

Helmet, Turned Out

come off crisp and play up to the cynic
clean and schooled right down to the minute
you need to hear that your life is rough
speaking out and cold that you've had enough

you know how to live and your heart's gone "bi";
substance rush giving art a try
your righteous squat's been burned to the
ground
pass the buck
never utter a sound

high times, hard times
downtown julie brown

you turned out
wasted time
need escape me
missed it, right?
you turned out
take my tim
give it to you
get out