

# Lovedrug, Rocknroll

Its Tuesday and I already hit the bottle  
I cant even fall in love at happy hour  
I think Ill go home now and dream about  
the nightmares that could be  
like all my friends turning into my enemies  
Youre good at pushing me out  
Late that night I am awakened by the banshees cry  
and I am much too scared to get a drink  
I see the rusty swing set blow  
from generations long ago  
under moonlight the plow is stained  
by the power of your name  
Youre good at pushing me out  
The farmers daughter raises hell  
when I try to kiss her  
screaming daddies now I run  
heres to sickle swinging fun  
Youre good at pushing me out