Boysetsfire, So Long... And Thanks For The Crute

Just enough freedom to forget you're a slave Just enough anger to make sure we get paid Easy does it, baby, don't lose your head

Cause we both now That ideals Don't sell Come now Pass us the saccharin Part 1 To part 2 Who knew You had it so easy

Hit it, hit it, we'll go straight to the top It's all a matter of whose cock you suck We got the money, hey, come on, let's go Ha, you know you want it Hey, you know you want it, well come on

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Shake it like a rebel, just don't cross the any lines Cause family, god, and country are back in style Sex, drugs, and politics are fine, just remember

That we own you
We bought you
And we'll sell you
whenever we want to
We break
Your legs
And you will
Thank us for the crutches

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We wanna fuck, but we end up kissing
Is this still rock cause the danger is missing
You gotta feed it, gotta feed your addiction
So pack a lunch for the next crucifixion
You wanna feel the applause
You wanna win at all costs
Well you better learn to play nice and eat shit like a dog

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