

Team Dresch, Fagetarian And Dyke

Well how do I do, not good, fuck me
I spent the last ten days of my life not getting any sleep
Well how do I do, I don't, fuck you
I spent the last ten days of my life searching for you

What have you
I heard, I heard everything

And all that has changed, I have no clean clothes
Selling my heart plus delusion plus nowhere left to go
Small things become smaller, false not true
You were not right, I have some guts somewhere

What have you
I heard, I heard everything

(...)

Well how did I do, not good, fuck this
I spent the last ten days of my life ripping off the Smiths
The pressure is on my head, my knee
This amp's too heavy to carry, I need some wheels now

What have you
I heard, I heard everything