

T.S.R. (This Shit Rules)

Against Me!

The party's over
A cd's skipping
It's the same hook repeating
Grows more grating with each passing second...And the walls contain a resonance, laughter, and conversation.
It was fun while it lasted, but now we should be going.
And I hope everybody had real, real good time
The hospitality's partaken, my head is flying my heart's racing to keep up.
And I hope I havent overdone it nooo...
I hope my body can take it. I hope I make the occasion.
It's only this fucked up I start realizing
all this living is just dying
and if these are my friends, if this is my home,
if this is how Ii spend my nights, how I communicate, and demonstrate a love of life.
My eyes roll into the back of my head, if these are the last words that I ever said
No I'm not ready to die just yet.

Lyrics provided by

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