

# At The Drive-In, Communication Drive-In

You keep telling me,  
This voltage hurts just a little.  
In the thickness of the van,  
You drop anchor if and when.  
Concealing all the thoughts,  
We hid and laughed forever.  
In the thickness of the van,  
You drop anchor if and when.

Repelling essence swelling, something to blame.  
Bleeding profusely, outside looking tame.  
The nerve of your hometown...  
I'm drinking slovenly.

Leave me alone,  
Leave me alone.  
I am not your brother.  
I see five holes  
In your flag.

Repelling essence swelling, something to blame.  
And from these hands sweeps the grenade.  
I'm swimming down.

Leave me alone,  
Leave me alone.  
(I am not your brother.)  
Well, I'm not your brother.  
I see five holes  
In your flag.

Collect calling.  
The fuse is crawling.  
To the next hometown.  
Collect calling.  
The fuse is crawling.  
Can you feel the bite of my nails?  
(Can you feel it? Can you feel it? Can you feel it?)  
Can you feel the bite of my nails?

Leave me alone,  
Leave me alone.  
Well, I'm not your brother.  
I see five holes  
In your flag.

Leave me alone,  
Leave me alone.  
I am not your brother.  
I see five holes  
In your flag. Yeah.

Sink!  
Swim!  
Drown!  
Together!