

Green Day, Tight Wad Hill

Cheapskate on the hill
A thrill seeker making deals
Sugar city urchin wasting time
Town of lunatics
Begging for another fix
Turning tricks for speedballs
One more night

Making your rounds once again
Turning up empty handed
Bumming a ride
Burning daylight
Last up at dawn... tight wad hill

Drugstore hooligan
Another white trash mannequin
On display to rot up on the hill
Living out a lie
But having the time of his life
Hating every minute of his existence

Making your rounds once again
Turning up empty handed
Bumming a ride
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