

The Keg Is Bleeding!

Say Anything

The night, it's New Years, the place, another school soire.
The wealth engulfs us. The beach is close enough that there's pollution in the water we bathe our souls in, and
babble on in Beverly Hills.

A thousand children choking softly on mothers crazy pills.
I'm gonna roll, gonna roll, gonna roll, till I'm back on time.
Let the grass stain my clothes, gonna roll till the party starts,
And when it does I'll collapse in a pile on the floor again, again.
And I'll guzzle these last eight shots for all my friends.
Go home, go crazy, I'm running out of options again.
I'm scared, not lazy, but maybe I'll get so wasted I won't even remember.

The keg. it's bleeding, I think I need to help it die.
I'm glad I brought my starving conscience so I can suck it dry.
I'm gonna roll, gonna roll, gonna roll till I'm back on time.
Let the grass stain my clothes I'm gonna roll till the party starts,
And when it does I'll collapse in a pile on the floor again, again.
And I've got to drink these last eight shots for all my friends...
I'm gonna roll, gonna roll, gonna roll, till I'm back on time.
I'll let the grass stain my clothes, gonna roll till the party starts,
And when it does I'll collapse in a pile on the floor again, again.
And I'll guzzle these last eight shots for all my friends.

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