

Adrenaline Nightshift

Japandroids

Hitchhiked to hell and back
Riding the wind
Waiting for a generation's bonfire to begin
When the plunder of the poets
Thunder of a punk's guitar
Beat life to my body
Sulking drunk at the back of a bar

Whoring my heart
On the wings of a western night
Busting my guts
On a riot dose of paradise
When a red-blooded daughter
Slowed my gunfire run to rest
With her blitzkrieg love
And a roman candle kiss

There is no high like this
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Hurricane home to crusade alone
Wounded and thin
Still waiting for a generation's bonfire to begin
When I muscle up some money
I'll rattle the sabre of the streets
Cause death has no respect for love
And youth no respect for me

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