Liv It Up (teenage Wasteland)

Alexander Ludwig

I have threes in a cab, my friends on the beach,
I had to pack up my jeep and head for the streets.
Eyes a little hazy, head was boomin',
Clear result of all the liquor we were consumin'.
After doubling back to recover my phone,
We find we made it back to Van City, our home,
Cut to the airport, shook up and sad, as I say farewell to Mom and Dad.
In the waiting room, lady calls to my flight,
Listen to Bob O'Reilly, I fly in the night.
Realizin' highschool ain't comin' back, thousand miles away,
We're done with that.
Emotions start flowing as I ponder this,
My highschool life, I would truly miss.
But all this bliss is gone in a flash,
I arrive in London with my passport and cash.
Meet up with my buddy whose eyes are lit,
We're about to embark on a grand Euro trip.
We hop on a plane, goin' insane,
as we begin to kite surf in the South of Spain.
Naked girls swim in the water, I lay in the sand.
Turn to my buddy and outstrech my hand.
Give him the fist-bump and it comes to me quick.
Holy shit, life is way too sick.
(Chorus)
It's a teenage wasteland out there. Liv it up, liv it up, live it.
Party hard like no one would care. Live your life, live your life, live it.
Gaze at the stars, shoot for them too. Nobody can tell you what to do.
When all thought out, if you start to doubt. Baby, don't.
We hit up Barcelona for a good five,
No drug on this Earth could make you feel so alive.
My buddy swings a Russian chick to which we high five,
All the way to Paris, where we crash four nights.
We post up in Brussels as we're on our way,
Hit delerium cafe, we park for the day.
And by park we mean drink, in the dark as we sink,
And three liters of beers, laughin' in tears.
So we make our way to Amsterdam, and damn,

It's about as crazy as i am.

Nothing to think about, no cares in the world.
Just girls lovin' boys, boys lovin' girls.
British cuties in the tub we end our night.
Lookin' for love, feeling alright.
Overlookin' the city, we got nothing to lose,
So we open up another bottle of grey juice.
And when I think about this, it comes to me quick.
Holy shit, life is way too sick.
(Chorus)
It's a teenage wasteland out there. Liv it up, liv it up, live it.
Party hard like no one would care. Live your life, live your life, live it.
Gaze at the stars, shoot for them too. Nobody can tell you what to do.
When all thought out, if you start to doubt. Baby, don't.
One of these twists, too many for the day.
We finally decide to make our way.
The beginning of the end, join with another friend,
who accompanies us along the final bend.
By bend I mean party, and by party I mean hard, so
Rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally.
In two weeks, we do Greece, with our peeps, drinking heaps.
Dirty sheets and Euro beats, rockin' Mikonos, Ios, Santorini streets.
What a trip, I had to say. I will never forget these days.
With your best friends rocking out, that's what it's all about.
It's a teenage wasteland out there. Liv it up, liv it up, live it.
Party hard like no one would care. Live your life, live your life, live it.
Gaze at the stars, shoot for them too. Nobody can tell you what to do.
When all thought out, if you start to doubt.
It's a teenage wasteland out there. Liv it up, liv it up, live it.
Party hard like no one would care. Live your life, live your life, live it.
Gaze at the stars, shoot for them too. Nobody can tell you what to do.
When all thought out, if you start to doubt.
Don't, don't, when all thought out if you start to doubt.
Baby don't.

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