

L.A. Guns

"Frequency"

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This is not my
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This is not my freq

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Even as a child
I was different from those
Excommunication from the ones
That I loathed

And no amount of threatening
Could make me inclined
All your propaganda
Could never change my mind

To hell with all you demons
You poor deluded fools
And take me to a place
Where there are no rules

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And any body there
Ever broken a heart
Being you who are
And not playing the part

And all the best intentions
Could never make it real
Sorry to my lovers
But that's the way I feel

Changing like a season

No time for regrets
Don't you ever wonder
If this is good as it gets

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So when it comes down
Are you in or your out?
Take a little time
And think about

I will not be driven
Like a rusty old Ford
I did it my way
I was not bored

Can't buy me off with silver
Won't do as I'm told
Keep your drunken hands off me
Your touch just leaves me cold

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