

No No No

Those Poor Bastards

I'm gonna hang you from a rope
I'm gonna take me to a picture show
I'm gonna knock on bolted doors
And I ain't gonna be afraid no more

No no no
No no no
No no

There's something off up in my brain
And in my jaws I feel a throbbing pain
When I'm with people I get mad
I don't believe the rage I feel is bad

No no no
No no no
No no

I'm always dreamin' of the past
Forever haunted by the hourglass
Let's have a rumble at your place
I'm gonna kick the skull out of your face

No no no
No no no
No no

They make you think a certain way
You have to compromise the words you say
Man who would ever want to fit
With all them finger fuckin' hypocrites?

No no no
No no no
No no

Oh I don't want to sing no more
To seven demons in an empty bar
I want to live out in the wild
Be filled with strangeness like a sheltered child

No no no
No no no
No no

I don't know
Don't know