

# The Bash

Steve Morse

Get Fought or get in a fight with them like a true thunder son.  
You've got style and hope and that fucking scares them all. Copenhagen death threat, Mr. Reaper is on the rise.  
Mr. Big Shot, tonight the stars revolve!  
Some say we're like a dead mans dream in a cold an mean, mean town.  
Don't you drown, my son, dont you drown from me...All you want is not the way i used to think.  
When we fall again just like the missing ink. You strike back, back at them like a true southern boy.  
You've got a heart of gold and a will they cant destroy. Copenhagen death threat, Mr. Reaper is on the rise.  
He's got your dirty lady my denim is tight so you better watch out.  
I've got a bone to pick with a son of a gun so you better come out.  
Mr. Big Shot you always party this hard. All you want is not the way i used to think.  
When we fall again just like the missing ink. You know we always Fight Fair. Mr. Big Shot, i'll show you what  
you got All you want is not the way i used to think.  
When we fall again just like the missing ink.

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