

Bob Mould, Art Crisis

Overhearing conversations turn
into dust
Critically acclaimed and publicity
defamed
There's nothing I can say about it
Much less I could do about it
Who cares anyway? Who cares
anyway?

There's nothing I can do about it
Screw it, I don't care about it
Nothing I can say about it
Hey, it's OK now

Monkeys made of brass fly
out of your ass
Self-destructive fool fell into the pool
So content with treading water
If it doesn't get much hotter
Tired of everyday's morality plays

There's nothing I can do about it
Screw it, I don't care about it
Nothing I can say about it
Hey, it's OK now

I'm so tired of trying to explain
I'm so bored I hardly stand the strain

Everything you hate
Is everything that you created

Rollercoaster pharmacy of ups and
downs
Endless ride upon your merry-go-
round
Stupid is as stupid says
Now it all goes to your head
Inspirations fade / the failing grade