

The Stubs, Social Death By Rock 'N' Roll

i'm one dead man
my home is inside the van
my hands are cold
my place to sleep is on the floor
forgot my son's name
forgot my bloody wedding day
i sold my soul
for truckstop at the liquor store
social death by rock 'n' roll
pack the van and hang the rope
come on!
We mean bad luck
cool kids don't hang out with us
my heart is dead
i got a piece of brick instead