

Five, six, seven, eight
God is good but I am great
I am delusional, I am rock and roll
And you're not gonna take it from me, no
Ain't there something left to do around this town
The collective shared thought is that it's all been done
And we're not gonna do it again
Let's do it again

Don't let them in
They cannot be trusted
They've got bullets in their pockets
And blood pouring from eye sockets
Don't let them in
They are holy ghosts
And they're not gonna be happy til everybody's clapping along

This place was supposed to be miraculous
But my water never turned to wine
I got a really funny feeling that I'm going to hell
If I don't make it to heaven on time
And I stare at my reflection
I watch my chest just rise and fall
You know sometimes I wish that it did not ever
Come back up at all

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Five, six, seven, eight
We can bend you til you break

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