

Blackout

The Falcon

All the bottles and the ashes blanket the ground.
The sluts stagger out with their skirts hiked up, right on time
now.
I think it's time to go home. Do you wanna go home? (whoa!)
The disco ball is swinging low.

I found my lover on the radio. She sang me songs from a long ti
me ago.

Blackout! Shout it out loud. The Devil's keeping time on the br
ake pad now.
It's the music on the radio that's taking me home.

When the crowd get's to spinning I can barely hold on.
The liquid trash flows through my veins and I scream the wrong
song.
I think I gotta go home. Do you wanna go home? (whoa!)
So, I'll stomp to the beat, yeah I'll stomp to the beat of the.
..Oh.

Oh, it's the garbage on the radio. I should have known.
I should have fucking known.
Blackout! Shout it out loud. The Devil's keeping time on the ga
s pedal now.
It's the garbage on the radio that's taking home.

These so called hit lists are nothing more that fat fuck lullab
ies.
Man, I've had better hits on my tongue in the park on Friday ni
ghts.
If this is victory, I'd rather listen to defeat tonight.