

Sleater-Kinney, A New Wave

Well every day I throw a little party
What I feel will be my victim, victim
And every time I come a little higher
Should I leap a gun living, living

Hear his voice is venomous and thrilling
In the head that I was calling, calling
But I only got the good away my bloodies
So I'm not falling for the falling, falling

No one here is taking notice
No outline will ever hold us
It's not a new wave
It's just you and me
Eyes are the only witness
That will prove we ever lived this
Invent our own kind of obscurity

So let's just drown the room with this love
We can drain our love of power, power
Steal from the makers who have made us
Leaving nothing to devour, devour

What are them raw material
Make me plastic, make me fuel
I can be, I can be, I can be any,

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