

Get Up, Get Out

Escape the Fate

Come on I'm sick, sick of it
All of this
All the shit that clouds my judgment
Again, I'm on a bench
Makes me cringe
Everyone's a fucking cynic Burn, burn, burn
Everything to the ground
Burn, burn, burn
Everything that's around You better get up, get out now
Get up, get out now
Before you do something you'll regret
Get up, get out now
Get up, get out now You're trapped in
Lipstick napkins
Burned down mansions
Broken crashes
Cigarette ashes
Get up, get out now
Get up, get out now
Before you do something you're gonna regret Arm twist, a sick win
Gotta get in it, and get this going Burn, burn, burn
Everything to the ground
Burn, burn, burn
Everything that's around
You better burn, burn, burn Get up, get out now
Get up, get out now
Before you do something you'll regret
Get up, get out now
Get up, get out now You're trapped in
Lipstick napkins
Burned down mansions
Broken crashes
Cigarette ashes
Get up, get out now
Get up, get out now
Before you do something you're gonna regret Started out face down
Hit the ground running
Started out face down
Hit the ground running

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Hit the ground running
Started out face down
Hit the ground running
Started out face down
Hit the ground running
Started out face down
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground, hit the ground
Hit the ground, hit the groundGet up, get out now
Get up, get out now
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Get up, get out now
Get up, get out now
Before you do something you're gonna regret
You're gonna regret

Songwriters

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