RockNRoll

Blacklist Royals

It's Tuesday and I already hit the bottle
I can't even fall in love at happy hour
I think I'll go home now and dream about
The nightmares that could be
Like all my friends turning into my enemies
You're good at pushing me out

Late that night I am awakened by the banshee's cry
And I am much too scared to get a drink
I see the rusty swing set blow
From generations long ago
Under moonlight the plow is stained
by the power of your name
You're good at pushing me out

The farmer's daughter raises hell
When I try to kiss her
Screaming "daddies" now I run
Here's to sickle swinging fun
You're good at pushing me out

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by SHEPARD, MICHAEL L.
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/