

The State of Art is still on fire  
And it's burning straight to the ground  
My head hurts and my body's tired  
Who do I go to see now that they're not around

When they split up I swear I did not fuckin' know  
I've got the noose 'round my neck on a fuckin' rope

R-I-P R-F-T-C  
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During the day I'm diggin' ditches  
But bad moods makes me hard to get to know  
I got sturdy receiting "Pigeons"  
Well it makes me smile, take me to San Diego

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