

Nights Of The Living Dead

Tilly and the Wall

Well the high school kids are all fucked up
Touching each other, oh my god
Yeah 40 ounces is never enough
We want to pass out in your yard, we want to pass out
Dressing in drag your best friend's clothes
While boys kiss boys in motel rooms
Well just when we thought we were no longer lost
They kicked us out into the dirty streets of atlanta
So its Friday night down on north avenue
Where the gas station parking lot prostitutes
Try to fix their hair in the rear-view mirrors
You know we're just trying to get to the club
And shake our asses
A caravan of kids, a big old mess
On the old wooden dock, yeah we're bored to death
Got a bottle of wine and a fresh pack of smokes
We're gonna end up screaming about some midnight garage sale
So god, put down your gun can't you see we're
dead?
God, put down your hand I'm not listening
But the microphone cut off, so we're screaming at the top of our lungs
You were born so fresh, a golden prize
Until you screamed at me and quickly realized
That you're lost in a fog on the way to death
Oh, a big black line, a thick black line
So you better speak up and raise that voice
Come on, scream out all you girls and boys
Let's get wild! wild! wild! its a choice
Come on, come on
I want to hear that fucking noise!
Oh, the push and pull of everything
Oh, this nightmare of electricity
We are the living dead, yeah, the living dead
That's the way it is, that's the way its always been
Oh, the snakes slid past my house today
Oh, I heard he caught you on a dark highway
Oh, the cracks in the board they just cooled into a storm
But I could still hear the sound of the rolling thunder
Thunder!
God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead
God, put down your hand we're not listening
God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead
I said, god put down your hand we're not listening
(oh we never do)
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up

I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel

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