

Butch Walker, All Going Down

burnt to a crisp i cant sleep from the sound
of the train of thought inside of me
so i grab the keys as the clock
it starts to smile
5 in the am seems so surreal
where the red lights are friends
with the automobiles
and just want you to stop
and say hi for awhile
cuz we just want to be heard
and act like were better
than anyone else or not to feel lower
so laugh when they cry
jump when theyre down
smile when they frown
were all going down..
were all going down
so take a hi-five from another zombie
that walks in the bar
straight out of a movie
where 10 dollar drinks
are the highlight of his week
and all of the kitty cats
get out their catty kits
sit and they talk shit
bout this bitch and that bitch
and makes me feel a little better about me