

## **Japandroids**

# **"Adrenaline Nightshift"**

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Hitchhiked to hell and back  
Riding the wind  
Waiting for a generation's bonfire to begin  
When the plunder of the poets  
Thunder of a punk's guitar  
Beat life to my body  
Sulking drunk at the back of a bar

Whoring my heart  
On the wings of a western night  
Busting my guts  
On a riot dose of paradise  
When a red-blooded daughter  
Slowed my gunfire run to rest  
With her blitzkrieg love  
And a roman candle kiss

There is no high like this  
Adrenaline nightshift

Hurricane home to crusade alone  
Wounded and thin  
Still waiting for a generation's bonfire to begin  
When I muscle up some money  
I'll rattle the sabre of the streets  
Cause death has no respect for love  
And youth no respect for me

There is no high like this  
Adrenaline nightshift

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