

Down on me

She jumped in our van and said, "I'm going with you guys",
We knew she was desperate, you could tell by her blackened eyes.

Her dad was killed in a highway head-on,
Her mothers a drunk and her sister's too far-gone

Down on me, down on me (oh yeah)
Down on me, down on me (don't you get)

We listened and learned as she got it off her chest,
4am came and yes this girl is messed.

She jumped in our van and said, "I want to go home",
She claimed she was better when she wasn't so all alone

It might be hard to tell, but we wish you well it's just late at night and your...

Broke and Out of Money

We left home just last week,
We went out to conquer the world,
But things don't always go smoothly,
And things don't always go well.

First up it was the mountains,
Then it was hip hopping gats,
Tomorrow we're into Hellsville,
Oh it's nice to be back. Yeah, yeah, yeah!

We're broke and out of money,
Sleazing it and grubby,
Digging for the diamond,
Do you think we'll ever find one?
Cause no one really gets it,
And if they do they're full of shit,
They're greasy and they're yuppies,
We're broke and out of money

Monday blends into Tuesday,
And where were we last night?
Today we're traveling with Luis,
Put that in your stereotype. Yeah, yeah, yeah!

*I feel like I am doing the right thing,
But why does it have to come down to money?
I feel like I need a drink,
And that's why it always comes down to money.*

28

You left for the day,
Worn out to the bone,
Your beauty on the page is why they pay.

Count the points in your meal,
Freak out in your room,
Is it safe to say our culture's failed?

Your face has no lines,
A bigger chest in no time,
Is it safe to say that you are,

28 and a sex symbol
Pleasure for the working people
28 and a sex symbol
So please, please the hungry people

Punishment for our crimes,
Shows up on the evening news,
She's drunk, she's drugged and all at 28,

The pursuit of happiness,
Has just been replaced,
The pursuit of perfection leaves you

Don't you wonder, don't you need?

Give it up

I am bound to shackles in the sand, for you to jump on and crush my hands
Look at you big, bad, mad corporate man, do you feel better?
Being strong starts close to home, like leaving comforts that you've outgrown,
Head off the pillow and out the door it will make you better.

I know that this load is fools gold... give it up.
Pretend, that you're born again, and you need a friend... give it up.

What's most important in your life, and who's more important than your wife,
Are these things you just can't describe, well make them better.
Go bury your morals in the dirt we'll dig at them until it hurts,
Were not afraid of honest work, when it makes us better.

*Secret spies (and no one's going to tell you just what they look like), with culprits' eyes
In disguise (to seek out those who don't follow the mission) to binge and die...*

Your Angels

Open the shutters on the windows,
There is only so much time,
This is how we learn the wind blows,
*I am tired of passing over you,
I am done with all the things I do...*

Your angels are looking for the good in me
They'll untangle the knots in my memory
Your angels won't forgive my history.
*I am tired of passing over you,
I am done with all the things I do...*

Lock the door and bar the windows,
We have run out of lime,
This is how we ruin the gusto.
*I am getting tired of telling the truth,
I am getting tired of having to choose...*

Your angels are looking for the good in me
They'll untangle the knots in my memory
Your angels won't forgive my history.
They'll untangle the knots in me, just wait and see

You'll have to run from the gun, you don't want to run from the gun like I do

High Society

*Flaunt and gouge and scalp your love
Flaunt and gouge and scalp and love you all*

Here comes the fame my friend,
It's like it never left,
In it up to my chin,
What would you recommend?

Let me be your celebrity (*I'll flaunt and gouge and scalp and love you all*)
Two tickets to high society (*high*)
I will be your celebrity.

Here comes carcinogen,
So sweet with cinnamon,
In it up to my waist,
On second thought what a waste.

Straight line baby

It doesn't matter what you say when you are looking at me
You could tell me filthy lies I wouldn't hear a thing
I'm telling you the story straight let's hope you understand

I never thought I'd ever have to lay this out
You caught me standing on the middle and you ripped right through me
This little sister says she knows what she wants
I guess I'll go her way

There's no hiding the signs or taking my time
I'm running in a straight-line baby to
You, have made up my mind, what else can I do
I'm running in a straight-line baby to you

It's really not that complicated, I owe it all to the show
Now the situations in your hands and out of my control

Any other time I would have closed my eyes
And left the picture in the pile of random road trip memories
I'll lose myself with someone else's rock n' roll
And see you Sunday night

Emotionless love

You know I'll move beside you, you know I have no choice,
Your spells are always binding, so I will count your dice.

I don't, but I want to be here... for emotionless love.
I can't, but I want to believe... in emotionless love.

Your coldness is never over, I know you have no choice,
I want to break the pattern, but for that I have no voice.

You know I'll have to taste you, you know I'll have no choice,
I want to try to hate you, but I internally destroy.

Last one alive

He can't lie with his dirty mind,
You can't die, you're the last one alive.

Left in the darkness with no one near,
Footsteps are breeding you with fear,
But when you're out to play, that's when he'll pay,
When you're free at last, his grip will lapse.

Smile for the camera, for the network's sick,

Who needs a day job, when you make him rich?
But when you've gotten out, and you face the crowds,
It's teeth for teeth and week for week.

He can't lie with his dirty mind,
You can't die, you're the last one alive,
You'll testify against his alibi,
He's mortified for the last one alive.

And in your older age, in your hideaway,
Will you give it back, when the night's pitch black?

Dirty World

You got lucky, born to a mother who took good care
You got lucky, suburban love and comfort with a millionaire,
But damn little women you're a real bad bluffer yeah...
But damn little women 'cause it makes it much rougher
When you can't keep your secrets and what's private inside...

You got love, you got love, but you had to pay in blood.
You need love, you need love; you need worlds of dirty love.

For a rookie, you look like you always find a way to score,
Anybody can tell that you'd like to go and do it some more.
But damn little women you're a real poor liar yeah...
But damn little women cause it makes it much rougher
When you can't keep your wallet and your privates inside...

Anymore

I don't want to do this anymore,
Don't want to ache and want for more,
I believed that all I had do was try,
My best and all would work out fine.

I don't want to worry anymore,
About the mortgage knocking at the door,
The 'good life' with all its grace,
Can tell this 'real life' to take a break. *(And yet)*

My friends stand beside me,
No matter how much land turns to sea,
And my girl, yes she loves me.

I don't want live here anymore,
How about a soft breeze on the shore?
Another place that we can't find,

A spot where pleasure reigns divine (*And yet*)

And I think do I really have the right to complain tonight?

When she smiles it's always been all right.