# Social Distortion, Moral Threat

You beat us up when we're alone
Come back later and then you're gone
Now you're tucked away in your bed
And I've got stitches in my head

[Chorus:]
Cause you didn't like my looks
Cause I'm not in the fashion books
Admit it, you had some fun,
Just remember, I'm not the only one

You made a show for all your friends
But they're not gonna stick around to the end
Then you're gonna think, &quot;Was it really worth it?&quot;
Then your head is rolling in all that shit

[Chorus]

The justice system is slow it's true
So we'll have to take care of you
You're only safety is suicide
Face it buddy it's the end of the ride

[Chorus]

Moral Threat