

Tilly and the Wall

"Nights Of The Living Dead"

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Oh the high school kids they're all fucked up
Touching each other, oh my god
Yeah and forty ounces was never enough
We want to pass out in your yard
We want to pass out
Dressing in drag your best friend's clothes
While boys kissed boys in hotel rooms
Oh and just when we thought we were no longer lost
They kicked us out into the dirty streets of Atlanta
So it's Friday night down on North Avenue
Where gas station parking lot prostitutes
Tried to fix their hair in our rearview mirrors
You know we're just trying to get to the club and shake
our asses
A caravan of kids, some big old mess
On an old wooden dock, oh we're bored to death
We've got a bottle of wine, a fresh pack of smokes
We're going to end up screaming about some midnight
garage sale
So god, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead?
God, put down your hand, we're not listening
Oh, the microphone cut off so we're screaming at the
top of our lungs
You are born so fresh, a golden prize
Until you scrape that knee and quickly realize
That you're lost in a fog on your way to death
Oh a thick black line, a thick black line
So you better speak up, better raise that voice
Come on, scream loud all you girls and boys
Let's get wild, wild, wild, let's rejoice
Come on, come on
I want to hear that fucking noise
Oh the push and pull of everything
Oh this nightmare of electricity
We are the living dead, yeah the living dead
That's the way it is
That's the way it's always been
Oh that snake slithered past my house today
Oh I heard he caught you on a dark highway
No the clouds didn't part they just grew into a storm
I can still hear the sound of the rolling thunder
(thunder!)

God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead?
God, put down your hand, we're not listening
God, put down your gun, can't you see we're dead?
I said, god, put down your hand, we're not listening
Oh, we never were
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to fuck it up
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel so alive
And I feel

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