

Death by Disco

Zebrahead

We got lit, just a bit, right outside the show
The tease stripped, then your manners flew right out the door
It's like this, who you keep texting on the phone?
It's like that, I'm not the only one with whoops to owe

It's automatic, don't you point your finger at me
You're so tragic, you should be a Kennedy
It's automatic, pulling me like gravity
You're putting me down, pulling me down six feet

Hate me, hate me, tell me what's wrong with me and break me, break me
Go on and shatter me
Cause lately you've run me into the ground
And you can hate me, hate me
Call it a victory
But you'll see lately, not going easily
Cause I'm not falling down and you won't
Get the best of me now

A fat lip, finger flip, and an insult to go
The record skips, you got issues like a girl in porn
It's like this, you act crazy from door to floor
It's like that, I can't take all of the blame no more

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I didn't want to get into another battle (Hey Hey)
I didn't want to make the closet bones rattle (Hey Hey)
I didn't want to get into another battle (Hey Hey)
It's automatic how you throw it all away

So hate me now
You can't break me down
So just hate me now
You can't break me down

And you can hate me, hate me, tell me what's wrong with me and break me, break me
Go on and shatter me
Cause lately you've run me into the ground
And you can hate me, hate me
Call it a victory
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Cause I'm not falling down and you won't
Get the best of me now

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You're so tragic
It's automatic