

Fountains of Wayne, Fine Day For A Paraid

mrs. carver says shes sorry
she knows enought to worrie
but what does she know about cryin'
belives the town is sinking
the price of forward thinking
you stay up all night half the time
rackin' your mind alone at night
while all the nabors sleep tight
years ago she lost her daughter
off to a sacred order
where they get stoned and work the earth
clears up her head with burben
cause bear is so suburben
and day class a for what its worth
she drinks it down down down
for all the old old days
shes thinking of it now its nice to get away
but what a fine day for a paraid
she stays up mending curtains
untill her fingers hurting
you can get so board of it all
knowone can say for certin
she'll never safely know when
an astiroid will kill us all
she dirnks it down down down
for all of the old old days
shes thinking of it now its nice to get away
but what a fine day for a paraid
she drinks it down down down
for all of the old old days
shes thinking of it know its nice to get away
but what a fine day for a paraid
but what a fine day for a paraid
but what a fine day for a paraid
but what a fine day for a paraid
but what a fine day for a paraid