

Adrenaline Nightshift

Japandroids

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hitchhiked to hell and back
Riding the wind
Waiting for a generation's bonfire to begin
When the plunder of the poets
Thunder of a punk's guitar
Beat life to my body
Sulking drunk at the back of a barWhoring my heart
On the wings of a western night
Busting my guts
On a riot dose of paradise
When a red-blooded daughter
Slowed my gunfire run to rest
With her blitzkrieg love
And a roman candle kissThere is no high like this
Adrenaline nightshiftHurricane home to crusade alone
Wounded and thin
Still waiting for a generation's bonfire to begin
When I muscle up some money
I'll rattle the sabre of the streets
Cause death has no respect for love
And youth no respect for meThere is no high like this
Adrenaline nightshift

Lyrics provided by

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