

Bright Eyes, Solid Jackson

She says she's read too many fashion magazines
She's forgotten what real love is like
And as the basement collects more kids off the street
They smoke themselves to death waiting for the band to begin
They've been tuning up there for an hour now
And I don't think I can stand another minute more
But just then the first chord strums, and the drums set in
And I know what I have been waiting around for
Because no one's going home until the morning comes
No one's going to sleep until the sun comes up
Did you hear those first two songs?
They were fucking tuff
And the band's not going to stop until the cops show up
So hold your applause until the end, and wait for the sadness to set in
Because that's the only feeling that's worth a damn
He says he's done with the pop music scene
There's too many opinions and so few are worth a shit
He has got to learn to act a little more mean
Because the mean ones always end up with the record deals
And it's only when I'm angry that I feel complete
When we are screaming at each other is when I am most happy
I hang out with my friends and then I get depressed
And I drink myself to sleep with any strength that is left
And I quit going to church a year ago
And my teachers think that my faith is gone
But I can do without the eucharist because I found God
In a Solid Jackson song