

# Bang

Sir Sly

I'd love to never think again  
'Bout money, 'bout a purpose, 'bout my friends  
I'm not finding any joy in comparison  
Everywhere I look another dead end

Only fools chase gold, only good boys  
That's a rat race like they give us no choice  
We could die young, what we waiting for?  
Knockin' outside, when we could bang down the door

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
When we could bang down the door  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
When we could bang down the door

Everything's on fire only bad luck  
While we stand in line and we suck up  
God must have died a long time ago  
Still knockin' outside when we could bang down the door

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
When we could bang down the door  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
When we could bang down the door

Could you tell me anything that's more American than telling everybody that they should stay out of politics?  
Only pointing out the fire and the smoke  
Piss off, kick rock, go choke

Only fools chase gold, such a good boy  
That's a rat race but they give us no choice  
We could die young, what we waiting for?  
Knockin' outside, when we could bang down the door

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
When we could bang down the door  
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When we could bang down the door

It's getting harder every day to keep alive a little  
When everything's on fire and we hurling towards oblivion