

Dillinger Four, Honey, I Shit The Hot Tub

I watch the clouds form outside my window
I light another as the city goes gray, yeah
I face the whirlwind with a polite smile
I resist the motion of self-righteous crusades

Some of the others live for deprivation
It's not something that I could ever do
I get my kicks from complete annihilation
A brown paper bottle to kill yesterday's news

The right sight, but the wrong kind of vision
A grain of salt could do us all a little good
Just when the world seems so understanding
It knocks you over with a silent left hook

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I faced a thousand attitudes like this one before
You can show me your restrictions while I'm showing you the door