

Zebrahead, HMP

Ladies and Gentlemen
Welcome to the show
We want it all, we want it now
Se wanted you to know
So keep your hands and legs
Inside the ride and take it slow
It's bullshit by design
We're about to blow your mind

I ain't no Steve McQueen
I'm like a dead pop star in a magazine
I'm really one last loss in quarantine
With ProTools gutting up the hit machine

So come and take more, take more
You can't help us out, no
Escape more, escape more
You can't help us out, no
And break more, break more
You can't help us out
Puked my heart out on the asphalt
Heart out on the asphalt
Don't think you're cut out for this
Go!

Save me from myself
This ain't a test
It's a state of emergency
'Cause I can't stop myself
I'm trying my best
Tell me what else could go wrong

I dream like Halloween
I got a knife in my back
And a song to scream
I watch the walls cave in
Inhaling gasoline
It's like that in the middle
Of this party scene

So come and take more, take more
You can't take us out, no
Now escape more, escape more
You can't take us out, no
And break more, break more
You can't take us out
Puked my heart out on the asphalt
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This is some good shit
Where'd you get it?
You're such a fucking hypocrite
It's so appropriate
I'm feeling so delinquent
And all degenerate

This is some good shit
Man, where'd you get it?

"[...??!]"

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Thanks for coming to the show
Interruption on the floor
It's bullshit by design
Straight out just blew your mind