

# 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://damnlyrics.com/>