

Falcon, The

"Look Ma! No Fans! or Do You Want Fries With These"

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It's the comedy of tragedy that keeps me hanging on
Did you think i didn't see you roll your eyes at that last
song?

We've all got better things to do
I'm just a target for your 'boos'
The booze and pills just kill the shakes and softens up
the news

When I die I'm not gonna regret this
See, I'd do it, girl, I'd do it all the same
Getting old on these roads, so far away from home
Sweating out my drunk so you can call me names

When it ends we'll just head down to our barstools
And drink away these rotten memories
We were so fat, dumb, and grumpy, so tired, broke,
and sick
But looking back it still seems great to me
(Great to me!)

So drink that 40 in the back room of this legion hall
Smoke that joint out back in the parking lot
My Taco Bell is shooting right on through me
My head and neck are filling up with snot

Cuz when I die I'm not gonna regret this
See, I'd do it, girl, I'd do it all the same
Getting old on these roads, so far away from home
Sweating out my drunk so you can call me lame

Hey kids, we'll be back in a month
See all of you back here once again
Because this is the life we've chosen for ourselves
Apathetics, punishers and friends
Here's to the apathetics, punishers and friends

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