

# Snowden, Anti-Anti

I huff gasoline from your shirt  
And blur the questions that no one could ever answer  
I empty my head of all that I know  
Seems like the best view is the one from below

We are anti-movements, we are anti-anti  
One time we believed but now we don't even try  
And I can't cut a rug, without my fashion drugs  
Inebriation leads revelation

Gettin' down in the town that makes no sound  
Gettin' down in the town that makes no sound

You say there's nothing wrong but I don't hear it  
You say there's nothing wrong but I don't hear it

Gettin' down in the town that makes no sound  
Gettin' down in the town that makes no sound

I will burn your love letters in a parking deck  
Where I have harbored great things that I will never confess  
We keep fresh paint on the countenance  
Now we keep it simple but make it more complex

We are anti-movements, we are anti-anti  
One time we believed but now it's pass and cliché  
And she'll say anything to make you move again  
But is it the truth? I don't care if it is

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