D.E.A.D.R.A.M.O.N.E.S. (Remastered)

Modern Life Is War

Making come true our modest, impossible dreams
Stuck in public school classrooms, at age fifteen!
Those long hot days, just before the summer
Knowing that we're stuck here!And there's something happening somewhere
Knowing we know, we gotta get there
It's true what they say,
Death is more perfect than life
That's why we already died!What could have been?
We don't wanna know!
Tonight we'll get our kicks
Tonight we're all letting go,
'Cus we're all Dead Ramones!
Sore back!
Sore feet!
A ragtag army and we're sick in the heat
We're not pretty
And we're not rich
We're gonna hafta fucking work for itIt's our life!
We do what we choose!
Black jeans, black shirt, black shoes!
Mom and Dad still don't approveTwenty-eight shows, twenty-eight days
Pulling up new rogues all along the way
I'm just another face in this desperate youth parade
And all the bunk beds locked doors, hardwood, sweat, guts,
Skateboards, cold war bomb shelter basement screams, no sleep, good dreams
We're playing hard as we can
And a whole lotta time stuck in the van
Reading the graffiti on every bathroom wall
in truck stop fast food hell
Save me from ordinary
Save me from myself!Another punk rock summer came and went
Now I just wanna go back home
And turn up my stereo
'Til the rhythm melts my bones
'Cus I'm a Dead Ramone!D - E - A - D - R - A - M - O - N - E - S! (x4)
We're all Dead Ramones!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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