

# Testosterone Makes The World Go Round

Death By Stereo

In this great catastrophe, the evils of our world collide  
You're forced to stand alone and survive  
You against the world as they conquer and divide  
A passive nod or a smile as they casually walk by  
A spit and gesture of disgust as they turn the other way

American teenage bullshit  
At one point it's got to stop  
But it's how I feel today  
Every time I see a cop  
Every time someone gets pushed around  
Sometimes I want to pop  
When I see you on the dance floor  
I'd like to pluck you from the crop

A spit and a gesture of disgust  
As they turn the other way  
A small part of me hopes they turn around  
And another wants to ignore  
Sometimes out of pure hatred  
Another to kill the bore  
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The evils of our world collide

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Go home  
Please go home  
Go  
Go

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