

Lovedrug "Rocknroll"

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It's Tuesday and I already hit the bottle.
I can't even fall in love at happy hour.
I think i'll go home now and dream
about the nightmares that could be,
like all my friends turning into my enemies,

you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me...

Late that night i am awakened by the banshee's cry,
and I am much too scared to get a drink.
I see the rusty swing set blow from generations long
ago,
under the moonlight the plow is stained by the power of
your name,

you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me out.
you're good at pushing me...

The farmer's daughter raises hell when i try to kiss her,
screaming "daddies" now i run.
here's to sickle swinging fun.

You're good at pushing me out.

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