

Holed up in the underground with nothing but the soundtrack of
our
shouting neighbors tossing favors, screaming in the name of lov
e that's
bleeding, that's gone baaad. Paint is peeling, baby's
squealing, Rover's leaving sweet surprises in the places that w
e never
clean, it's sad. And the phone, it's always ringing, when we're
eating,
when we're sleeping. Oh, but what the hell? The central heating
leaks.
Man the lifeboats, ring the bell. It's spring time time. They c
leared the
shelf. Shit's falling down the chute. We're sitting here, we're
sniping
scavengers that swarm around the loot. The seven forty kamikaze
kitties
swooping past our window. Look at that caveman go go go.(6x)