

Bomb The Music Industry!, Sweet Home Canana

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