

Warped Summer Extravaganza (Turbo Excellent)

The Lawrence Arms

It's burning, it's burning, it's burning
A fire inside that I just don't believe
Well, some call it anger, and some say frustration
But I think I call this big greed
This time the circus has left without us
And we couldn't run away
The fringe is the center, the fringe is the center now
Hey boy, that's great

I woke up in hawthorne, I took ocean down to
The fairground to see everyone
So beautiful, I drowned in the waves
Of the haircuts, the spin kicks and jumps
I got my bottled water and my nachos
It came in at under twenty bucks
I got this bad taste in the back of my mouth
From my time on the back of the bus

This summer vacation, it's cheap and it's true
Its ideals are intact, it's the best we can do
This time you've turned into your own enemy
Not sellouts but dictating economies

These thieves, these thieves in their flip-
flops and bro attitudes
Are the very reason we do what we do
We yell "fuck the man" and that's what we mean
No matter who that man happens to be
No matter who that man happens to be

This Kevin or that one, it all seems the same
Exploit the avenues, fix all the gains
Well maybe they'll buy everything that you sell
But I'm outside these fences
Rolling fast down that hill...

Fuck your warped ideals!
You fucking nut sack!