

## Scenesters

Andrew Jackson Jihad

Oh my god there's scenesters everywhere  
With their hair gel and their vintage t-shirts  
Why didn't The Shins come to phoenix?  
And why didn't Mirah come to phoenix?

Because the Modified is too small  
And the Marquee is too big  
And the complex is rightfully dead  
And the hipsters with their snide comments and aversion to applause

Oh my god hardcore kids everywhere  
With their hair gel and their color green  
How do they look so good while their convictions remain so strong?

Because their hair gel that they use isn't tested on animals  
And their swallow tattoos are fucking lame  
And cocaine is essentially vegan  
And they don't give a fuck anyway  
They're so vain, and yes, this song is about them

Oh my god post-hardcore kids everywhere  
With their violence and pomposity  
So fucking straightedge getting high off of self-righteousness  
And praying to a sideways cross  
So urban, so infantile, so angry, so young, and so poor  
They don't need to use a crutch 'cuz they've got the wheelchair

Oh my god there's assholes everywhere  
Pretentious fucking assholes everywhere  
Oh my god there's assholes everywhere  
Pretentious judgmental assholes everywhere