

# Butch Walker, Were 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 we're better  
Than anyone else or not to feel lower  
So laugh when they cry  
Jump when they're down  
Smile when they frown  
We're all going down..  
We're 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