

Headlong Into The Abyss

We Are Augustines

We were headlong, into the abyss.
In a fordo sedan.
I'll tell you how we stole it.
We stole it, for the feeling, of stealing.
We drove it, just like our days had been stolen.

Follow me down.
Follow me down.
Follow me down.
And well raise our glass,
To borrowed cash.
To borrowed cash.
Yeah.

Oh we'll search the highway to travel on out from the valley.
It raises up to shrink down.
He gave us the drive to keep driving,
From dreary and dread, to make bets.
We could not afford to
Follow me down.
Follow me down.
And well raise a glass,
To borrowed cash.
To borrowed cash.

Cmon! Cmon! To borrowed cash!

Call the police!
Call your shrink!
Call whoever you want,
But I won't stop the car.

Call the police.
Call your priest.
Call whoever you want.
Call in the national gaurd!

Call the police!
Call your shrink!
Call whoever you want.

Call in the national guard.

Call the police.
Call your priest.
Call whoever you want.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!

No ain't gonna wear it!
Ain't gonna wear it!
For some pail to kick in.

No ain't gonna wear it!
Ain't gonna wear it!
For some pail to kick in.

No ain't gonna wear it!
Ain't gonna wear it!
For some pail to kick in.

Gonna wear it.
Gonna wear it.
For some pail to kick in.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Lyrics submitted by Katherine.

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