

# 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 it! It's our life!  
We do what we choose!  
Black jeans, black shirt, black shoes!  
Mom and Dad still don't approve Twenty-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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