

Horseshoes and Handgrenades

Green Day

I'm not fucking around
I think I'm coming out
All the deceivers and cheaters
I think we've got a bleeder right now
Want you to slap me around?
Want you to knock me out?
Well, you missed me, kissed me
Now you better kick me down

Maybe you're the runner up
But the first one to lose the race
Almost only really counts in
Horseshoes and handgrenades

I'm gonna burn it all down
I'm gonna rip it out
Well, everything you employ
Was meant for me to destroy
To the ground now
So don't you fuck me around
Because I'll shoot you down
I'm gonna drink, fight and fuck
And I'm pushing my luck
All the time now

Maybe you're the runner up
But the first one to lose the race
Almost only really counts in
Horseshoes and handgrenades

Demolition, self-destruction
Want to annihilate this age-old contradiction

Demolition, self-destruction
Want to annihilate this age-old contradiction
Demolition, self-destruction
Want to annihilate this old age

I'm not fucking around
I think I'm coming out
Well, I'm a hater, a traitor
In a pair of Chuck Taylors right now
I'm not fucking around

G-L-O-R-I-A!
G-L-O-R-I-A!
G-L-O-R-I-A!
G-L-O-R-I-A!