

Off With Their Heads "The Beijing Cocktail"

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Patience, it's not my virtue
When I feel the anger I want to shout
Hatred of everything
Call the cops when it's time to let it out

Walking the streets when I can't fall asleep
I'm still wondering what it is all about
Feeling defeat in every situation I meet
I can't wait to give up and lie down on the ground

Try to fight it, but I can't deny it
I can't bring myself just to go back home
Don't wanna stay here, but I can't go back there
I'd rather be freezing than be all alone

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Home is any place where you don't have to carry the
baggage you hold at all
It's anywhere where you wake up and repeat the things
that you're told

But it's gaining rather quickly
Getting to the point of everyone
Realizing that we've based our whole lives
On something we almost didn't do before

Wait for the day, 'cause it's coming fast
When you turn around and realize you're the last.

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