

St. Teresa with her dog on the beach  
She's been divorced for years  
And drunk for weeks  
Power-walking from the ghosts she sees in her sleep  
It's gay sons and younger blondes  
With big perfect teeth

When her little dog in the sand  
Throws up its paws and says, "Hey man..."

Gotta get yourself a grip  
Lay off the leash a bit  
And keep in mind we're talking to the dog again...

Why you gotta go and take it all so bad, oh mama oh?  
Like every wave in the bay is just breaking across your back  
Can't we turn it up just a little more?  
You know this Apocalypse, it doesn't have to be a bore...

Down to the marina, gonna steal us a boat  
Name it something sick as hell  
Like 'Beerly Afloat'  
Fill it up with tequila, porn, and dynamite  
Push the throttle down, tear it off  
Put the nose into the night

If everything comes from nothing  
Then back to nothing it must go  
So if were going to burn out, girl  
Let's give em all a show

Why you gotta go and take it all so bad, oh mama oh?  
Like every wave in the bay is just breaking across your back  
Can't we turn it up just a little more?  
You know this Apocalypse, it doesn't have to be a bore...

Wasting away atop a pile of money  
We could be burning like the pros  
Ya can't buy love and your can't spend worry  
Life's a blur, and then you go

Why you gotta go and take it all so bad, oh mama oh?  
Like every wave in the bay is just breaking across your back  
Can't we turn it up just a little more? Yessir!  
You know this Apocalypse, it doesn't have to be a bore  
Get in or get on out, It just don't matter anymore