

Praise the Lords

Lords of Acid

School's out, it's time to party
We are the freaks, the town's in danger
Joyriding in my dad's corvette
Our style is tough, we couldn't look stranger
Flushed with booze, it's insane
Gatecrashing, that's your game
Hot to trot, can't complain
Praise the lords, misbehave

Raise your voice, make some noise
Spit it out, scream out loud

Parents gone, we own the building
Let's call the gang, the coast is clear now
Turn the house into a rave machine
Let's smoke the stuff my folks left here now
Rubbers on, let's get laid
Now's the time to celebrate
Drop those clothes, ooh I can't wait
Praise the lords, misbehave

Raise your voice, make some noise
Spit it out, scream out loud

We don't care about noise pollution
cause the cops they are on our side
Blow the speakers, let the windows shake
Give the neighbours a sleepless night
Bang your head, against the wall
Jump around, smash it all
Kick some ass, have a ball
Praise the lords, misbehave

Raise your voice, make some noise
Spit it out, scream out loud