Dispensing Disaster

Yeah Whatever

5 bucks to get you high
Split the line with plastic
Just as easy as a vending machine
Dispensing Disaster
Shot By Shot
As your Temperature rises
No reason to return home
Driving down the road
That leads to nowhere
Waking up with broken bones

I,I,I, don't want to leave you alone
I,I,I, don't trust you at all.

Tighten your little tourniquet
Make room for the little hole
Drinking and pissing in the alleyways
You can call it home
You can call me a dead man walking
No future at all
Lying face on in the gutter
Strung out alone.

I,I,I, don't want to leave you alone
I,I,I, don't trust you at all.

Dispense, Disaster
Dispense Disaster

Lyrics submitted by mike.

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