

1990s

Nova Rockafeller

So, I wake up and I put Nirvana on
Hat backwards and I grab my bong
First thing first turn the Gameboy on
Game Genie cause I'm fucking bombed
I live that baggy t-shirt, dirty sneakers, dank reefer
Weezer Beasties I like guys with beater rides
And bloodshot eyes
I grew up with a cool big brother
Played in bands and he'd skate all summer
Some times he'd lend me records
Like Green Day or the Chili Peppers
You can find me humming Smash Mouth
Talk shit and I'll knock your ass out
Hell yeah we fucking creeps
Me and all my friends got A.D.D!

Ripped jeans, flannel shirt so grimy
Whoa-ah-oh-oh
Whoa-ah-oh-oh
We are the children of the 1990s
Whoa-ah-oh-oh
Whoa-ah-oh-oh
We live this shit
Don't kill my teen spirit
We are the children of the 1990s
We are the children of the 1990s

Bawit daba da bang, I'm so raw
Wanna get down got ta zigga zag, aah
I'm pretty fly for a whit girl right
No closing time we stay out all night
I want that Zach Morris, Nick Carter, Kurt Cobain
I want those Chucks and that flannel tied around my waist
Grew up on an island in the sun
Tourist kids they would go and come
Sometimes they'd leave me CDs
Sugar Ray, The Slim Shady LP
I show up and I crash your sofa
Pop champagne like a supernova
Fuck it, let's part like it's 1990-90-90!

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If you want me you can hit me on my pager
I don't take no emails, you can send that shit on paper
If you need me you can call me on my housephone
If I'm busy then you gonna get the dial tone

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