

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-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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