

The Stubs, Nation of Losers

I wanna live where the grass is green
But no, baby, we're living here
Where we are all useless
We're nation of losers

I wanna go out and spread some love
But there's something about all poles
We feel whole lot of tension
As a Christ of the nations

They set the record in Jonestown
But all together we'll beat it down
Where we're all useless
We're nation of losers

Oh-oh
Aww-aww
Ho home
To Jonestown