

# Wasted Again

Turbonegro

1, 2, 3, 4  
I've got a brand new bag, the old one was such a drag  
I'm going to the void, I'm gonna get destroyed  
Sweeping floors, working nine to five  
Working for the weekend just to stay alive  
Streets are dead but I'm totally wired  
It's 4 a.m and my soul is on fire  
And I'm wasted again  
Tanked up on the juice and gin  
Wasted again, all right  
We're going to the disco, we're going to the bar  
We're going in the snowplough, we're gonna take it far  
Sweeping floors working nine to five  
Working for the weekend just to stay alive  
Streets are dead but I'm totally wired  
Dude, it's 4 a.m and my soul is on fire  
And I'm wasted again  
Tanked up on the juice and gin  
Wasted again, all right  
You know I'm wasted again  
I'll never ever feel this good again  
Wasted again, fuck yeah  
So won't you meet me in the twilight zone  
'Cause I'm the boy that nobody owns  
And my body is a temple, my body is a temple  
My body is a temple and tonight I'll tear it down  
Wasted again  
Tanked up on the juice and gin  
Wasted again, all right  
You know I'm wasted again  
I'll never ever feel this good again  
Wasted again, fuck yeah  
I'm the boy that nobody owns  
I'm the boy that nobody owns  
I'm the boy that nobody owns  
And I'm wasted