

Adam Green, Festival Song

Ahhhh

ohhh I believe we have to live to die just to give
I wanted you to say you play with me
Now for you to touch me
To reach out and cut me
Just like my mother said you'd stand in my way

Don't know it's not allowed to be a party
You got a hole lot of good money, to live it.
You got a hole lot of good money, for nothing.
Here's coming down a cannonball,
Stand backwards looking up at your girl in the hotel bed
And here's a look back to Babylon
What you feeling now the kids gonna get the best of you
And you'r standing in the doorway
Draggin your dick back to some place to lay
Yeah you'r standing in the doorway
Don't care what she's saying.

Don't know it's not allowed to be a party
You got a hole lot of good money, to live it.
My god you trade money for your honey