

Squares

That Handsome Devil

(The exertion of the dance, the excitement of Helen, and several beers have taken effect. Inhibition and caution are forgotten. When Helen suggests that they have a few more beers he's all for it. Why not? Everyone else is doing it. To refuse would be 'square,' and that terrible label must be avoided at all costs)

Jeans were baggy, saggin' braggin' about some silly stuff we had

And no one listens in the kitchen fixin' up their hair
All the funny folks you bring around me, girl
But I never see you laugh

Sorry dear, you're far behind
At where it is you draw your line
Don't bring your circle 'round here
They're all a bunch of squares
They're all a bunch of squa-a-ares

Stupid bastards blasted tellin' me what's cool
Indie record label, check it, retro record player makin' more
You think you're hangin' with the winners, girl
'Cause you never see 'em lose

I'm sorry dear, you're way behind
On where you choose to make your line
Don't bring your circle 'round here
They're all a bunch of squares
They're all a bunch of squares

All the little bimbos tip-toe to the middle of the room
Ain't going ga-ga for no product, Mama, nada, nothing new
Well, I said I'd see you later
So lets not make that soon

Sorry dear, you're far behind
At where it is you draw your line
Don't bring that circle around here
They're all a bunch of squares

(If you want to swing - call him, right now he's got to split.
Take a trip from Squaresville. Live a little and see what it's
like for yourself)

Sorry dear, you're far behind
At where you choose to draw your line
Don't bring that circle around here
They're all a bunch of squares

(Get with it man and get with the countdown. Shake this square world and blast off for Kicksville)