These Times

The Explosion

Back on the street
Another Friday night
Wasted away again
Saturday morning
Saturday nightIt's all the fucking same
Sunday comes and it comes
And I can't cope
'Cause I know what's to comeCall it a waste of time for me
But I don't need to be judged
I won't be caught looking back
'Cause these times aren't over yet
I'll be livin' for the moment with no regretsIn your face is where we'll be
Don't try to cross the line
'Cause you can't fuck with me
We don't give a fuck

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