

Death By Stereo

"Testosterone Makes The World Go 'Round"

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In this great catastrophe
The evils of our world collide
You're forced to stand alone
And survive

You against the world
As they conquer and divide
A passive nod or a smile
As they casually walk by
A spit and gesture of disgust
As they turn the other way

American teenage bullshit
At one point it's got to stop
But it's how I feel today
Everytime I see a cop

Everytime someone gets pushed around
Sometimes I like to pop
When I see you on the dance floor
I'd like to pluck you from the crop

A gesture of disgust
As they turn the other way
Part of me hopes they turn around
And another wants to ignore

Sometimes out of pure hatred
The other to kill the bore
In this great catastrophe
The evils of our world collide
The evils of our world collide

American teenage bullshit
At one point it's got to stop
But it's how I feel today
Everytime I see a cop

Everytime someone gets pushed around
Sometimes I like to pop
When I see you on the dance floor
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American teenage bullshit
At one point it's got to stop
But it's how I feel today
Everytime I see a cop

Everytime someone gets pushed around
Sometimes I like to pop
When I see you on the dance floor
I'd like to pluck you from the crop

Go home
Please, go home
Go, go

American teenage bullshit
At one point it's got to stop
But it's how I feel today
Everytime I see a cop

Everytime someone gets pushed around
Sometimes I like to pop
When I see you on the dance floor
I'd like to pluck you from the crop

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