

Bomb The Music Industry!, Ready...Set...No!!!

I never was a drinker and now I'm an alcoholic, drinking just to fall asleep and hiding my smiles 'cause
Drink it down, golden brown my sweet whiskey.
You feel nice on the inside, so nice on the inside.
Nice on the inside, so let's get pissed.

I never cried at movies and now I cry at the Simpsons.
I hide the tears so you can't see, and I wipe my eyes and pretend that I'm just falling asleep.
Don't come around, I've already destroyed everything.
I'm not coming outside. I'm not coming outside.
I've blown my only chance, so don't make me do anything.

Because from the moment it was up to us to break the rules and disobey, I'd trade it all in for an easy answer.

I'm a target audience.
Paranoia setting in.
I can't have a conversation.
You're just like the other kids.
I'm well aware that they monitor my thoughts.
And if you count on me for anything, I'm sorry, but you're totally fucked.
You're fucked. Everybody's out of luck.
I'm just a kid who wants to get drunk.
It's nighttime. Look outside.
It's nighttime. Look outside.
It's nighttime. Look outside.
Let's go drink 'til we can't feel shit.

From the moment it was up to us to break the rules and disobey, I'd trade it all in for an easy answer.

I gotta find something that's wrong with everything so now I'm all alone.
Forget solutions, I'll be at the bar drinking forgetting everything I know.

Then when the record stores start falling then it's up to us to break rules.
Stop sitting in your room watching advertisements and disobey.
Put down the bottle, get a megaphone and shout it to the world:
No way. No way.
No thanks.