

We're  
On our backs  
Looking up at the satrs  
We  
Have a laugh  
Falling down  
Scratching cars

Watch your backs  
Hide your knives  
I'm the fastest man alive

We make things out of sin  
With blood and human skin  
We never see the sights  
We're out to late at night

We  
Don't need you  
We go out  
By ourselves  
We catch the bus  
Into town  
Into hell

Break your heart  
Break your face  
Not that much to look at anyway

We make things out of dust  
So we can smash them up  
We never see the sights  
We're out too late at night

Now you know that my lips thick  
I'll write on your shirt  
Make the words look like pictures  
And that's just the start  
Of it all

WE'VE GOT CLASS  
WE'VE GOT STYLE

We're on our backs  
Looking up at the stairs  
We have a laugh falling down  
Scratching cars

Watch your backs  
Hide the knives  
I'm the fastest man alive  
We make things out of sin  
With blood and human skin  
We never see the sights  
We're out to late at night  
So we can smash them up

da da da da da da  
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