

Rock N Roll

Lovedrug

It's Tuesday and I already hit the bottle
I can't even fall in love at happy hour
I think I'll go home now and dream about the nightmares that could be
Like all my friends turning into my enemies, yeah You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me Late that night I am awakened by a banshee's cry
And I am much too scared to get a drink
I see the rusty swingset blow from generations long ago
Under moonlight the plow is stained by the power of your name You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out And the farmer's daughter raises hell
When I try to kiss her
Screaming daddies, now I run
Here's to sickle swinging fun You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me out
You're good at pushing me

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