

## Rock N Roll

Lovedrug

It's Tuesday and I already hit the bottle,  
I can't even fall in love at happy hour  
I think I'll go home and dream about the nightmares that could  
be,  
Like all my friends turning into my enemies  
You're good at pushing me out  
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You're good at pushing me  
Late that night I am awakened by the Banshee's cry,  
and I am much too scared to get a drink,  
I see the rusty swing set blow from generations long ago,  
under moonlight the plow is standed by the powers of your name,  
You're good at pushing me out,  
You're good at pushing me out  
You're good at pushing me:  
The farmer's daughter raises hell when I try to kiss her,  
Screaming "Daddies" now I run,  
Here's to sickle swinging fun,  
You're good at pushing me out