

# At The Drive-In, Initiation

I-N-I-T-I  
A-T-I-O-N.

Follow you home after every show.  
Perforated into tiny fragments.  
Heavy breathing's your new fan club.  
A John Hancock with the safety off,  
After every show.  
And how this pedestal fits like glove.  
Such a pity I built no ladder from the roots  
And above i'll be hacking off,  
After every show.

(I-N-I-T-I-A-T-I-O-N.)  
Initiation.  
(I-N-I-T-I-A-T-I-O-N.)  
Initiation.  
(I-N-I-T-I-A-T-I-O-N.)  
Initiation.

(What!)  
What you doing?

There's no restraining order to keep me from you,  
Yeah you,  
(Initiation.)  
Yeah you.

(What!)  
Said, what you doing?

These parting contestants never win.

Parting contestants never seem to win.

Watch you clap your hands by the stage.  
Lend me your ears for just another page.  
In the book that your friend signed yesterday.  
When I told you not to bother to holler.  
Your telephone's the one that helped  
Me wrap  
The cord  
Around your neck  
You know you're beautiful,  
When you're  
Dead.

(I-N-I-T-I-A-T-I-O-N.)  
Initiation.  
(I-N-I-T-I-A-T-I-O-N.)  
Initiation.  
(I-N-I-T-I-A-T-I-O-N.)  
Initiation.

(What!)  
What you doing?

There's no restraining order to keep me from you,  
Yeah you,  
(Initiation.)  
Yeah you.

(What!)  
What you doing?

There's no restraining order to keep me from you.  
(Initiation.)  
Party protects us and every day fades away.