

You can go out and destroy,
What's already spent.
You can blame on your hat,
The faults in your head.
The more you pass through my pores
The worse it gets.

At or in,
What place did you think
Your mind would fit?
When did you realize
That you couldn't follow this out
Through to the end.

Clearly this is your loss.
Clearly it's not my loss.
Clearly it's just bad luck.
Clearly it doesn't mean a thing.

Cause she's an indie rocker
And nothing's gonna stop her.
Her fashion fits.
Cause she's an indie rocker
And nothing's gonna stop her.
Plumbline says she's a bitch.

And that's a lot to reject
If that's the best you can do.
And that's a lot to accept
If that's the best you can do.
You've got a great collection of things
Cause that's the best you can do.

Clearly this is your loss.
Clearly it's not my, my loss.
Clearly it's just bad luck.
Clearly it doesn't mean a thing, mean a thing, mean a thing.

She's an indie rocker
And nothing's gonna stop her.
(Mean a thing)

(repeat 3 times)