

The Blameshifters

"No Recipe"

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No stops till the ceilings on the ground
And walls are all knocked down
Adolescent drinking
The golden years of youth
Consequences didn't matter with quarts of coors
Though kegs were better
All the time not worrying what we're in to

No time for cops or sorrys
What's left for the kids?
What's left to do?
Drinking booze and doing drugs
Is what a kid finds fun
In the streets cause they're not allowed at home

Flipping birds and practicing insolence
And smuggle mexicans
Just to charge them firecrackers and chiclets
Set ablaze a bonfire on the lawn
And a couch to do it on
Whatever happens we don't need no recipe for having
fun

Wait let me get this straight
Creative nonsense lends a hand

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