

# Bob Mould, I Hate Alternative Rock

Tired epileptic charade  
Get on the plane and fly away  
I knew you when  
I knew you when  
You had something to say

The Twentieth Century  
Has not been particularly kind to me  
So when asked to define  
You feign the benign  
And decline to answer properly

You feel threatened now  
There's other icons flying higher now  
As you grab for the past  
You know it won't last  
There's no need to describe it

I hope someone else is driving you  
I hope someone else intelligent  
is driving you  
Now the myth disintegrates  
Nothing else is permanent