

# 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