

The Heart Attacks "Summer Of Hate"

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Hell it's hot, hot as hell, but the sun couldn't compare to
the heat
We felt. Couldn't hold a home, barely hold a friend.
Gaining a lil'
Just to turn around and lose it again. Oh well, it's rocks
through a
Window on a Friday night. Rocks up your nose helping
me see the night.
Get up to get down, to go geek and get up and go out
again. No room
For love. I said none. When you're born with such
violent traits...
Summer of hate. Summer of Hate, it was the summer
of hate, you're much
Too late, much too hot to find somethin' to love. Just
getting bored,
Bored of normal life. Never gonna' leave quiet, always
leave with a
Fight. Beatin' down boys, spittin' on girls, strength in
numbers was
Usually the easiest way... summer of hate. Gotta' big
black van, with
All the seats taken out. Gotta' few good men, now it's
time to go
Out. I really don't think you understand it's Friday night.
we're gonna
Ride tonight. where were you at in the...

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