

Shouting

Matt Nathanson

All my friends are drunk
Living in the future
All my friends are punks
Who never heard the Clash
All my friends are vain
But scared of their reflection
Aiming for the wall
Never feel the crash

It's ours to win
We'll keep throwing punches 'til the walls cave in

Thieves in the temple, eve and the apple
Everybody's twisted, baby, trying to fit
Head full of judges, mouth full of luggage
We whisper, baby, we should be shouting
Oh-oh-oh shouting, oh-oh

All my friends are straight
But play at being crooked
All my friends are rich
But always strapped for cash
All my friends are sad
But want to live forever
Back against the wall
Face against the glass

It's ours to win
We'll keep throwing punches 'til the walls cave in

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Oh-oh-oh shouting, oh-oh-oh-oh
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