

Wasted Again

Turbonegro

1, 2, 3, 4 I've got a brand new bag, the old one was such a drag
I'm going to the void, I'm gonna get destroyed
Sweeping floors, working nine to five
Working for the weekend just to stay alive
Streets are dead but I'm totally wired
It's 4 a.m and my soul is on fire
And I'm wasted again
Tanked up on the juice and gin
Wasted again, all right
We're going to the disco, we're going to the bar
We're going in the snowplough, we're gonna take it far
Sweeping floors working nine to five
Working for the weekend just to stay alive
Streets are dead but I'm totally wired
Dude, it's 4 a.m and my soul is on fire
And I'm wasted again
Tanked up on the juice and gin
Wasted again, all right
You know I'm wasted again
I'll never ever feel this good again
Wasted again, fuck yeah
So won't you meet me in the twilight zone
'Cause I'm the boy that nobody owns
And my body is a temple, my body is a temple
My body is a temple and tonight I'll tear it down
Wasted again
Tanked up on the juice and gin
Wasted again, all right
You know I'm wasted again
I'll never ever feel this good again
Wasted again, fuck yeah
I'm the boy that nobody owns
I'm the boy that nobody owns
I'm the boy that nobody owns
And I'm wasted

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