

# Bomb The Music Industry!, Sadder Weirder

I put all my books in a box  
To put them in a concrete cube and  
Underneath more boxes and  
Hidden behind boxes  
I'll get in one too

I just threw out another gift  
I know it had a bit of thought but  
Mary, we won't talk soon  
I have no use for Crocks now  
I have no use for gifts

There's gonna be piles  
I'm gonna be a pack rat

Start to empty out my drawers  
Start to empty out my home now  
I'll have a vacant home for  
The last mark of a soul

It's gonna get sadder  
It's gonna get weirder  
Till I'm gone  
Till I'm gone  
It's gonna get sadder  
It's gonna get weirder  
Until I'm gone now  
It's kinda what I want but  
Regardless thanks so much for  
Letting me stay on your futon

It's gonna get sadder  
It's gonna get weirder  
When I'm gone  
When I'm gone  
It's gonna get sadder  
It's gonna get weirder  
When I'm gone now  
I don't know what I want but  
Regardless thanks a lot for  
Letting me stay on the futon

I'm gone now  
I wonder what I want but  
Regardless thanks a lot for  
Letting me stay on the futon

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