

A.F.I. "Theory Of Revolution"

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Don't want to think about it
But I see it every day
Corrupted innocence just
Doesn't seem to fade away

Spoiled so young,
You know it's bound to last
But when you're living in the city
You've gotta grow up fast

And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick
And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick

Don't want to think about it
But I see it every day
If you want to buy affluence
Your soul you'll have to pay

Wasting away
The prime of your life
But it's been done that way for years
So you know it must be alright

And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick
And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick

It's just not right

Don't wanna think about it
But I see it every day
With every sip and every shot
Mind and bodies fade away

Friends are all gone
And memories don't last
But when you've fallen off the wagon
You seem to fall so damn fast

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