Letterbomb - Green Day

Nobody likes you...
Everyone left you...
They're all out without you...
Having fun...

Where have all the bastards gone?
The underbelly stacks up ten high
The dummy failed the crash test
Collecting unemployment checks
Like a flunkie along for the ride

Where have all the riots gone
As the city's motto gets pulverized?
What's in love is now in debt
On your birth certificate
So strike the fucking match to light this fuse!

The town bishop is an extortionist
And he don't even know that you exist
Standing still when it's do or die
You better run for your fucking life

It's not over 'till you're underground
It's not over before it's too late
This city's burnin'
It's not my burden
It's not over before it's too late

There's nothing left to analyze

Where will all the martyrs go when the virus cures itself?
And where will we all go when it's too late?

And don't look back

You're not the Jesus of Suburbia
The St. Jimmy is a figment of
Your father's rage and your mother's love
Made me the idiot America

It's not over 'till you're underground
It's not over before it's too late
This city's burnin'
It's not my burden
It's not over before it's too late

She said I can't take this place
I'm leaving it behind

Well she said I can't take this town
I'm leaving you tonight