

Falcon

"Blackout"

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All the bottles and the ashes blanket the ground.
The sluts stagger out with their skirts hiked up, right on
time now.
I think it's time to go home. Do you wanna go home?
(whoa!)
The disco ball is swinging low.

I found my lover on the radio. She sang me songs from
a long time ago.

Blackout! Shout it out loud. The Devil's keeping time on
the brake pad now.
It's the music on the radio that's taking me home.

When the crowd get's to spinning I can barely hold on.
The liquid trash flows through my veins and I scream
the wrong song.
I think I gotta go home. Do you wanna go home?
(whoa!)
So, I'll stomp to the beat, yeah I'll stomp to the beat of
the...Oh.

Oh, it's the garbage on the radio. I should have known.
I should have fucking known.
Blackout! Shout it out loud. The Devil's keeping time on
the gas pedal now.
It's the garbage on the radio that's taking home.

These so called hit lists are nothing more that fat fuck
lullabies.
Man, I've had better hits on my tongue in the park on
Friday nights.
If this is victory, I'd rather listen to defeat tonight.

Am I right?

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