Sons Of Hollister "Route 74"

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Friday night, down at the pub five guys having fun Another round, another drink, another hour's gone Hey bartender, give me a beer, we're getting thirsty here

We just fucking party on till last one disappears, oh yeah

Next day back on the road, this trip with no return Another house, another face, 'nother place to burn Girl, you think I waste my life with everythin I do But that's the way I like it, baby, I don't want to be like you

You don't know anything so don't give me advice You're a bitch for the society, I just roll the dice Call me a looser, fucking boozer, man with ain't no pride

But in the end I'll be the one to live a better life

Ride hard! Die free! Life's a road, no end to see Ride hard! Die free! Just stick to your beliefs

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No fucking stop signs, no need of slowing down I believe in rock'n'roll, no cross can turn me 'round I'm a hellraiser, star chaser, child with a big knife Take the bull by the horns, just get on and ride!

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