

# Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, Details Of The War

Bloody sheets  
Tenderly she moves me  
An opera star  
Dying hard for love  
You say I'm hurt, I will take your word

Leather pants  
Happiness  
A hundred dollars  
Buy success  
Hanging with your fashionable whores

And I'm a wounded bird  
I will take your word

You and Tom  
To the prom  
Camel dick  
Crucifix  
Everyone's the same and on and on

Emerging from the football stands  
Clinging to his broken hand  
It's over I have seen it all before

Nakedness  
A flying lesson  
Tattered dress  
Sunburned chest  
You will pay for your excessive charm

With a boy who knows less than he thinks  
Drinks up his expensive drinks  
Be careful with the details of the war