

# Rocknroll

## Lovedrug

It's Tuesday and I already hit the bottle  
I can't even fall in love at happy hour  
I think I'll go home now and dream about  
The nightmares that could be  
Like all my friends turning into my enemies  
You're good at pushing me out

Late that night I am awakened by the banshee's cry  
And I am much too scared to get a drink  
I see the rusty swing set blow  
From generations long ago  
Under moonlight the plow is stained  
by the power of your name  
You're good at pushing me out

The farmer's daughter raises hell  
When I try to kiss her  
Screaming "daddies" now I run  
Here's to sickle swinging fun  
You're good at pushing me out

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