

Raunchy

"The Yeah Thing"

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Let's fuckin' go
Let's go

It's ironic
You're down here on the floor
While the big cigars
Stuff their mouths

Too close to an early grave
Not far from being saved
Seventeen miles of hotness
Is your favorite pick up line

It's ironic
You're down here on the floor
You're too close to an early grave

Why do you give yourself away?
Why do you fuck so easily?
Why do I give myself away
To be yours?

I have nothing left to say
Just get the fuck out of here

Can you feel them coming?
Creeping in the air tonight, the vampires
Never mind the dark surroundings
You won't die, you'll be alright

C'mon, it's pathetic
How you move them with your bliss
God and Satan
Are split by a thin white line

You're just another face I know
From a TV show
I guess you're down on your life again
Because I am yours

I have nothing left to say

Just get the fuck out of here

Can you feel them coming?
Creeping in the air tonight, the vampires
Never mind the dark surroundings
You won't die, you'll be alright

Can you, can you, can you
Can you feel them coming?
Creeping in the air tonight, the vampires
Never mind the dark surroundings
You won't die, you'll be alright
You'll be alright

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