Refused Are Fuckin' Dead

Refused

Beyond ability & control we could be weekend lovers
Steal a sentence and make a catch phrase parole for our revolution
Whispered all across the street about the, about the new cool call
Or screamed at your face like a scabs payrollFaces like angels, licking our fingertips
We don't have the patience to deal with it
With battered bodies & puckered lips
We don't have the patience to deal with itA naive young secret for the new romantics
We express ourselves in loud & fashionable ways
A naive young secret for the new romantics
We express ourselves in loud & fashionable waysFaces like angels, licking our fingertips
We don't have the patience to deal with it
With battered bodies & puckered lips
We don't have the patience to deal with it. Yeah!Get down, get down. Can I get a witness? Oh!
This I gotta see
Bring it in! Bring it in! Bring it in!
One more time for me. Yeah!
Gotta get away from this town
Bring it in! Bring it in! Bring it in!
One more time for me. Go!
We don't have the patience [Repeat 4x]
Yeah!
Get down
Listen to himA naive young secret for the new romantics
We express ourselves in loud & fashionable ways [Repeat: 4X]

Songwriters
David Per Sandstrom;Dennis Sven Lyxzen;Kristoffer Martin Steen;Jon Albin BrannstromPublished by CHRYSALIS MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/