

# 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