

Last Call at the Toothless Saloon

The Black Halos

Don't want to die in this has been town
There's too much sorrow, I fear I'll drown
Where happy hours go down the drain
Don't want to be no nameless face Talking all about the olden days
And all my friends who made the grave
Yeah, all the ones who couldn't wait I've got no time to waste on bottled sympathy
I've got no time to waste on drunken eulogies Don't count me out, don't call me history
I'm not dead, don't bury me
Shut your jade mouth
And spare your jealous teeth
I'm not dead, don't bury me Don't want to be no clean teen dream
A green machine selling magazines
Their average lifespan is a week Don't want to preach no politics, bow down to bullshit
Like a hypocrite, no, I don't feel no unity
No, I don't want your company I've got no time to waste on bottled sympathy
I've got no time to waste on drunken eulogies So don't count me out, don't call me history
I'm not dead, don't bury me
Shut your jade mouth
And spare your jealous teeth
I'm not dead, don't bury me

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