Get Dead

Backyard Babies

You say it's wrong
But I say alright
Alright is wrong
Or might is rightEverything is fucked so bad
So messed up so sad
You ain't feeling so fine
When there's too much speed along the lineAnd there's freak confusions in your bed
And you got triple sixes in your headSo get dead on an anything-can-happen-day
Baby, get dead, oh, yeah, yeah, yeahI walk on by
I need a higher
Place to go away
On an anything-can-happen-dayThere's freak confusions in your bed
And you got triple sixes in your headSo get dead on an anything-can-happen-day
Baby, get dead, oh, yeah, yeah, yeahI said, get deadSee what I hear
Feel what I fear
So what's new, what you trying to do
I make no deals with youGet dead on an anything-can-happen-day
Baby, get dead, oh, yeah, yeah, yeahI said, get dead
Get dead
Baby, get dead
Get dead

Songwriters
BORG, NIKLAS ROGER/SVENSSON, ANDREAS TYRONEPublished by
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