

Against Me!, Turn Those Clapping Hands Into An

Sleep on pillows made in Singapore,
wrapped in comforters,
sweating through sheets.
Drink your coffee in the morning,
flown in on airplanes across vast seas.
your houses made of wood,
central air,
central heat,
your furniture of particle board,
your doors are locked for safety.
you walk in leather shoes,
pants of denim a black cotton sweatshirt.
You do what you do because doing can start to form a habit.
You drink all night long,
sleep through the morning
if something doesn't break i'm just going to go fucking insane.
you sweep and mop the floor wehn it's dirty,
do the dishes when the sink's full
and wehn the refrigerator's empty well it's time to go to the store.
put your books on a shelf,
clothes arranged in the closet,
you hang the things on the walls
that you don't want to be so easily forgotten.
i hate these songs,
i hate the words that the singer is singing to me,
i hate this melody,
i hate this stupid fucking drum beat.
but i'm not going to tell anyone
what i'm really thinking about,
keep conversations on the surface
just keep on smiling
just keep on saying everything's going to be alright.