

# 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)