

# Already Dead

## D.O.A.

Too many geeks, too many miles.

Too many stagedives into the pile.

Too many beers, too many cops.

Too many rednecks at the truckstop.

They hate our guts, don't like our kind.

But we turned the tables on some real swine. Can't kill us, already dead.

Too much shit, that's in our heads.

Don't give a fuck what they said 'cause we're all, already dead. Got no style, no grand finale.

Just hearing loss and an old Rand McNally.

Too many scams, too many creeps.

Lotsa fast food, nowhere to sleep.

They say we're wrong, gonna burn in hell.

Here's a nose load, choke on it pal. Can't kill us, already dead.

Too much shit, that's in our heads.

Don't give a fuck what they said 'cause we're all, already dead.

Songwriters

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