

Dillinger Four, Twin Cities Sinners, United

you had a hold of me somehow
shut the door and i ain't coming out
that was then and this is now and yeah the words they pour like wine
cause i never had a chance to say what exactly what was on my mind
the world keeps turning and i think it's leaving you behind
and i won't accept pain as a cause for staying blind
and i only want to live to be a thorn twisting in your side

so take it from me there's no answer in your church,
we're going down in flames, put you on a red alert
you're trying to win a race while i'm spitting in your face
cause i don't want ot live any other way

so concerned that we're heading down a spiral of doom
but all you ever think about is the boardroom but if salvation never showed it might be too soon
i not looking for the answers i'm just looking for a paycheck
i hope you watch while i light the match and i hope it keeps on burning
day in day out i'm lucky if i get a couple of laughs
and all i'm looking forward to is a nightcap
call it spite and fuck your pity pretty boy try living in this world sometime