

# Bomb The Music Industry!, Get Warmer

It's fifty degrees in December and the heat in my house is always broke  
So it feels about twenty-five colder and I can't feel my fingers and toes.  
I miss the G train with a passion that used to be reserved for hate.

Am I getting too carried away with the bullshit of leaving today?  
I know that I'm getting bored.  
Real bored with myself.

It was six o' clock with friends in Boston and I'm diggin' the winter's first snow.  
Now it's midnight, I'm drinking Blue Ribbons and I'm already sick of the cold.  
The bartended skipped my Tom Waits songs.  
It's Wham! now. I wanna "go go go."

Let's live like elephants  
Stomping on sychophants  
Paws in a polygraph  
Not favor loneliness  
Over companionship  
Let's not be jealous.  
Let's give the pretentious a cure and not just a name.

'Cause I'm getting too carried away with the bullshit of leaving today.  
I'm really more than just quite a bit bored of myself.  
'Cause I'm getting too carried away with the bullshit of leaving today.  
I didn't wanna be this damn unsure of myself.

But it never seems to get warmer.  
No matter how far south you go.  
It'll get too hot in the summer  
And the sweat'll soak right through your clothes.  
And you'll feel self-conscious and awkward  
And the feeling stays with you all day  
Until you go and put on a new t-shirt and throw that old one away.