

## 44 Undead

Backyard Babies

Low life, livin ruined  
The mainstream of the lower class  
Down to dance, street poet  
The sudden type of the greener grass

You want a plain style love and I am down for more  
You are my pirate treasure number 44

I'm going out of my head, my head  
Come on and go right ahead, 44 undead

A living source of inspiration  
No forced down neon signs  
My part of town, my devotion  
South bound where the people shine

You want a plain speed love and we are down for more  
You are our pirate treasure number 44

I'm going out of my head, my head  
Come on and go right ahead, 44 undead

I'm going out of my head, my head  
Come on and go right ahead, 44 undead