



I woke up to a message of love choking up from the smoke from above i'm obsessed with the poison and us what a mess because there's no one to trust

Huh uh, come on honey Huh uh, count your money Huh uh, what's so funny? There's a riot living inside of us

I got paranoia baby And it's so hysterical Cracking up under the pressure Looking for a miracle Huh uh, come on honey Lying in a bed of blood and money Huh uh, what's so funny? We are rivals in the riot inside us

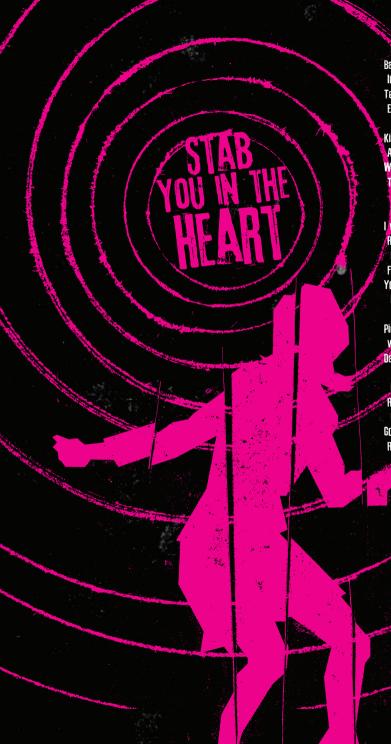
I'm impressed with the presence of none I'm possessed from the heat of the sun Hurry up 'cause I'm making a fuss Fingers up 'Cause there's no one to trust

Kick the dog when the whistle blows You're a liar Feed the creeps with a stick and bone You're a liar Baby got the hyperbole Baby got the hyperbole Kick the dog when the whistle blows You're a liar Rip it up on retribution Turn it up sideways Ready, aim, fire Fire, ready, aim Stick a hammer in your mouth You're a liar Knock your teeth out To the ground You're a liar Baby got the hyperbole Baby got the hyperbole Knock your teeth out To the ground You're a liar









Bloody heart Baby infidel In a dirty magazine Telling dirty lies Everybody can see

Kick it in the head And now I wanne see you dead With switchblade edge To the chest

I wanna stab you in the heart
I wanna stab you in the heart
Right in the bloody, bloody heart
Ooh
For heaven's sake
You're just a fake
Man, you know it ain't right

Pictures don't lie when you're front page news bagger to heart coming down on you

Daggers in my eyes and Rusty tambourine Gimme my stiletto Gonna do some surgery Right to the heart

Sar La P

What are the symptoms of our happiness and civil War Mano y mano in stereo without a cure J got a fever a nonbeliever and it's killing me Like a high school loser that will never, ever, ever fuck the prom queen

I got the shakes
And I am on fire
I got a feeling and it's dangerous
I'm gonna dance
To something wild
I got a feeling
And it's dangerous

All hell is breaking loose And heaven only knows I don't wanna be a Romeo

I'm hearing voices up inside my head [Oh what you thinkin'?] I need a sugar fix It's making me sick [Oh what you drinkin'?]

I wanna drink all the poison in the water I wanna choke like a dog that's on a collar I am the child of coyote and bandito I'm drinking whiskey by the river Doing yeyo









BILLIE JOE ARMSTRONG, MIKE DIRNT, TRÉ COOL

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except *Produced by Butch Walker, Chris Dugan and Green Day

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