

At The Drive-In, Porfirio Diaz

K-k-k-kiss and kill your boyfriend.
And all rich ones too.
Rich kids of the world unite.
Rich kids of the...

Dime on the bleachers,
Head says not that far away
But the only way up is down,
And I keep on falling.
Flip it again,
But the answer hasn't spared a change.

Doesn't matter how much time,
You'll never forget that forgetting's required.

Served on a platter of fakes,
It's inevitable:
We're proud to be pricks.
We're proud to be assholes.

We're proud to be assholes.
We're proud to be assholes.
We're proud to be assholes.

Picking up the pieces one by one.
Picking up the pieces one by one.
Picking up the pieces one by one.
Picking up the pieces!
Picking up the pieces one by...

Don't let it, don't let it ride.
Don't let it ride.
Don't let it, don't let it ride.

Answer.
Someone,
Anyone.
Won't you pick up the pieces
You left
Behind?

Answer.
Someone,
Anyone.
Won't you pick up the pieces
You left,
Behind?

Kiss and kill your boyfriend.