

Religion Bad

"Hooray For Me"

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can see my teenage father standing straight on a
desolate corner,
in the shadow of tentacled towers by the red light of
america,
i imagine how his mother felt when she heard that her
husband was dying,
and that underground heroes of the tarmac shooting
smack were blowing up worlds
and damned out loud,
he, can you tell me how does it feel?
yeah, tell me, can you imagine, for a second,
doing anything that you don't have to?
well that's what i'm accustomed to so hooray for me . . .
and fuck you!
when i slept with stony faces on the riverbank,
my angeldevil reveller shook me desperately in dying,
i don't exactly want to apologize for anything, and now
we're all mad and tangled in secret rooms with roman
candles,
on an endless graveyard train
yeah, tell me, can you imagine, for a second, doing
anything just cuz you want to?
well, that's just what i do so hooray for me . . . and fuck
you!
yeah, i was dreaming through the "howzlife", yawning,
car black, when she told me "mad and meaningless as
ever . . .",
and a song came on my radio like a cemetery rhyme,
for a million crying corpses in their tragedy of
respectable existence
oh, yeah, i'm not respectable, and never sensible,
i've been incredible so damned irascible
and i like the things i do so hooray for me . . . and fuck
you

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