

Green Day, Oh Yeah!

I'm in a crowd full of angels and demons
I am looking out for the jingoes and heathens
nobody move ad nobody gonna get hurt
reach for the sky whit your face in the dirt

everybody is a star
got my one and I am feeling kinda low
everybody got a scar
ain't funny how we're running out of hope?

I got blood on my hands in my pockets
that's what you get turning bullets into rockes
I am a kind of a bad education
the shooting star of lowered expectation

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got my one and I am feeling kinda low
everybody got a scar
ain't funny how we're running out of hope?

I am just a ace in te crowd od spectators
to the sound of the voice of a tailor
dirty looks and I am looking for a payback
burning books in a bulletproof backpack

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