

Sparks, Screwed Up

(Ron Mael)

In 1900 you held hands and felt like you'd scored
In 1910 you'd never need a horse anymore
In 1920 you could dance
In 1930 lose your pants
In 1940 you could go to war really soon
In 1950 you could just be dull and a bore
In 1960 set the world on fire
That was then, this is now
And nothing's blowin in the wind

Chorus:

Screwed up, that's the problem
You're going down, down, down, down, down
Screwed up, that's your problem
You're coming unwound wound, wound, wound
You're wasting time seeking comfort
from any sight or any sound
I knew you when you weren't a bit screwed up
Now what you got is spreading around

It really doesn't matter if you know how to sing
The only thing that matters is the girl that you bring
So when I saw you sitting there just asking for some curly hair
I knew that I was getting where I wanted to be
But someone must have warned you, so it's Anchors Aweigh
This Johnny's marching home again tonight
You couldn't leave quietly You had to tell the world and loud

Screwed up, that's the problem
You're going down, down, down, down, down
Screwed up, that's your problem
You're coming unwound wound, wound, wound
You're wasting time seeking comfort by having anyone around
I knew you when you weren't a bit screwed up
Now what you got is spreading around

I'm getting on my nerves I'm getting
on my nerves and
everything you're throwing at me's
coming up a curve
Swing & miss
Swing & miss
Swing & miss and then you're out

(Chorus)