

Throwaways

Beach Slang

No, these streets don't feel like home
They're not hungry or wild enough
It's a dead-end town for trash like us
But I've got a full tank and a couple bucks
I mean I never got nothing and I never wanted much
But man, we gotta get out
No these streets ain't got no guts
They're like sad sex with clumsy tongues
It's a battlefield for restless punks
And the cops are trapped in all their junk
We just wanna read our books, turn our stereos up
And man, we gotta get out
There's a light on those filthy streets
Where the throwaways get weird and free
Are you in with me? Does it cut you enough
There's a time to bleed, and a time just to fucking run
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>