

The Shit That You Hate

Bomb the Music Industry!

My telephone's been abuzz all morning
and I don't know who is tryin' get through
I did some shit that I should have done smarter
But they get away with everything
So I thought I could get away
I thought I could get away too.

Down in the gulf there's a black sea monster
And my crime ain't huge, a world tattered cube
that I didn't affix with a shiny new sticker
Go swallow the summer and choke on the fumes
because they get away with everything that they do

So hold onto your home
It's shaky, I know
but if you flee trash will follow (2x)
the winds that you left in your wake and you'll fall down again
.

Oh, the office called
You're in deep, deep trouble
The shit you're afraid of has made you hateful
and you're letting on, tired eyes, all spiteful
And nobody cares
We all got sorrows

So hold onto your home
and onto your hope
Sorrow don't answer problems (4x)
Nobody cares
We're all in trouble
The shit that you hate don't make you special (4x)
The shit that you hate don't make you special