

Figuring It Out

SWMRS

Pop rocks and cherry cola, it gets colder when you're gone
We're all getting drunk now, Jamie flunked out pants undone
Internet scams and waistcoats, we're just scapegoats all too dumb
Body paint in day-glo, where do trends go when you're numb?

When everybody wants to be somebody, they all care
And everybody wants to know themselves but we're too scared
We're still figuring out
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Made for mass production, is it art when you want more
Was I made to function, or create, or just get bored?
High school conversations, graduation, "what's in store?"
A 5 year plans/invasions, wasn't your invitation burned?

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On manic Monday we lose the ground beneath us
Teargas Tuesday I think I found Jesus
Wake and bake on Wednesday with a rosary and incense
Thirsty Thursday I'll drink away my demons
On Friday (Friday), Saturday (Saturday), lose ourselves on Sunday because

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