

Dears, The

"Degeneration St"

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This was the child of the Millennium
A switchblade hanging round the neck
A trail of crosses burn continuum
The path to Hell blazed in a wreck
Over and over
Over and over
Get me through the night
Get me through the winter
Get me to the sun
Or we'll all be gone
I heard there's no rest for the wicked
So I won't be sleeping when I'm dead
That is the last we'll hear about it
That is the last thing that we'll say

No more, it's over
No more, it's over
Get me through the night
Get me through the winter
Get me to the sun
Or we'll all be gone
[Instrumental](x2)
Get me through the night
Get me through the winter
Get me to the sun
Or we'll all be gone
(x2)
Or we'll all be gone

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