

Noel Torres

"Wore Out The Soles Of My Party Boots"

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Life is fast but I don't wanna live past you, cause you
are my only roots
I was the king of the drug booze thing now I've worn out
the soles of my party boots
So call me shit-faced Master of Disgrace, I don't care
cause my outer skin
Is thick like crust, and a liver that's rusted out, now I'm
on a list

Everybody wants to give a shit out of me, I won't give it
but I'll give ambivalence
I gotta memory box cause my memory blocks me, from
remembering weeks
All the blacked out nights into white out mornings, into
grey matter damagings
So call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk rock, give it straight
cause I deserve
A verbal beating from an audience bleating, and a
melee with no concern
Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I won't give it
but I'll give irresponsiveness
Everybody wants to drag me up again, I wanna go, but
the price keeps going up
Going down is simple and practical, laying low but
keeping it cynical
I'm on the wagon and it's such a drag, without a key
kick, shot, and a drag

Evidently no one likes a quitter or an old punk's
bitterness
So I'm waiting for the tap, on my shoulder, cause we're
all getting older not better
The laughs are no longer with us
So call me Fat Fuck geriatric punk,
Call me Fat Fuck geriatric punk
Call me Fat Fuck geriatric punk shit-faced master of
disgrace

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