

Les Savy Fav, Meet Me In The Dollar Bin

Dead tired.
Bone dry.
Admired,
Till I-
Can't make with the batteries,
Bad day at the cannery.
They're making a mess of me.
Best left tested by history.
I grab this mic,
I spike it to the ground.
The lightning's bad
But at least it's not loud.
The lightning's bad-
The band can't see the crowd
So I'm coming down.

There is no incident.
There's nothing incidental in this song.
There is no accident.
There's nothing accidental in this song.
There's no coincidence.
There's nothing coincidental in this song.

Meet me in the dollar bin-
It's a band I once was in,
Haven't done much better since.
This is no coincidence-
Been rubbing off our finger prints,
Covered up with phony skins,
This giving in has worn so thin
That you can see the beat within.
Born fat or flat chested,
The best of us tested.
We passed and we passed,
We passed out when we could.
We got old,
But we got good
And we did all
We said we would.