

Blackout

The Falcon

All the bottles and the ashes blanket the ground.
The sluts stagger out with their skirts hiked up, right on time now.
I think it's time to go home. Do you wanna go home? (whoa!)
The disco ball is swinging low. I found my lover on the radio. She sang me songs from a long time ago. Blackout! Shout it out loud. The Devil's keeping time on the brake pad now.
It's the music on the radio that's taking me home. When the crowd gets to spinning I can barely hold on.
The liquid trash flows through my veins and I scream the wrong song.
I think I gotta go home. Do you wanna go home? (whoa!)
So, I'll stomp to the beat, yeah I'll stomp to the beat of the... Oh. Oh, it's the garbage on the radio. I should have known.
I should have fucking known.
Blackout! Shout it out loud. The Devil's keeping time on the gas pedal now.
It's the garbage on the radio that's taking home. These so called hit lists are nothing more than fat fuck lullabies.
Man, I've had better hits on my tongue in the park on Friday nights.
If this is victory, I'd rather listen to defeat tonight. Am I right?

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