

Victory Gin

The Menzingers

Stepped off the plane with my rifle in hand
I used my sword to blind my eyes from the sand
Its a post-apocalyptic wet tee-shirt contest
Its spring break well I'm communally honest
Well I'm sold
I do what I'm told
Defense contractor dance party radio
Blood on my hands
Sex on my mind
Taking shots of petrol
Tracers light the sky
And I met the right ones
I joined a team
No tears americana theres no blood left to bleed
And I counted notches in a belt
This blood makes pretty good sunscreen
When deaths as hot as the sun
Daddy I hope you're proud I gave them my soul