

# Sticky Bastards

## The Flatliners

This one goes out to  
All of those who love the smell of gasoline  
I figured out that where they want to be  
Is in the in between  
Have you ever seen the world at 6 AM  
When it's cold and dark and almost silent  
You'll never want to sleep again Let your blood boil up  
While mine stands still  
Always the antagonist  
Because I'm not at home all year. Overeager, eat your words  
I'll feed them to you this time  
One more goodbye  
I'm good with the guilt-trip,  
Because reconciliation's overrated  
I'll be at the Firkin,  
In the back room with a stiff drink in each hand I'm not enamored by  
The stories being told  
It's not that I don't love this town  
I just feel like it's getting old Let all your blood boil up  
While mine stands still  
I'll always be the antagonist  
Because I'm never home, oh yeah Overeager, eat your words  
I'll feed them to you this time  
To get it right True believer, do your worst  
And sing along to all our goodbyes  
And all these days we spent on  
pure on adrenaline, I'll take it I'll take it over dirty clockwork living  
What would we tell our children then?  
I'll take it over dirty clockwork living  
What would we tell our children then?  
I'll take it over dirty clockwork living  
What would we tell our children then? Overeager, eat your words  
I'll feed them to you this time  
One more goodbye Overeager, eat your words  
I'll feed them to you this time  
To get it right True believer, do your worst  
And sing along to all our goodbyes  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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