

# Bomb The Music Industry!, Sweet Home Cananada

I heard from you today  
By digital replay.  
You told me that you care  
You'll help from over there  
I say we're not the same  
It's falling on deaf ears.  
At eighty miles an hour  
When I forget to steer  
And if I wrap my car around the guard rails,  
It ain't got shit to do with you.  
So drop the act, I know your true agenda.

Can't live with the mistakes  
I'll move out of the states  
To South America  
Or north to Canada  
I lived through four years of lies.  
I've lost faith in mankind.  
With no one to befriend  
I guess this is the end  
And it's not glorious like in the movies  
Explosion and a note  
It's more like driving as far away as possible alone  
And please don't say goodbye  
To remind me you're alive.  
You've been dead to me  
Since I've started feeling dead inside.  
So don't look down on me and say we feel same  
'Cause we don't.

so I'm checking out  
I'm fucking done  
Kiss my fat ass  
I'm giving up  
Eat shit and die  
I'm taking off  
Have a nice life  
Have a nice death  
I'm checking out