

Rock and motherfuckin' roll won't ever be  
As legit as when we were 17  
You're 45 rippin' Juuls outside of a teenage disco  
Baby I coulda swore I heard you say  
You didn't mind if I got high on my birthday

Internet freshmen making the team with some  
Webcams and low self esteem all the  
Cheap suits in the management team are gonna  
Wish that I wasn't over it

Brains on the pavement  
Garage rock band in the basement  
Pawn shop pistol with the trigger  
Click back with the tempo  
We gonna blow it up like Coke and a Mentos

Triple bypass on a hometown heartbeat  
Checking out your name on a dive bar marquee  
Sippin' on some green tea  
Ram Dass psilocybin vibe innuendo  
Baby I coulda swore I heard you say  
You didn't mind if I got high on a work day

Take a step back cause we're fighting the man with a  
Dab bag and a cell phone plan  
All the hashtags in the back of my van are gonna  
Wish that I wasn't over it

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