

The Matches, Sick Little Suicide

Mark said he could hold his own head up
and share his mind
with the peeling paint on the bedroom wall.
One step ahead of the pack of Marlboros.
Still, I don't believe he would take that fall.
Those things will put you back
some paychecks,
set you back about a year or two.
There's a sick little suicide in all that we do,
all that we do.
And the ground downtown is a countdown,
no air anywhere in the area.
Suck back these take-home packs of euthanasia.
Youth in America...

There's a sick little suicide
in all that we do.
There's a sick little suicide
in all that we do...
you decide,
which one's for you!?

Mark my words, oh, just a little more,
Sara said,
and subtly subsistence is suicide.
Exercise and malnutrition
keep curves tight,
'cause all that matters is what's outside.
So says every magazine cover
which gallantly assaults
our own women and children,
but it's not my fault,
It's never my fault.
We dare bury our three-square fare
in a twenty-first century artery,
And feed beyond our need
so pardon me,
this part of me.