

# The Department

## The Casual

Why's your head down?  
Chin up, face front, back straight and stand your ground.  
Pretty little lies, just what they're watching for.  
They want it all, cause they can see growing up ain't what they thought it'd be.  
Scared em all (?), they can kiss our asses.  
fill up the shot glasses.

(chorus)

Ones for the kids that always talk shit. Twos for you, threes for me.  
Fall to the floor (?), but our friends not with us anymore.  
Weekends just begun we won't stop until we see the sun.

Shape shift and deep face in your your moon.  
Gossip grows and it changes attitude.  
They'll give you like that feel like hooks dragging you back, but just relax, brush it off, let it go.  
Lights down, \*\* let's fucking go.

(chorus)

Ones for the kids that always talk shit.  
Twos for you, threes for me.  
Fall to the floor, but our friends not with us anymore.  
Weekends just begun we won't stop until we see the sun.

Slow grind, do you mind bringing that behind to me.  
We could dance all night or sneak away and see  
If my hands can't abide when you shake it side to side  
If the death of man is pride, then you're my cyanide.

I'm fated, elated, if everyone stated, forget the department the kids that you hated  
Living the now, getting the crowd, jump up and down (jump up and down)

Life is a series of test, but living means we are blessed  
So let's make this the best, night of our lives, no attempting to rest (?)

(chorus)

Ones for the kids that always talk shit!  
Twos for you, threes for me.  
Fall to the floor, but our friends not with us anymore.

Weekends just begun, we won't stop until we see the sun.

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