

# The Falcon "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 think I gotta go home. Do you wanna go home?  
(whoa!)  
So, I'll stomp to the beat, yeah I'll stomp to the beat of  
the...Oh.

Oh, it's the 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.

These so called hit lists are nothing more that 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?

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