

Suburban Kids With Biblical Names, Rent A Wreck

All these rocky mountains
To play five songs and drink some more and fall asleep
Getting taped by locals
Don't have the nerve to ask for food and die of thirst
In the back seats of rented wrecks
Let's hope these wheels got what it takes to carry us home

Backdrops made of denim
T-shirt salesmen and the followers it brings
Single package systems
Soul DJs and you know the riot that that brings
I wanna turn all their dancefloors
Into a burning inferno of ba baa

I play the piano and I play the guitar
I've played it in clubs and I've played it in bars
I visit your cities and I've slept on your floors
I borrowed your swings and I've heard your hardcore
All the scores of the C to the A of the youth of today
And it's beautiful

Still I can't get enough of it
Did you see me eating frosties from your fridge
And the rice cookies you never ate,
They were all gone when you went into the kitchen