

Wildhearts, Inglorious

Someone out there really likes me
You'll never be this side of ninety
You'll never feel the strength of wonder
To get out of the shit I'm under
Do I sense some depravation?
I've got a toothache and an itching
The face to face and loser zeros
And I'm a-shouting and illegal

Slow as me, stop me, stop me, stop me
We could be anywhere, but you choose up there
All the drinks
So, of for fast
So, you act like you never take a shit
So, get off,
So, get down
So, you're feeling deep
In need

Inglorious, well take a back stance
Shave your face and buckle your pants
We can see how young and free and boring us
Inglorious, twenty month leaders, anger fuel of a justice appears
Don't cry pain, you'll make no change, it's obvious
Inglorious

When you believe your class of bitching
Someone been your pointless listening
And make believe when you love your rock star
And then they're just as weak as you are
So unhappy 'bout your vision
And come inside your blank tradition
A week of never beat the heroes
A weaker generation follows

Stop, Afraid, stop, afraid, stop, afraid, stop, afraid
We could be anywhere where the future shares
Some thing fast,
So, be good
So, be better,
So, and be eighties am I set
So, back to cash
So, back you'll come when the work is done
And dream

Inglorious, well take a back stance
Shave your face and buckle your pants
Wake and see you're young and free and boring us
Inglorious, so make a few stabs
Sail the wind and obey 'em or else
Sex and sin with something's been in all of us
Inglorious

Sell it all in a minute
Cue it empty
All the girls wanna mother
You to sleep
Still, rocking to your bullshit
Still, I can hear it all, raaaa, aaaa
Who will catch you when you fall?
Punk!

Stop me, stop me, stop me, stop me
You could be anywhere, but you choose up there

So you quit
Hey, the first
Hey, the last
Hey, the losers in the past
Hey, insist
Hey, an ever growing list of debt
Inbred

Inglorious, well take a back stance
Take your place and buckle your pants
Wake and see, you're your and free and boring us
Inglorious, well maybe it's you
Music's all that'll ever get through
People tire so quickly of the glamorous
Inglorious, Inglorious

What a mother fucker
What a mother fucker
What a mother fucker
What a mother fucker