

The Amps, Full on Idle

Say you're one man's taste
"Want what?" Fall and break
We've seen the dream, folks, in our day
What? Fought The Father the Pope
Finally sent away

Warden, lock it
Free love's fought our battles thru the day
We were full on idle,
A lot of them say,
"Obey your colorist,
Bleach it all away

Free reign, good rest
Break, every brunette in the way
When we're full on idle,
A lot of them say,
"Obey your violence"
Well, It's kinda late

Say you're one man's date
Want WHAT? fall and break
We were full on idle,
A lot of them say,
"Obey your violence,

Look close-
hate
tide all white
Row on the glass surf
He pulled the paddle
Okay with me
in silence
What I'd like to do
With your violin
And it's bow