

Less Than Jake, This One Is Going To Leave A Bruise

This blood that's in our veins it,
Carries all of these mistakes that we've ever made,
When we're not thinking straight.
Don't remember every name,
But it seems like every face is back at the place,
The same place they've tried to escape.

Tonight's a party for the misfits doing time. (woah)
Not giving up, just getting by.
Sticking it out through hardest times.
Tonight's a party for the misfits doing time.
Just standing in this crowded room,
Still makes me feel alive.

These thoughts stuck in our brains were,
Were razor sharp but all the years made them fade,
Or wrote them in a way.
It's years of sleeping late and drinking everyday and,
It's the same things we blamed,
The same things we've tried to escape.

Tonight's a party for the misfits doing time. (woah)
Not giving up, just getting by.
Sticking it out through hardest times.
Tonight's a party for the misfits doing time.
Just standing in this crowded room,
Still makes me feel alive.

This smokey crowded and cloudy room,
Flashes me back to my misspent youth.
So when i walk home drunk and I wake up bruised,
I'd like to thank each of you. [x2]

I'd like to thank each of you...
You.. you..
I'd like to thank each of you...
You.. you..
I'd like to thank each of you.)