

Gas Giants, Stinking Up the Charts

I can't tell you there's a reason we're all gathered here tonight
And I've been waiting for this moment to arrive for all my life
But then it comes so overhyped...

Rock and roll and soul
Stinking up the charts
Running over all these songs have got too many parts
Nothing's sacred, nothing's safe
Watching over Bach and Mozart
Rolling over in their graves

I'm not saying we can't waste another minute on this ride
We're only staying cause it's easy never more then this outside
Here we stand unsatisfied...

Rock and roll and soul
Stinking up the charts
Running over all these songs have got too many parts
When no one listens, no one cares
Pissing from the giants shoulders
Love the view though unaware

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