

# Butch Walker, Lights Out

There was a blackout in my heart in the summer of '03  
I was walking over bridges  
Tryin' to find my way to me  
When the problem was restored  
I can't describe the damage done  
This would be the first time  
And no it wasn't fun

All these aging hipsters with another axe to grind  
So put me on the battle field  
Where hardcore goes to die

Can I get a hell yeah  
(If you're as lost as I am)  
Yeah dawg  
(If you hate that expression)  
Doggin' on others is now my profession  
Since you blew the lights out in my heart

I'm feeling kinda bored so let's go charge up the car  
Let's all put on those trucker hats  
And head out to a bar  
We'll end up in the standard in the bathroom  
Don't coke this is very Hollywood  
And yeah I get the joke

Everything tastes better  
When the Novocain sets in  
So have a second helping of the ones you call your friends

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(If you're as lost as I am)  
Yeah dawg  
(If you hate that expression)  
Doggin' on others is now my profession  
Since you blew the lights out in my heart

Why don't ya all f-f-fade away

Vodka rhymes with lotsa  
Bourbon rhymes with hurtin'  
These are things I'm gonna feel  
This much I know is certain

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