

# The Black Halos, Last Call At The Toothless Salo

Don't want to die in this Has Been Town  
There's too much sorrow I fear I'll drown  
Where happy hours go down the drain  
Don't want to be no nameless face  
Talking all about the olden days  
And all my friends who made the grave  
Yeah all the ones who couldn't wait.

I've got no time to waste on bottled sympathy  
I've got no time to waste on drunken eulogies

Don't count me out  
Don't call me history  
I'm not dead don't bury me  
Shut your jaded mouth  
And spare your jealous teeth  
I'm not dead don't bury me.

Don't want to be no clean teen dream  
A green machine selling magazines  
Their average lifespan is a week  
Don't want to preach no politics bow down to bullshit  
Like a hypocrite  
No I don't feel no unity  
No I don't want your company.

I've got no time to waste on bottled sympathy  
I've got no time to waste on drunken eulogies

So don't count me out  
Don't call me history  
I'm not dead don't bury me  
Shut your jaded mouth  
And spare your jealous teeth  
I'm not dead don't bury me.