

# Bomb The Music Industry!, Syke Life Is Awesome

I sat along the rocks and watch the cold Maine water rush away.  
The sun and my guitar and I knew what you were doing yesterday.  
You broke those promises but I'll get over it.  
'Cause as long as I'm breathing fresh air I don't really give a shit  
So I'll complain for the next ten years, but remember that sometimes things are great.  
I didn't have directions and I hadn't eaten anything all day.  
We sucked a fat one and wasted a hundred dollars just to play.  
I ate a bag of peanuts right before the windy road.  
And I couldn't drink a thing all night 'cause of the vomit in the back my throat.  
Then you gave me your number and your sweatshirt so I didn't give a shit.  
So I'll complain for the next eleven years, but remember that sometimes things are great.  
You don't own me! You don't own me!  
I worked my ass off my entire life to accomplish one dream.  
It started happening and everything was bastardized my greed.  
I said "pull this shit over and let me out  
I swear to fucking God I'm fucking giving up right now"  
And now I've got a brand new start, I remember that something are great.  
Scream it in apartment halls -  
Scream it loud in shopping malls -  
Take a ball point pen and paint the inside's of your eyelids with the constant reminder:  
You don't own me. You don't own me.  
Then I was underground without food or sunlight or encouragement.  
Depression set in 'cause I was a product of my environment.  
Then the other day, I got in my car.  
Pick Glenn Tillbrook up from the hotel, drive him to the bar.  
He wore a t-shirt just like me and wasn't on his phone  
and for fifteen minutes I had a conversation with a hero.  
So I'll complain for the next ten years...  
And after that we'll go drink beers until the bar runs out of beers  
prepare for the next twenty-three years.  
'Cause if I wasn't a fat kid in high school, I would have never listened to punk rock.  
And if I knew how to throw a football, I would have never played any music.  
And if never got my heart broken, I would sing "blah blah fucking nothing."  
And if you didn't fuck my ex-girlfriend, I would still owe you three-thousand dollars.  
And if I never lived in that van I wouldn't have met Chris or Steve or James, Alex or Middagh.  
And if I never worked in a basement I would have never moved out of my house.  
And if I had a big emo band or dropped out of college, I would have never met you, man.