

Two Cow Garage, Swingset Assassin

She was a playground princess
Back when we used to dream
I was a swingset assassin
Full of juvenile schemes
With these clothes picked by my mother
Handed down from my big brother
And I'll keep my hands folded
'til the day I turn thirteen

And we listened to the Beatles
Cause that's what's you're told
When you're young and empty
And you hadn't got a clue
The White Album from my mother
Rubber Soul from my big brother
And don't you question Mr. Lennon boy
'Cause he gave his life for you

And I cut my hair and I dyed it black
While everyone was gettin' stoned
And I wrapped myself up in Black Flag
And flew it as my own
And my poor worried mother
With the phone calls to my brother
But in the end punk rock
Just leaves us empty and alone

So now I'm fear and loathing
On a Sunday afternoon
I drink enough to be Catholic
But the morning comes too soon
With the phone call from my mother
And the advice from my big brother
That Jesus is just another word
For nothing left to lose