

A.F.I. (Afi)

"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 all right.
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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