

# 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 and nobody gonna get hurt  
reach for the sky with 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 rocks  
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 the crowd of 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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