

The Floor Is Made Of Lava

"Howl At The Moon"

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Peter ain't gonna go nowhere tonight.
He's doing dishes for dinner and grounded for life.
I put a bouncer at his doorstep - wearing wedgies and
tights.
He had it coming.
He had it coming, alright
So you can howl at the moon.
Crawl on your knees.
He ain't that f*cking funny.
But he'll be here all week.

So keep your promises to yourself.
Your scout's honour, lemonade and cookies won't help.
It's not punch in the face - I'm aiming way below the
belt.
You had it coming.
You had it coming all night.
So you just howl at the moon.
Crawl on your knees.
Whatever's your trick.
It don't cut it for me.

Can't figure out your intentions when you say it like
that.
Can't figure out your intentions when you say it like you
mean it.
Though it never really meant a thing to you.

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