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