T.S.R. (This Shit Rules)

Against Me!

The party's over
A cd's skipping
It's the same hook repeating
Grows more grating with each passing second...

And the walls contain a resonation, laughter, and conversation. It was fun while it lasted, but now we should be going.

And I hope everybody had real, real good time

The hospitality's partaken, my head is flying my heart's racing to keep up.

And I hope I havent overdone it nooo...

I hope my body can take it. I hope I make the occasion.

It's only this fucked up I start realizing

all this living is just dying

and if these are my friends, if this is my home,

if this is how Ii spend my nights, how I communicate, and demon strate a love of life.

My eyes roll into the back of my head, if these are the last wo rds that I ever said $\ \ \,$

No I'm not ready to die just yet.