

Horseshoes and Handgrenades

Green Day

I'm not fucking around
I think I'm coming out
All the deceivers and cheaters
I think we've got a bleeder right now
Want you to slap me around
Want you to knock me out
Well, you missed me, kissed me
Now you better kick me down
Maybe you're the runner-up
But the first one to lose the race
Almost only really counts in
Horseshoes and handgrenades
I'm gonna burn it all down
I'm gonna rip it out
Well, everything that you employ
Was meant for me to destroy to the ground now
So don't you fuck me around
Because I'll shoot you down
I'm gonna drink, fight and fuck
And I'm pushing my luck all the time now
Maybe you're the runner-up
But the first one to lose the race
Almost only really counts in
Horseshoes and handgrenades
Demolition, self-destruction
Want to annihilate
This age-old contradiction
Demolition, self-destruction
Want to annihilate
This old age
I'm not fucking around
I think I'm coming out
Well, I'm a hater, a traitor
In a pair of Chuck Taylor's right now
I'm not fucking around
G-l-o-r-i-a
G-l-o-r-i-a
G-l-o-r-i-a
G-l-o-r-i-a

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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