

Turn Those Clapping Hands Into Angry Balled Fists

Against Me!

Sleep on pillows made in Singapore
Wrapped in comforters
Sweating through sheets
Drinking coffee in the morning
Floating on Airplanes across the vast seas

And your house is made of wood
Central air, central heat
You got your furniture of particle board
Your doors are locked for, for safety

And you walk in leather shoes
Pants of denim, a black cotton sweatshirt
And you do what you do
because doing can start to form a habit

And you drink all night long
And you sleep through the morning
And if something doesn't break
I'm just gonna go, go fucking insane

And you sweep up the floor when it's dirty
You do the dishes, when the sink's full
And when the refrigerator's empty
well it's time, it's time, it's time, it's time to go the store

You put your books on a shelf
Clothes arranged in the closet
You hang the things on the wall that you don't wanna be so easily forgotten

I hate these songs
I hate the words
That the singer is singing to me
I hate this melody
I hate this stupid fucking drum beat

But I'm not gonna tell anyone
What I'm really thinking about
Keep them conversations on the surface
Just keep on smiling
Just keep on saying
Everything's gonna be alright
It's gonna be alright (2x)
Alright [x11]