

# Death to the Lads

## The Smith Street Band

Staying in a hotel full of pilots  
I can't believe that they are smoking  
If you mastered the art of flight  
Why would you spend half your time choking?  
Sleeping in a bedroom full of assholes  
Surely means I am one too  
And I wake up and I go walking  
And I think the wrong thing about you It was the best idea we ever had  
Picked up our spirits and we sang  
Death to the lads  
As loud as we possibly can Among the most depressing highways  
Ever dropped into the earth  
Along the confederate flag lower back tattoo  
That is this part of the world  
We're raising pets and kids in car parks  
In the light of drive in ATMs  
I learn to read the side effects  
I am my own adverse reaction It was the best idea we ever had  
Picked up our voices and we sang  
Death to the lads  
As loud as we possibly can  
Death to the lads  
Get out of my fucking face, man And things get better, but they never get good  
I don't do anything I said I would  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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