

Bullying the Jukebox

The Bouncing Souls

Well, I walked into the bar and I put in twenty bucks
Because I know people taste in music sucks
About four hours had passed, forty picks, my empty glass
A tasty number all dressed in black
Tried to rock us with her wack attack

There was no fuss we knew her game
You look good but all your songs are lame
Bullying the jukebox because it's fun
You can't get near it until we're done
Bullying the jukebox because we rule
All the songs we like are really cool

Songs of punk and songs of joy
Love songs about girls and boys;
Songs of metal and English stuff
And some hardcore songs to make us feel tough
But we all agreed that the songs of woe
And the songs of loved ones too had to go
Churned up memories of times we dreamt
That got us all verklempt

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Bullying the jukebox because we rule
All the songs we like are really cool

Woo, because it's fun
Woo, until we're done
Woo, because we rule
Woo, we're really cool

We drank until our last song
We paid our tab and we said so long
Swerving in and out of cars...
It's off to rock another bar

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