

Zebrahead, Death By Disco

We got licked, just a bit, right outside the show
The t stripped, then your manners flew right out the door
It's like this, Who you keep texting on the phone?
It's like that, I'm not the only one with whoops to owe
It's automatic, don't you point your finger at me
It's so tragic, you should be a Kennedy
It's automatic, you're pulling me like gravity
You're putting me down, pulling me down six feet
Hate me, Hate me, tell me what thought would make you
Break me, break me, go on and shatter me
Cause lately you run me into the ground
And you can hate me, hate me, Call it a victory
But you'll see lately, not going easily,
Cause I'm not falling down and you won't
Get the best of me now
A fat lip, finger flip, and an insult to go
The record skips, you got issues like a girl in porn
It's like this, you act crazy from tour to four
It's like that, I can't take all of the blame no more
It's automatic, don't you point your finger at me
It's so tragic, you should be a Kennedy
It's automatic, you're pulling me like gravity
You're putting me down, pulling me down six feet
Hate me, Hate me, tell me what thought would make you
Break me, break me, go on and shatter me
Cause lately you run me into the ground
And you can hate me, hate me, Call it a victory
But you'll see lately, not going easily,
Cause I'm not falling down and you won't
Get the best of me now
I didn't want to get into another battle (Hey Hey)
I didn't want to make the claws and bones rattle (Hey Hey)
I didn't want to get into another battle (Hey Hey)
It's automatic how you throw it all away
So hate me now
You can't break me down
So just hate me now
You can't break me down
And you can hate me, Hate me, tell me what thought would make you
Break me, break me, go on and shatter me
Cause lately you run me into the ground
And you can hate me, hate me, Call it a victory
But you'll see lately, not going easily,
Cause I'm not falling down and you won't
Get the best of me now
It's automatic
It's so tragic
It's automatic