Suburban Kids With Biblical Names, Shitty Week

All the birds roll their eyes at me
As i walk as a peasant down the street
As i pass avenues and trendy bars
There's a bumpy sound and the bouncer looks dumb
And the people inside look just like Kirsten Dunst and Tom
Don't talk to us, we're so pretty
And you, you look like Tom Petty

I am trying to be mad as hell But i end up getting drunk instead In an Indian restaurant in my part of town Where the clientele's young with fake ID's But the owner acts as if he has no idea

And as they put your name on the guestlist My heart is shread like confetti

Take those silly shoes off Go back to summer camp And don't ever come back here You look like you live in a tent

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I am wasted, yes, i'm drunk as hell The people look like cavalries Hundred marching home from battlefields To the colosseum, the home of the dream The 7-11 we are open until you feel the pain Oh taxi maybe, oh baby! Yes, i guess i'm feeling a bit crazy

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Hey you, on the nightbus What's the size of your fries? I guess it's the only thing we have in common tonight

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