

Say Hi To Your Mom, Not As Goth As They Say V

We climb out of bed like the rest of you,
Post afternoon, and we don black suits.
But all of us aren't quite as goth as they say we are,
We just like fast cars.

And we can dance like the best of them,
As long as the lights stay low
And the jockey knows what she's doing.
And we can dance like the best of them,
As long as the lights stay low
And the jockey knows what she's doing.

Don't think aloud,
So what if our teeth protrude more than yours do
And we perch on stoops.
And all of us aren't quite as mean
As the drama queens and the static cling.

And we can dance like the best of them,
As long as the lights stay low
And the jockey knows what she's doing.
And we can dance like the best of them,
As long as the lights stay low
And the jockey knows what she's doing.