

Falcon, The "Blackout"

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All the bottles and the ashes blanket the ground
The sluts stagger out with their skirts hiked up, right on
time now
I think it's time to go home. Do you wanna go home?
(whoa!)
The disco ball is swinging low

I found my lover on the radio
She sang me songs from a long time ago

Blackout!
Shout it out loud
The Devil's keeping time on the brake pad now
It's the music on the radio that's taking me home

When the crowd get's to spinning I can barely hold on
The liquid trash flows through my veins and I scream
the wrong song
I'm so tired, I think I gotta go home (whoa!)
So, I'll stomp to the beat, yeah I'll stomp to the beat of
the, oh

Oh, it's garbage on the radio
I should have known
I should have fucking known

Blackout!
Shout it out loud
The Devil's keeping time on the gas pedal now
It's the garbage on the radio that's taking home

Blackout!
Shout it out loud
The Devil's keeping time on the brake pedal now
It's the music on the radio that's taking home

These so called hit lists are nothing more than fat fuck
lullabies
Man, I've had better hits on my tongue in the park on
Friday nights
If this is victory, I'd rather listen to defeat tonight

Am I right?

Blackout!

Shout it out loud

The Devil's keeping time on the brake pedal now

It's the music on the radio that's taking home

Blackout!

Shout it out loud

The Devil's keeping time on the gas pedal now

It's the garbage on the radio that's taking home

It's taking me home

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