

World Inferno Friendship Society

"All Of California And Everyone Who Lives There Sti"

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Good luck, bad luck: It's invisible tides of highways.
Don't you think, Charlie? It's all random shit like waves.
I don't believe in luck, do you? Yeah, fuck you, Charlie!
Across this country filled with islands of
disappointment,
we seek family, we find augeries and they say:

Stop your crying, keep on driving.
Things will be better in California.
You like to play it safe but you want what you paid for.
I can't stand California.
The next day changing tires,
we attract the usual flies and homeless
and it's 'cigarettes and change man?'
Consequences that await you,
bad faith you're pushing West,
you can't outrun or let run over you.
I won't stoop to prayer 'cause the physics were already
there
when Charlie wished us luck saying:

Stop your crying, keep on driving.
Things will be better in California.
I'm sure we had our reasons but I can't recall them.
I can't stand California.

Foundations can never be relain and anyway,
it's too late for weak hearts who won't decide.
So, don't stop when you hit the ocean.
Panicked ants on the coast of slow motion.
I smell a dream dying. Die, dream, die.
The rotted rind of this rotted country rots in the West
and its beyond me
why anyone would look there for anything unless
you don't care what you're finding is blank and
confining.
There are no answers in California.
You're dumb enough to move there, you belong there.
I can't stand California.

Stop your crying, stop your crying, stop looking to

California.

Oh, your reasons are cheap and see-through and I
can't stand California.

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