

## Hell Will Be Party Time

The Copyrights

You could tell us that the house is burning down  
But you can see from our faces that we're sticking around  
Until the paint on the walls starts bubbling  
And the smoke has us coughing and stumbling  
You know we'll never stop, drop and roll  
Because we didn't come up with it ourselves  
Our principles go down in flames  
But at least we'll be the proudest people in hell

We'll argue with a stop sign, we'll argue with a head  
cold  
While we wonder, "Is the world really round?"  
We kick and scream and grow old  
They'll have to drag us out kicking and screaming