

Aloud, Hard Up In The 2000s

No change between us
for the parking meter
I hope Rita
will keep her distance
I can't afford another ticket, oh no.
You say it's times like these
You want to squeeze my hand
I say with days like these,
What chance do other days stand?
(No chance at all)
Though it feels like we're going down
There's something in your eyes that
keeps me coming around
When it feels like we're getting nowhere
I sit with you in silence
to converse in deep stares
You say you don't, don't, don't
Want to get married in the church
It's alright
I'll take the rap, I'll take the rap
Let them call me the Antichrist
Oh, Christ
When it feels like it can't be done
"No" is not an option, not where we're from
And I put no stock in no ever-after
If it's the last thing we do
We'll squash the monster