

Chinese Fountain

The Growlers

Eight thousand quarters in a Chinese fountain
A whole bunch of wishes unanswered, but who's counting
One, two, three, nice chicks left me broken-hearted
I was a pretty boy, your love left me scarred
There's something going around, can't put my finger in
Like bigger fish gonna shoot out the earth like diamonds

We are the miners of another generation
Hills scraped dry with no choice but being creative
Everybody's sick and tired of waiting
Couldn't get any harder to be patient

Isn't techno so shitty? Even disco seems punk
Like the water's so filthy, it's no wonder why we're drunk
Every little kid wants a computer in his pocket
The trophies are on the mantles of the digital prophets
The internet is bigger than Jesus and John Lennon
And nobody wants to know where we're headed

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