

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.