## Bombs Over Providence, Zombie Cheerleader Sl

We dumb smart kids got guts; we're buying in without selling out.

And we're great at parties.

Misplaced-aggression chic, or ill-read rebel's grief, we've got our weapons.

We've made a lifetime of wearing our comfort on tattered sleeve.

I'll buy you everything baby, that's the way I show you my dissent.

I spent all my cash on you, got nothing left.

We mock the tags we were at our subculture fairs; and we fight from checkout tills.

Hot, well dressed and dumb disposable income with a knack for abstraction.

We've made a lifetime of wearing our comfort on tattered sleeve.

I'll buy you everything babe, that's the way I'll show you my dissent.

I spent all my time with you, and we're singing...

I don't care about the state of the world today.

We'll drown, but damn won't we look good.

I don't care about the fate of youth anyway.

It's for the buying, looks as good as trying.

I don't care about the state of the world today.

I don't care.

'Cause we don't know better.

We live with blinders on.

Our memory nearly gone.

We get new fall-line chills.

Dissent and dollar bills!

What do we see, what do we do?

We've made a lifetime wearing our comfort on tattered sleeve.

I'll buy you everything baby, that's the way I show you my dissent.

I spent my cash on you, got nothing left.