

Green Day, Rusty James

This whiskey sour, amateur hour
Raise your glass and toast your friends
Some day we will fight again, well
Your enemies, your tragedies
Pocket knives and rusty chains
Where in the hell is the old gang, yeah?

And all the losers
Can't even win for losing
And the beginners
Don't even know what song they're singing

Well there's no one left around
And you're the last gang in town
And your heart can't even break
When it doesn't even pound
/2

This broken scene is turning green
Brass knuckles left in the rain
Death wish kids among the living
I want to ride on the divided
Anything but the mainstream
Where the fuck is your old gang, man?

Well there's no one left around
And you're the last gang in town
And your heart can't even break
When it doesn't even pound
/2x

So long
Didn't even say goodnight
So long
There's nowhere to go
When you're hiding in plain sight

Well there's no one left around
And you're the last gang in town
And your heart can't even break
When it doesn't even pound
/3x