

# 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