

The Black Halos, Three Sheets To The Wind

Well I can see it ain't far way
Tell destiny that we're on our way
We're closing in now
It's in our sights
No turning back now
It's do or die

We don't care what the papers say
They say the forecast looks real grey
That ain't the world we're living in
Our lives three sheets to the wind

Well I can feel it
All systems go
Divide and conquer
The great unknown
No stars to guide us
Our twisted fate
Cheques in the mail
But we just can't wait

We don't care what the preachers say
They say one day we'll all be saved
We don't even know a single hymn
Our lives three sheets to the wind

We don't care what the papers say
Need no false leads to pave the way
That ain't the lane we're driving in
Our lives three sheets to the wind

We don't care what the scenesters say
Don't like the stupid games they play
We're on the outside looking in
Our lives three sheets tot he wind.