

# No Fun At All, The Slanderous Clientele

Looking across the room and I can't respire  
I got to get out so maybe I should set a fire  
Holding my tongue and waiting for the perfect reason  
It's hard when your nerves are down for the season

This all time low it's everything I never wanted  
Redundant show,  
they're nagging a hole in my beautiful head  
This all time low is everything to the slanderous clientele

Shaking a hand and mumbling that it's a pleasure  
The faces I see are vague and hard to remember  
Talking of this and that but it's going nowhere  
They're saying the same words over and over and over