

Aerobitch "Gotta Go"

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Don't need your good advice
Your bad-ass pose
Your tons of contacts
Your control
I gotta go

Don't need your record deal
Your line of coke
Your fancy friends
And your support
I gotta go

Hey hey hey, we're not that dumb, we can do it
ourselves,
We're doomed to fail, don't need your help
Hey hey hey, we don't have to sell our soul

To a wanna-be-satan and his court
We're all losers, don't you know?

Don't need your friendly contracts
Your fake love
Your coloured vinyl
Your comfort
I gotta go

Don't want your good advice
Your line of coke
Your fancy friends
And your control
I gotta go

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