

Dillinger Four, Portrait Of The Artist As A Fucking

Could this be the end? Alert the media
Holler out message send and pass the bottle now
I'll wreck today not unlike the way you saw me yesterday
I'll wreck today and double over laughing with the pain
Check those fears at the door and hang around a while
I'll lose this heart from my sleeve just to see what burns
Is this a question of what fell or just a statement of what sells
And can anyone really say there's no free drinks in hell?
I'm neither a poet nor a babysitter
But I got a guitar and a way to kill an hour now
I got no fucking pity for the fools who broke their eyes
Tring to break a whole culture down to size
Check those fears at the door and hang around a while
I'll lose this heart from my sleeve just to see what burns
Is this a question of what fell or a statement of what sells
And can anyone really say there's no stiff drinks in hell?
This national chemistry, it's bigger than you and me
While fighting for control now have we lost touch with who we are
Do you love telling your war stories while hiding your scars?