

Bomb The Music Industry!, \$2,400,000

I know what it looks like,
the ships not capsizing.
The drivers just drunk
or asleep at the wheel.
The map is illegible,
we spilled beers all over it.
Were all piss poor heroes,
were aching to drown in
a sea of bad metaphors:
trite, overused.
Well, Im sorry I guess talking
just gets me confused.
Dang dang.

Dang dang.

And as a result,
conversations dont start,
they sputter and stammer.
They spiral like shit
trying to go down the drain
but keeps spinning cause forces
are making it stay and I
dont wanna talk cause you
dont understand.
This wasnt for anyone,
I just wanted something that
wasnt prepackaged, and
that wasnt preplanned
and now my only plan that is
damn sure to happen
Is slowly decaying on
a shelf filled with millionaires
saving the future in
a sweet fucking press release,
gloating on pedestals.
You cant make a change
unless youre there bragging,
unless youre a dick about
something thats pure to you.
always gets fucked. hey, hey

Google my name, cause kid,
Ive got credentials.
My pops a big shit and I
can get you free long distance.
My co-op is awesome,
my fixed gears ridiculous.
Stop smiling, and stop frowning,
I always thought youd be different.

And theres been talk of leaving
for good, but how to where
and what happens when they show up there with friends?
show up there with friends
Can you afford to leave again?
afford to leave again

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