2 Week Notice "There Is Only One Kind Of Rock And Roll"

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We are the boys of sin, putting our chips on bets that could never win
We are the rolling stones, the dead ramones, the untouchable boys from back home
(She is a timebomb ticking trouble till the end)

So lets burn this prairie state to the ground

Honey, if you got the money then Ive got the time Im giving up if youre giving in, id rather die than let you win

When youre on the run and theres a price on your head Any body feels right in a different bed Im dropping out and giving up Your selling out and living it up

Im never making love
In this city again
Im a long shot girl, and hes a gun to the head

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