

Andrew Jackson Jihad, Scenesters

Oh my god there's scenesters everywhere
With their hair gel and their vintage t-shirts
Why didn't the shins come to phoenix?
And why didn't mirah □□□□ come to phoenix?

Because the modified is too small
And the marquis is too big
And the complex is rightfully dead
And the hipsters with their snide comments and aversion to applause

Oh my god hardcore kids everywhere
With their hair gel and their color green
How do they look so good while their convictions remain so strong?

Because their hair gel that they use isn't tested on animals
And their swallow tattoos are fucking lame
And cocaine is essentially vegan
And they don't give a fuck anyway
They're so vain, and yes, this song is about them

Oh my god post-hardcore kids everywhere
With their violence and pomposity
So fucking straightedge getting high off of self-righteousness
And praying to a sideways cross
So urban, so infantile, so angry, so young, and so poor
They don't need to use a crutch 'cuz they've got the wheelchair

Oh my god there's assholes everywhere
Pretentious fucking assholes everywhere
Oh my god there's assholes everywhere
Pretentious judgmental assholes everywhere