

The Faint, In Concert

You sit outside in the dark
And get nicked by the strobe light
While we're playing indoors
We play in a bar
We play in a basement
We play in a room where the mix isn't right

The help at the door
The age to get in
The artist is smug
They don't sound like they did

We're ready to move
The crowd is a stare
If you've got things on your mind
Shake them off!

That's why we have come to collect you bodies
From your lovers, and pause all the suffering
At least start pacing

You're not on the list
You paid to get in
Your boyfriend is mad
It was something you did

In concert tonight
The bass drum is quick
If you've got things on your mind
Shake them off!