

Dillinger Four, New Punk Fashions For The Spring

Man, this place feels like a catalog
I wonder if your close-up has taken too long
Would you like a snapshot to send to your mother?

Boy, I don't care
I don't want to know
It's never been a part of me
Just like a junkie fears the light of day
I wonder if it's just another role we play
Like a celebrity on minimum wage
I never understood
Never thought I should
It's never been a part of me

Still having nothing
Ain't a fucking blessing
Still it ain't a curse, though
Cuz I've known worse so,
I'll just keep on wearing this old crown I found on the ground

Three cheers for anything holding us down
Watching as aesthetic over-powers the sound
Sort of like a martyr so proud of his picture
I don't want to know
Let it all go
It's never been a part of me

Still having nothing
Ain't a fucking blessing
Still it ain't a curse, though
Cuz I've known worse so,
I'll just keep on wearing this old crown I found on the ground

Your new found dream is a fucking nightmare
And I wonder if you even know
Are you ready to be Davey to the new Goliath?
Taking notes at your all-ages show
It's like the marketing department has finally figured out
That 'The Pit' can always make more room
I'd love to sneer at the camera for your revolution,
But I just can't afford the fucking costume

Are you scared to go outside?
Will it cut you down to size?
Where's the do or die?
It's staring you in the eye...