

SHIT MACHINE!

Days N' Daze

Is he talkin' sense?
He's alright. He's just completely out of his mind, that's all.
The trouble with you is, you don't believe in anything.
And your trouble is that you believe in anything.

Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh oh oh

What's the next city? What's the next song?
What's the next thing that'll go terribly wrong?
Well I don't care, no one ever made it anywhere without some scars

Were making stories, were making friends
Were making good times, we'll trade in our last chips
'Cause soon the sun will set... better live it up while we can

This is a shit-show, it's a disaster
But its everything I've ever wanted
And I wouldn't trade it for the world
And I wouldn't trade it for the world

All my friends are dirtbags
My friends are assholes
But I love them just the way they are
You know I wouldn't change a thing

Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh oh oh

We'll drive this goddamn van into the ground
Keep on chasing the horizon
Show no signs of slowing down

Until the engine blows up
Or we run out of gas
Then we'll pick up some booze
And get drunk off our asses

It seems that drinkings the solution
To everything else

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Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh oh oh
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From the East coast to West coast to third coast
And on
Before you even realize that we've shown up, were gone

Leaving dozens of empty bottles and smiles in our wake
Flying down the interstate screaming life is a game

Flail it til you nail it
You don't got pitch, that's fine
What we got we'll share it
Because you can't take life so serious all the time
Wake up and play beyond the fence!

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