Nights Of The Living Dead

Tilly And The Wall

Well, the high school kids, they're all fucked up
Touching each other, oh my God
Yeah, and forty ounces was never enough
We want to pass out in your yard, we want to pass out
Dressing in drag, your best friend's clothes
While boys kissed boys in hotel rooms
Oh, and just when we thought we were no longer lost
They kicked us out into the dirty streets of Atlanta
So it's Friday night down on North Avenue
Where the gas station parking lot prostitutes
Tried to fix their hair in our rear view mirrors
You know, we're just trying to get to the club and shake our asses
A caravan of kids, some big old mess
On an old wooden dock, oh, we're bored to death
We've got a bottle of wine, a fresh pack of smokes
We're going to end up screaming about some midnight garage sale
God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead?
God, put down your hand, we're not listening
The microphone cut off
So we're screaming at the top of our lungs.
We are born so fresh, a golden prize
Until you scrape that knee and quickly realize
That you're lost in a fog on your way to death
Oh, a thick black line, a thick black line
So you better speak up, better raise that voice
Come on, scream loud, all you girls and boys
Let's get wild, wild, wild, let's rejoice
C'mon, c'mon, I want to hear that fucking noise
Oh, the push and pull of everything
Oh, this nightmare of electricity
We are the living dead, yeah, the living dead.
That's the way it is, That's the way it's always been
Oh, that snake slithered past my house today
Oh, I heard he caught you on a dark highway
No, the clouds didn't part, they just grew into a storm
I can still hear the sound of the rolling thunder
God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead?
God, put down your hand, we're not listening
God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead?

I said, "God put down your hand, we're not listening, oh, we never were"
I want to fuck it up
I feel so alive and I feel

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