On With the Show

The Lawrence Arms

What did you scream into your telephone?

I'm a shit stain slave with a grind of my own.
I work day and night, less respect than a Juggalo.
I'm frying on the outside and frozen in the center.
I'm telling you to watch out for my temper.

'Cause you won't like me when I'm angry.
You'll see banners everywhere.
The street where I'm from in the town where I live is now barely even there.

I haven't had fun in what seems like years.
I had a thumbs up for you, but it was caught in the gears.
These tears are just onion eyes this heart is just broken.
This body is a break room where the burnouts are smoking.

I'm a clown, I'm just here to entertain.
Tear me up and stuff me down the drain.

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written by NIKKI SIXX, VINCE NEIL
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