

The Hives, You Dress Up For Armageddon

Hey believe me! I have seen your sort before
You're all over history, like dust on the kitchen floor (Tell me more!)
Your lips are moving, you go on and on and on and on and on!
You swing your rod, rod baby rod, rod! But don't swing it at me!

(But it's not for me, no I disagree!)

'cause I heard you before when you said
There's a hole in your heart and it's bleeding
You dress up for Armageddon, I dress up for the summer
Yeah!

Hey and now you got their attention, you know
You gotta keep 'em believing
But as a matter of fact, what they believe you're not believin' no more (Tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell me)
I hear you're one in a million (Tell me more!) But there's a million of you (Tell, tell me more!)
You swing your rod, rod baby rod, rod! But don't swing it at me!

(But it's not for me, no I disagree!)

'cause I heard you before when you said
There's a hole in your heart and it's bleeding
You dress up for Armageddon, I dress up for the summer

Who's that playin' with the microphone?
Today he's there, but tomorrow he's gone

But I disagree and I heard before when you said
There's a hole in your heart and it's bleeding
You dress up for Armageddon, I dress up for summer

You feel tortured and filled with regret
You say life is void of meaning
Are they not sick of you yet?
Man that's such a, man that's such a bummer