

# 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