

# The Bruisers

## "Tear It Up"

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Don't worry about your boy  
He's just stuck in a bad boy phase  
Got a new tattoo and an old guitar  
Gonna hit the streets and make his own way

Tear it up, tear it up  
He's a suicide king running straight to hell  
Better believe that he's got a story to tell

There's a cherry red born in '61  
The tires are flat and the rag top's torn  
He sees it everyday and knows some way  
Gonna gas it up and drive it away

Tear it up, tear it up  
He's a suicide king running straight to hell  
Better believe that he's got a story to tell  
Howling at the moon at night  
His future's going up in flames  
Like the heart tattooed forever on his arm  
All messed up with no place to go  
Gonna point the car right at the moon  
With a suicide king as his good luck charm

Suicide king running straight to hell  
Got a half a pint of courage and a story to tell  
Still got that old guitar and that old tattoo  
And that '61 caddy now he's got that too

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