

Bouncing Souls, Bullying The Jukebox

Well i walked into the bar and i put in twenty bucks
Because i know peoples taste in music sucks About four
hours had passed, forty picks and my eighth empty glass,
a tasty number all dressed in black tried to rock us
with her wack attack There was no fuss we knew her game
you look great but all your songs are lame

Bullying the jukebox because it's fun, you can't get near it
until we're done Bullying the jukebox because we rule
all the songs we like are really cool

Songs of punk and songs of joy, love songs about girls and
boys; songs of metal and English stuff and some hardcore
songs to make us feel tough but we all agreed that the
songs of woe, and the songs of loved ones who had to go
Churned up memories of time we dreamt that got us all
verklemt We drank until our last song We paid our tab
and we said so long swerving in and out of cars...
it's off to rock another bar