

Nightmare Of You, The Studded Cinctures

The Studded Cinctures were a band
From gloomy Ann Harbor, Michigan
And they wrote just for you
These irrelevant tunes

And with each heart-wrenching fictitious wall
You'd swear they sand your life with veracious detail
The tears trickle down your face
Your skinny arms begin to flail

And as the clumsy singer takes the stage
He whips the mic in an ardent way
And now the girls begin to blush
Never have they been so terribly touched
By such an illiterate bum.

Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating, the repetition
The metaphors stripped of all gall, alright

With a handful of pomade in hair
He shoots a pitifully pouty stare
At the nurtured audience
And this is easing his conscience

Hustling and taking knee with brow in hand
He shrieks the works of another man
A standing ovation
Vulnerable child, you've been taken advantage of
By such a carnivorous bum.

Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating, the repetition
The metaphors stripped of all gall, stripped of all gall

Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating

Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating, the repetition
And the metaphors