

# Traditions

## Los Hooligans

Years spent on  
Droning hymns  
At Sunday school  
(Our Father, son and holy ghost)  
Prostrate on  
Orders culled  
From ancient rule  
(Dont tell them where old hands may go)Just sit down  
And shut up and dont think  
til we turn you on  
Just sit down  
And shut up and dont speak  
Cause theres nothing wrongHonor codes  
Carved in stone  
With blood and bone  
(Lost on their Fields of friendly strife)  
Its not enough  
To say you  
Just dont know  
(How dare you come through it alive)Now raise a  
Picket fence  
And settle down  
(Its time you found yourself a life)  
Youre much too  
Old to sit and  
Play the clown  
(You have no right to feel alive)

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