Nobody's Accusing You (Of Having a Good Time)

Hot Hot Heat

Some days are gonna be diamonds some days are just gonna be stones
Some days the reaper isn't looking so grim some days the past is the only mine that has gold
But don't get too heavy
Don't get so intense
Don't make you this party's problem
No one put a gun to your head
Nobody's accusing you of having a good time
Some days you're crawling forwards some days you're spinning backwards
Some days your bullshit detector's turned off some days a medieval torture test won't even trigger a cough
Don't get too petty
don't be so exact
You can't let go you can't relax
A payment plan for heart attacks
you got your money who's got your back
Why can't we all just start from scratch
There's no gun to your head

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