

# Friday Night Alone

JJ Demon

Everyone, look into the television now,  
Hell has risen outta the elements in the ground  
Fellowship of the sound,  
Always looking ahead with a final glance back before we put it to bed  
It's as good as it gets  
Wouldn't it get any better if you were my editor?  
Oh you think you're so very clever?  
Well you're not.  
Robots roam the perimeter  
Minister on the soapbox, so very sinister,  
Isn't it possible to feel better than alive?  
There's only one way to find out, you better hide  
Music has never been described as this before,  
Kiss your forever a goodbye, better be advised,  
Weather we decide to level everything or not,  
Everybody dies

Bombs away!  
Bombs away!  
Bombs away!

Yes, I'm pretty,  
Sure that this won't be pretty  
And we can dance all night in the fiery glow,  
When they burn down this whole city  
So yes, I'm sure,  
That this is going to mean war,  
When you're locked in the cellar with your loved ones fella,  
But someone's at the door  
So yes, I'm pretty,  
Sure that this won't be pretty  
And you can spend your Friday nights alone,  
When they burn down this whole city

Everyone, look into the television now,  
We need medicine, we need medicine,  
Put it on the front page and bold the lettering  
The media's seen enough Leno and Dave Letterman  
It's plans for the poor being lost and editing  
Toss the prejudice out of this seventh story,  
Before we see hell on Earth,  
The presence of Heaven's glory,  
They don't give a fuck about us dying,  
It's a science of making money by taking it from somebody as broke as I am  
Open up an eye and just look at all the disease,  
Crooked politicians are putting on a routine  
They're talking about taxes when the fact is,  
When half the fucking country is still in the short,  
Cause if their tax bracket  
Now we live in the old shell of a hospital,  
Cause you made health care impossible  
People are dying in a war?  
Well back home more people are dying cause they're poor!

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