

# O.K.F.M.D.O.A.

## Dillinger Four

Witness a jaded town  
Got some champagne for a forty ounce frown  
I've worked my theories through  
Already half dead and nothing more to lose Forget now what we've got  
And all your Old Stories celebratin wounds  
I've heard enough of "those days are gone"  
Because there's never time to play the fool Come on, kill the lights with trouble make  
Come on, smash the light and celebrate  
Let's tie a yellow ribbon around the necks  
Of the motherfuckers living for the giving in  
Move with the rogue set choking out the radio  
A thousand voices booming out in stereo  
From top to bottom knock them down like dominoes Why wake up in the past  
With well-framed pages from the book of rules  
I've heard enough of "where were you then"  
Because I don't give a shit about collecting dues

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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