

Side Projects Are Never Successful

Bomb the Music Industry!

When I was thinking about moving to VA., everyone I talked to had nothing but amazing things to say about it. "Oh the music scene is amazing!", "Oh the people are so cool! You're gonna love it!". These people, as it turns out, had no idea what they were talking about. Once in VA., I got a job at a chain restaurant, where there were refugees from various states who had been similarly duped. We are the suckers, not the natives.

It was a hot June day, and my ass was sticking to the seat of my girlfriend's car.

Staten Island traffic in the summer, baby.

And when you stuff yourself into a suit and tie do you think the judge can see through the sweat as he gives you your fine for a post-panic attack speeding ticket on a 90 degree day in New York. And yeah, you're gonna drive home for three hours to work in a basement for tribute bands making posters to pay about a fifth of that price. It's just Staten Island traffic in the summer. Oh!

That orange ball.

That burning orb of fire in the sky is gonna explode and we're all gonna die!

Except for the foolish few who will "think ahead" and drive their SUV's to their bomb shelters

Complain about air conditioning because "baby, we ain't got no more electricity."

They wanna rise when it's done, be a leader with a gun.

Be a leader of what? Like a hundred and one?

Well, fuck it, I'm gonna hang out on the rooftop when it comes.

'Cause when it's dark, it'll be night time, baby.

And I'll get my ass on up out of this mess.

The only stores that are open, baby.

They gonna sell beer, and they're gonna sell ice cream.

And we'll drink drink drink and get drunk drunk drunk

And we'll talk talk talk about how much fun we had, yeah, when

We were fuckin' the world.

Through the glares on our windshields, we can't see each others eyes, just McDonalds cups and wrappers that they're throwing at full speed. And yes, I long for a shadow. And yes, I always appreciate the irony that the only cool comfort that allows us to see is a goddamn billboard. Sing it with me.

A billboard is the only thing preventing us from blindly crashing. And we'll never see a city not marred by advertisements, and we'll NEVER have a future not working for those companies, and it's sure as shit not getting better so we might as well accept it now, oh.

And that really doesn't cheapen anything because, baby, we're all born to be businessmen. Every Fugazi record has a catalog number and a price tag and every independent label is selling you another goddamn p

roduct. But, NO, WE'RE not slaves to the music. Oh no, WE'RE not slaves to the company, baby. We do what we're born and raised to do and when you create something, you're producing something and that act of producing is the creation of a product.

'Cause when it's night, it'll be night time, baby.
And I'll get my ass on up out of this mess.
The only stores that are open, baby.
They gonna sell beer, and they're gonna sell ice cream.
And we'll drink drink drink and get drunk drunk drunk
And we'll talk talk talk about how much fun we had, yeah, when
We were fuckin' the world.
Oh we were fucking the world.
Yeah, we were fu fu cking cking the the world world.

When the sun drops, you ain't gonna be hungover the next day.
When the comet hits, you ain't gonna have no bills to pay.
When the bomb hits, it's gonna be a four day weekend. Hey hey!
When it's all done I'm gonna feel great finally.

And when I finally got to work today, I ate my Subway sandwich, and I drank my Coca-Cola Classic, and then I ate my Sunchips and I thought about the weekend when I'd fill up my Fordvan with Mobil brand gas and drive to the Clear Channel venue and I'd drink myself a Budweiser and play my Fender guitar through my Fender amplifier and tell the kids with a straight face through a Shure microphone and JBL speakers that corporate rock is for suckers.