

MILC

"To Hell With You"

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Hit another round,
Hit another round,
My way, your tending boy.
I'll just knock 'em down,
I'll just knock 'em down -
I'll get up, walk away,
Head held high,
Sort of smile on my face.
Even if I liked you,
Even if I liked you,
I'd never be caught talking long,
The riff-raff you hang with is wrong.
You should be so lucky,
You should be so lucky,
To look at me,
To be with me,
To drink with me,
To let me be.
It hits me like a wave,
Then words get hard to say.
I'll be best,
I guess it's best I'm on my way,
To hell with you.

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