

# Bomb The Music Industry!, Does Your Face Hurt?

Take a look at your haircut. You're killing me.  
Take a look at your glasses. You're killing me.  
Placement of the piercings. You're killing me.  
Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight.  
Take a look at your ripped jeans. You're killing me.  
Take a look at your Converse. You're killing me.  
Get a shirt that fits you. You're killing me.  
Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight.

Someone the other day was telling me about marketing  
and how it is so important for a band to sell a t-shirt.  
I told him that the money goes right back into the same thing  
and now we're just a breeding ground for more and more consumers.  
And sellout, shmellout, it's not about that.  
But I didn't have a problem when I had no cash.  
Now we perpetuate this need to sell x units every night  
and if we don't meet our quota, man, we're gonna get into another fight.

Williamsburg has got the lights turned low  
and a moron with a laptop is calling this poetry.  
A singer with a thrift amp brags "Vintage Circuitry";  
I saw him on the cover of Bop or Seventeen crooning  
"I'm so lonely/Life is empty/Where's my coke and fucking money?"  
Tonight at the bar I got a good look at the enemy.  
He said "My job's looking good and someone else can write the songs for me."

Soon we'll be in the clear  
When we get out of here  
Where style is function  
And our egos make us fight.  
For now we'll live in fear.  
We're not sexy enough for this atmosphere.  
Someone blow it up tonight.  
Please blow it up tonight.

Now we're cloning sheep.  
Writing garbage in their diaries.  
Reading their AP. Watching Fuse TV.  
Kill it, c'est la vie.  
Fashion show = your scene.  
Bomb the industry.  
Then run away or watch the blast.  
I'm getting out, man, kiss my ass.  
I'm going nowhere, nowhere fast.  
I'm going nowhere nowhere nowhere.