

## Brandtson

### "C'mon Facista"

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This is what they call paying your dues,  
Don't evey say it, I want nothing from you,  
Doing what I can to forget the past,  
Just don't think I can quite so fast.

Hey. Hey, hey, This is the end.

Glass on the floor and blood on the mirror,  
Clean up quietly so no one will hear ya,  
Put up your feet I got something to sell ya,  
Pull up a chair and watch the world go to hell.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.  
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.  
Cause I told you this would happen and it did.

Wake up, walls are sweating,  
Make yourself beautiful,  
Wait for the sound to die out,  
Kick and scream and fight for your soul.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.  
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.  
Cause I told you this would happen and it did.

Armed to the teeth,  
with hopes and dreams.  
Falling apart,  
at the seams.

This time we're,  
playing for keeps.  
You wonder what's in it for me?.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.  
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.  
Cause I told you this would happen and it did.

You're just standing,  
and you're clapping,  
as you, as you burn your bed.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.  
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.  
Leave me for dead.  
Leave me for dead.  
Leave me for dead.

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