

Hey! I like your bra!
Thanks I got it from my very best friend
Kissed her once in high school and then never again
With drugs and money, who's between your covers
Wouldn't matter to me one way or the other

And when thots and animals storm the capital
You'll watch c-span for fun
'Cause it's a fucking drag
And it's crazy sad
But you'll do what's got to be done

Are you really gonna save the world like that
With your tits half out on Instagram?
I mean yeah motherfucker that was always the plan
I'm gonna wear this shit to Congress, man
So hop off my dick
'Cause this whole thing makes me feel sick
And you're mean to kids, why can't you just quit picking on them
Life and liberty, sometimes property, the right to try to feel good
Her heart is pure, the math checks out so what's the move
And how could you do this when I learned my rights from you?

Here's a little fact I cry all the time
About the state and healthcare and the grand design
Sometimes it's sad, sometimes it's bittersweet
But it's how you'll know I'm me
And now gun control is a fucking wicked problem
I don't know if anybody knows how to solve it
But if I were in Congress and someone shot up a school
I'd fucking cry about that too
And so my question is to you

Are you really gonna save the world this way
Crying like a kid every single day?
Hell yeah motherfucker I'm afraid it's true
People are in pain what's wrong with you
So hop off my dick
Your Nixon smile makes me fucking sick
You should be just as wrecked as I am
I'm pretty fucking angry that you're not
And when thots and animals storm the capital
You'll watch c-span for fun
'Cause it's a fucking drag
And its crazy sad
But you'll do what's got to be done

The rules were life and liberty, sometimes property
The right to try to feel good
Her heart is pure, the math checks out so what's the move
And why would you do this when I learned my rights from you?

And when soft boys and their succulents
And girls dressed to crack skulls
Take the capital and render its capital null
We'll all feel a bit more pumped and a bit less sad
Paint our shirts

Say we're sorry
And call our dads