

Cheap Sex, Fuck Emo

'Dear diary, my life is a complete fiasco.
The dashboard show is this weekend and I can't even fit
into my little sister's jeans anymore. My dad grounded
me cause he caught me in my mom's makeup again. He's
such a nazi. I wish i could just run away to somewhere
where people could understand me. I make out with one
guy at a show and I'm gay? Hello, it's the new millenium.
Ever heard of experimentation? I tried to cut my wrist
yesterday but some of the blood got on my pants, and I totally
freaked. Needless to say, they're ruined.'

For the past few years we've seen you around
pretentious art fags taking over my town
You're too mature to have any fun
Your trend in a year will be over and done
Your hair isn't a bowl or any shape
You're acting like you're gay just to get laid
and a white belt holds up your pants
you're too mature to f**king dance

F**K EMO!
we aren't dead
and in a year there will be none left.

'mmm, emo. you bet your sweet ass it's emo. ooh, doesn't it
just make you wanna cry?'

(repeat verse and chorus)

'anyway, my life is just a black abyss. I'm up to 98
pounds now and i don't know what to do. I don't know,
maybe i'll join the navy.