Green Day, Kill The DJ

Walkin' after dark
In the New York City park
Your thoughts are so unholy
In the holiness of old
On with Christian soldiers
Filled with jivin' mind control

The blood left on the dance floor
Runnin', runnin' red
The bullet that you asked for
Killin' you to death
Unless you...

Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Voices in my head are sayin':
"Shoot that fucker down."

We are the vultures
The dirtiest kind
We'll cut you once
In your heart and your mind

Walkin' after dark
In the New York City park
I'll pick up what's left in the club
My pocket full of pills
Sodom and Gommorah
In the century of thrills
The blood left on the dance floor
Runnin', runnin' red
The bullet that you asked for
Killin' you to death
Unless you

Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Hold him underwater
'Till the motherfucker drowns

We are the vultures
The dirtiest kind
We'll cut you once
In your heart and your mind
Someone's gonna to get you boy
Shoot that fucker down

Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Shoot that fucker down

Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fucking DJ
Voices in my head are sayin':
"Shoot that fucker down"