eyes
That confidence you're selling I won't but
Maybe the costume fits
But the script's still shit.