

Nightmare Of You, The Studded Cintures

The Studded Cintures were a band
from gloomy Ann Harbor, Michigan
and they wrote just for you, these irrelevant tunes
and with each heart-wrenching, fictitious wail
You'd swear they sang your life in veracious details
The tears trickle down your face
Your skinny arms begin to flail
You can catch them any day of the week
At the legion hall down the street in your unromantic town
They're guaranteed to bring you down
And as the clumsy singer takes the stage
He whips the mic in an ardent way
And now the girls begin to blush
Never had they've 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 views
We love the second-rating, the repetition
And the metaphors stripped of all gail
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