

## **Bouncing Souls**

# **"Bullying The Jukebox"**

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Well, I walked into the bar and I put in twenty bucks  
Because I know people's taste in music sucks  
About four hours had passed  
Forty picks and my empty glass  
A tasty number all dressed in black  
Tried to rock us with her wack attack

There was no fuss, we knew her game  
You look great but all your songs are lame

Bullying the jukebox because it's fun  
You can't get near it until we're done  
Bullying the jukebox because we rule  
All the songs we like are really cool

Songs of punk and songs of joy  
Love songs about girls and boys  
Songs of metal and English stuff  
And some hardcore songs to make us feel tough

But we all agreed that the songs of woe  
And the songs of loved ones who had to go  
Churned up memories of times we dreamt that  
Got us all verklempt

Bullying the jukebox because it's fun  
You can't get near it until we're done  
Bullying the jukebox because we rule  
All the songs we like are really cool

Whoa, because it's fun  
Whoa, until we're done  
Whoa, because we rule  
Whoa, really cool

Drank until our last song  
We paid our tab and we said so long  
Swerving in and out of cars  
It's off to rock another bar

Bullying the jukebox because it's fun  
You can't get near it until we're done

Bullying the jukebox because we rule  
All the songs we like are really cool

Whoa, because it's fun  
Whoa, until we're done  
Whoa, because we rule  
Whoa, really cool

Bullying the jukebox because it's fun  
You can't get near it until we're done  
Bullying the jukebox because we rule  
All the songs we like are really cool

Whoa, because it's fun  
Whoa, until we're done  
Whoa, because we rule  
Whoa, we're really cool, hey

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