

The Volumes

"These Times"

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Back on the street
Another Friday night
Wasted away again
Saturday morning, Saturday night
It's all the fucking same
Sunday comes and it comes
And I can't cope 'cause I know what's to come

Call it a waste of time for me
But I don't need to be judged
I won't be caught looking back
'Cause these times aren't over yet
I'll be livin' for the moment
With no regrets

In your face is where we'll be
Don't try to cross the line
'Cause you can't fuck with me
We don't give a fuck

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