

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