

Kind Of Like Spitting, Crossover Potential

We like the music with the vocals mixed low
We speak of songs as if no one else knows
So unoriginal, our M.O.
Until something better happens
Until we find another way
Hey, your soul has no crossover potential
Is that the brain you want to own?
In the clubhouse, with our doors closed
Convolutd scene, yeah I think I know exactly what you mean
Someday I'll find out what this hope's for
Find distance between my happiness and this bullshit dream
So apropos, hey that's our story how it goes
Hope we don't spend life on our knees
Begging do something with us please
Your average woe has no punk rock credentials
Your voice is not your own
So you better find you some friends
And try to make this feel like home You better laugh with your friends
Or else you're gonna go it alone