

Love song

Wingnut Dishwashers Union

This is a love song to the rubble we've been building and to everything broken, or breaking, or falling apart, like we are. And well I don't think that it's ever gonna end, the way things devour each other again and again. But I'm praying for something more, lying down on the kitchen floor, or maybe for the end of the world. I'm not really sure. 'Cause it seems that all that's left, to save people like us. To save people like us. This is a love song to every junkie plottin' revolution and to the mutants who live in the ruins just waiting to strike in the night. And we'll struggle. Can only run on desperation, while our lives are rotting, there's banks to be robbing. It's all just empty talk 'till then but I'm praying for something more, laying down on the kitchen floor, or maybe for the end of the world. Well, I'm not really sure. But it seems that's all that's left, to save people like us. To save people like us. Like us!