

Dissidenten "City Limits"

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It's Friday night, it's time to hit the streets
With a 40 ounce of malted medicine
So here's a toast to better days
The days when we used to rule the world

But happy hour is over
And we're left facedown outside
Of some beat-up, run-down tavern door

BARTENDER! It's time I had another drink
QUICKLY BEFORE I have the time to think

Cuz I'm tired of my life
I'm sick of it all
So drown it out in a frosted glass of my self-doubt

So I meet this girl down at the bar
And she recognizes me from our hometown
She says "Do you ever miss the days we used to hang
out?"
And I swear that I just stared at her in disbelief
I don't know why

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