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 againLet 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 handI'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 oldLet all your blood boil up
While mine stands still
I'll always be the antagonist
Because I'm never home, oh yeahOvereager, eat your words
I'll feed them to you this time
To get it rightTrue believer, do your worst
And sing along to all our goodbyes
And all these days we spent on
pure on adrenaline, I'll take itI'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 goodbyeOvereager, eat your words
I'll feed them to you this time
To get it rightTrue 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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