

# Think About Mutation, Ganglords

CHORUS

This is where the party ends  
I can't stand here listening to you  
And your racist friend  
I now politics bore you  
But I feel like a hypocrite talking to you  
You and your racist friend  
It was the loveliest party that I've ever attended  
If anything was broken  
I'm sure it could be mended  
My head is tired from bobbing and pretending  
Listen to some bullet-head  
And the madness that he's saying  
This is where the party ends  
I'll just sit here wondering how you  
Can stand by your racist friend  
I know politics bore you  
But I feel like a hypocrite  
Talking to you  
You and your racist friend  
Out from the kitchen  
To the bedroom to the hallway  
Your friend apologizes, he could see it my way  
He let the contents of the bottle do the thinking  
Can't shake the devil's hand  
And say you're only kidding  
CHORUS

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