

Dillinger Four, Are You The Motherfucker With Th

fill those glasses high and maybe we can drop out
for just a little while a temporary cop out
i don't want to wait until the end
to find out how we end up

i've got nothing but a glance and a crooked smile
how many are there on my side
tired of running away and running out of things to say
bloody knuckle hands
measuring the will and the life span

i stood silent 'cause the words were just show
fear of knowing that there's more you don't know
ends that come from beginnings gone wrong
the short fuse burning that's been lit for too long

push my fears aside, i'll take it on the chin now
kill that foolish pride and answer with a grin
i don't wanna wait until we're dead
to find out how we end up

watch while the biggest voices
(they're saying nothing new)
drown by their own choices

what could be more brave
than dancing on you own grave