

# Testosterone Makes the World Go 'round

## Death By Stereo

In this great catastrophe  
The evils of our world collide  
You're forced to stand alone  
And surviveYou against the world  
As they conquer and divide  
A passive nod or a smile  
As they casually walk by  
A spit and gesture of disgust  
As they turn the other wayAmerican teenage bullshit  
At one point it's got to stop  
But it's how I feel today  
Everytime I see a copEverytime someone gets pushed around  
Sometimes I like to pop  
When I see you on the dance floor  
I'd like to pluck you from the cropA gesture of disgust  
As they turn the other way  
Part of me hopes they turn around  
And another wants to ignoreSometimes out of pure hatred  
The other to kill the bore  
In this great catastrophe  
The evils of our world collide  
The evils of our world collideAmerican teenage bullshit  
At one point it's got to stop  
But it's how I feel today  
Everytime I see a copEverytime someone gets pushed around  
Sometimes I like to pop  
When I see you on the dance floor  
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At one point it's got to stop  
But it's how I feel today  
Everytime I see a copEverytime someone gets pushed around  
Sometimes I like to pop  
When I see you on the dance floor  
I'd like to pluck you from the cropGo home  
Please, go home  
Go, goAmerican teenage bullshit  
At one point it's got to stop  
But it's how I feel today  
Everytime I see a copEverytime someone gets pushed around

Sometimes I like to pop  
When I see you on the dance floor  
I'd like to pluck you from the crop

Lyrics provided by  
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