

Avenue Q

"Spider Army Meets The Coward Snipers"

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We've seen you steaming up our windows and the blur
carried our name,
You, boy, dragged your reckless mouth inside our
camp but tonight our throats
Are already screaming from gliding parachutes
excited about the combat.
We're having the time of our lives with every scar won
on the road.

Raining like dead pigeons on our web
Your words ain't threatening. Thought we'd be so
scared
Of your old ferocious hand grenades with this army?

At the end of each season we've waved at you
But you timidly smiled back at us, still from your
rooftop.
Our boots, stamping the mud,
You'll never forget what you hear tonight.
Our boots, stamping the mud,
We'll never forget why we're here tonight, standing up.

Dirty tongue, reveal your owner.
Dirty tongue, confess.
Your spasmodic bitter reaction to new blood
Tickles our belly and forms foam in our bathtubs.
Your arsenal is the size of your sores.
What are you fighting for?

I know it's trendy
Lighting up all those fuses
And blowing words up
But there's no way you could collapse us.
To me
Your sympathy
Doesn't mean a thing.

And I've only got one question:
"What is it like to wake up with nothing better to make
up?"
Maybe I am right,

Maybe I am wrong,
But be sure I will resist.

Buy a brand new life
Stop your crusade. It's a war in cartoons.

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