

Bomb The Music Industry!, Stuff That I Like

The city subway stations never glisten.
The gates rise up like they belong in prison.
And my balance is low. I better pick a good place, I got one ride to go.
Your fucking cocaine party fucking freaks me out.
When did Scott Weiland show up? How long's he stickin' around?
I guess this new fare hike means that I'll ride my bike,
play video games and do other stuff that I like.

And in the morning cleaning up, we found these plastic bags
with a little bit of party left and started to laugh,
Man, I'm glad I passed out from the booze and the weed
cause the house was staying up til 6 AM doing speed.
now it's 1 AM and I'm quite a few in
I can barely make out where the bathroom line begins
and it's been moving five inches every fucking five minutes.
I wanna ask the over privileged kids if they would fucking mind?
I gotta take a piss in the cocaine room.
What is this? The line for lines? a long line for lines.
I'm getting claustrophobia from the twenty-something set with bleary eyes.
What is this? The line for lines? long line for lines.
I-I-I I don't wanna be part of this Friday night or Saturday night.
I-I-I I don't wanna be part of this line for lines, long line for lines.
I-I-I I don't wanna be part of this night.

When I go out these days I do is complain
about the booming bass and the shitty DJ
because if I wanted to go to a dance club, I'd own a bottle of Brut,
a closet full of Christian Dior, and I'd be in a different room.
Cause we can dance to Otis Redding, P.O.S, and M.I.A
and if you're on Serato Scratch don't call yourself a DJ.
Beat detectings got no attitude,
your tempo maps can't feel and room, but lemmings all have dancing shoes
and I'm just freaking out.
You're assaulting me with thrusts like I'm an asshole.
sweating to the sounds of Billboard's Hot 100
like a total yeah bro dick. Man,
I thought that we all lived here cause we're different
I guess I was wrong this time,
time after time
I-I-I I don't wanna be part of this Friday night or Saturday night.
I-I-I I don't wanna be part of these cokey times and eight dollar wines.
I-I-I I don't wanna be part of this night.

The city subway stations never glisten.
The gates rise up like What's up? You're in prison,
confined by alcoholism and lack of better decisions for having fun on the weekends.
But this shitty atmosphere keeps bumming me out.
Don't want my Club MTV. I hate Downtown Julie Brown.
I guess these new price hikes will make me grab my light
climb the fire escape to the roof with a book that I like.