

Coltrane Motion, Ex-Girlfriend In A Coma

the kids are at it in the parking lot
with their shirts off, don't stop
we love disco!

oh, you think you're happy
oh, you think you're so smart
you think you're clever
oh, you think you're falling apart

they love like we love
they kiss and we kiss god i'm so sure
they're on drugs that make you live forever
always nineteen, blonde, and wasted

let's call it art
let's call it something new
we'll burn bright as moths
sell out, die, and fall down laughing