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Glassjaw "Tip Your Bartender"

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Time for our men in uniform (with a price upon their heads). This is a WAR! Sober up. But call it what you want, The color changes up in the sun.

Not throwing stones at you anymore. Your name's in lights and I don't wonder Anymore.

All my X's live with hexes. This is why I hang Myself with jealousy upon a fencepost half mast. Fashion: war between The guilty and the guilty and the guilty.. And the teen.

Not throwing stones at you anymore.

Your name's in lights and I don't wonder Anymore.

[pause]

Oh yeah, I would like to .. Die like mice do. I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man. Crying.

Not throwing stones at you anymore. Your name's in lights and I don't wonder Anymore.

Oh yeah, I would like to ... Like to die, like fucking mice do. I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man. Crying.

Buy it, load it, shoot it.

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