

# Get Dead

## Backyard Babies

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

Songwriters

BORG, NIKLAS ROGER/SVENSSON, ANDREAS TYRONE Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>