

We Laugh At Danger and Break All the Rules

Against Me!

It was a birthday gift
of a Mexican Telecaster
And from this day on I will play along
to all my young pioneers records
And there will be a poetry spoken silently between me and the stereo
I'll work mornings
and you can work through the night
Mary, there is no hope for us
If this GM van don't make it
across the state line
we might as well lay down and die
Because if Florida takes us
we're taking everyone down with us
Where we're coming from (yeah)
will be the death us
And I cannot help but hold on
to a handful of times
when what was spoken
was a revolution in itself,
and what we were doing
was the only thing that mattered
And how good it felt
to kill the memory of nights spent
holding your shirt for the smell
I heard you used to cry
when you made love to him
but this band will play on
Because all we can do is what we've always done.
And on and on and on...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>