

Kimya Dawson, Loose Lips

Loose lips might sink ships but loose geese take trips
To San Francisco, double Dutch disco,
Tech TV hottie, do it for Scotty
Do it for the living and do it for the dead
Do it for the monsters under your bed
Do it for the teenagers and do it for your mom
Broken hearts hurt but they make you strong and

We won't stop until somebody calls the cops
And even then we'll start again and just pretend that
Nothing ever happened
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We're just dancing, we're just hugging,
Singing, screaming, kissing, tugging
On the sleeve of how it used to be
How's it gonna be?
I'll drop kick Russell Stover, move into the starting over house
And know Matt Rouse and Jest are watching me achieve my dreams

And we'll pray, all damn day, every day,
That all this shit our President has got us in will go away
While we strive to figure out a way we can survive
These trying times without losing our minds

So if you wanna burn yourself
Remember that I love you
And if you wanna cut yourself
Remember that I love you
And if you wanna kill yourself
Remember that I love you
Call me up before you're dead, we can make some plans instead
Send me an IM, I'll be your friend

Shysters live from scheme to scheme and my 4th quarter pipe dreams
Are seeming more and more worth fighting for
So I'll curate some situations, make my job a big vacation
And I'll say fuck Bush and fuck this war
My war paint is Sharpie ink and I'll show you how much my shit stinks
And ask you what you think because your thoughts and words are powerful
They think we're disposable, well both my thumbs opposable
Are spelled out on a double word and triple letter score

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