

Stop, Drop and Roll One

Pistol Annies

We're on fire, I think
So stop, drop and roll one
Takes one to grow one
We're one of a kind
We're right on the brink
Burned out like the prom queen
We're all mirrors and smoke rings
So stop, drop and roll one

I don't really care how this bony ass fairytale ends
I just hope that we're leaving this honky tonk covered in men
Sometimes the loud ones are loners
Sometimes the rockers are stoners
One's got the matches, one's got the lashes
One's running her mouth again

We're on fire, I think
So stop, drop and roll one
Takes one to grow one
We're one of a kind
We're right on the brink
Burned out like the prom queen
It's all mirrors and smoke rings
So stop, drop and roll one

Get this thing off of me
Where in the hell is my bra?
This hurts a lot more than the last time we did Mardi Gras
Sometimes the drifters are daisies
Sometimes the sane ones are crazies
One's got the Tylenol, one's got the Adderall
One's got the drink in her hand

We're on fire, I think
So stop, drop and roll one
Takes one to grow one
We're one of a kind
Yeah, we're right on the brink
Burned out like the prom queen
It's all mirrors and smoke rings
So stop, drop and roll one