

## These Times

## The Explosion

Back on the street  
Another Friday night  
Wasted away again  
Saturday morning, Saturday night  
It's all the fucking same  
Sunday comes and it comes  
And I can't cope 'cause I know what's to come  
Call it a waste of time for me  
But I don't need to be judged  
I won't be caught looking back  
'Cause these times aren't over yet  
I'll be livin' for the moment  
With no regrets  
In your face is where we'll be  
Don't try to cross the line  
'Cause you can't fuck with me  
We don't give a fuck