

## Julio Iglesias Jr.

### "F.U"

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Burn the highway down, on the top of your life.  
Liquor and horsepower under your command, sadly  
fuckers like you can't pull off anything.  
Glass one, glass two and the shot goes off.  
You pump the brakes, but change the fate of an  
innocent man,  
Twisting strictly in the air and hitting the ground.  
Freeze the pulse, fade the light inside.  
A pyromaniac dead end dream, where you become the  
flameboy in the scene.  
Burn everything down.  
Oh dear, what the fuck have you done?  
Glass three, glass four, feeling alright.  
A one-night stand until you realize what the fuck you've  
done.  
A subterfuge so easy to blame, but your dead end  
dream will never end.  
Let's just hope the moon keeps watching over you,  
Even though it painted the flashlight of the sky that  
timeless night.  
Guard you when your eyes are closed, as you are  
destined to lose.  
When you realize some things never change, they'll  
never change.  
A pyromaniac dead end dream, where you become the  
flameboy in the scene.  
Burn everything down.  
Oh dear, what the fuck have you done?

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