

Some people go out for the fresh air  
Some people go out for the pain  
So tie my arms together  
And fuck me in the face  
Pick up the pieces and put them back together again

Some people think life's just a game  
Some people got something to say  
But I just go

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh

Well how do you like this sand?  
Well it's quite, write in the sand with the brunt of his finger  
I don't like the sand  
Well I don't see what the man's writing  
What are you writing, old man  
Old man, don't you give me the opportunity-

I want a revolution for a pool house with a view  
I'd slit my generation and we got nothing to do  
Some get addicted and it's only adds to their giving-up

Some people need someone to save  
Some people need someone to crave  
But I just-

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nahh  
Nah-nah-nahh