

Bomb The Music Industry!, Side Projects Are New

It was a hot June day, and my ass was sticking to the seat of my girlfriend's car.
Staten Island traffic in the summer, baby.

And when you stuff yourself into a suit and tie do you think the judge can see through the sweat as

That orange ball.

That burning orb of fire in the sky is gonna explode and we're all gonna die!

Except for the foolish few who will quote unquote think ahead and drive their SUV's to their bomb s

Complain about air conditioning because "baby, we ain't got no more electricity."

They wanna rise when it's done, be a leader with a gun.

Be a leader of what? Like a hundred and one?

Well, fuck it, I'm gonna hang out on the rooftop when it comes.

'Cause when it's dark, it'll be night time, baby.

And I'll get my ass on up out of this mess.

The only stores that are open, baby.

They gonna sell beer, and they're gonna sell ice cream.

And we'll drink drink drink and get drunk drunk drunk

and we'll talk talk talk about how much fun we had, yeah, when

we we're fuckin' the world

Oh, we're fuckin' the world, yeah

Through the glares on our windshields, we can't see each others eyes, just McDonalds cups and w

A BILL BOARD IS THE ONLY THING PREVENTING US FROM BLINDLY CRASHING.

And we'll never see a city not marred by advertisements,

and we'll NEVER have a future not working for those companies,

and it's sure as shit not getting better so we might as well accept it now, oh.

And that really doesn't cheapen anything

because, baby, we're all born to be businessmen.

Every Fugazi record has a catalog number and a price tag

and every independent label is selling you another goddamn product.

But, NO, WE'RE not slaves to the music.

Oh no, WE'RE not slaves to the company, baby.

We do what we're born and raised to do and when you create something, you're producing someth

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The only stores that are open, baby.

They gonna sell beer, and they're gonna sell ice cream.

And we'll drink drink drink and get drunk drunk drunk

and we'll talk talk talk about how much fun we had, yeah, when

we were fuckin' the world.

Oh we were fucking the world.

Yeah, we were fu fu cking cking the the world world.

When the sun drops, you ain't gonna be hungover the next day.

When the comet hits, you ain't gonna have no bills to pay.

When the bomb hits, it's gonna be a four day weekend. Hey hey!

When it's all done I'm gonna feel great finally.

And when I finally got to work today, I ate my Subway sandwich, and I drank my Coca-Cola Classic