

Bomb The Music Industry! **"Pizza Claus Is Comin' To Town"**

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Let the day roll in.
Let the day roll out.
Let the robot transport me from Clayton to my house.

Let the shit roll in.
Let the shit roll out.
Because I'm goddamned bound to stick it out with my
survival pals.

Let the shit crash down.
Let the shit crash down.
Let the servers giggle, holler and ignore the sound.
And at 2 AM I'll be closing up alone.

Today I played my first show in like twenty-seven days
Or got my ass kicked in like twenty-seven ways.
And no matter which way it goes at the end of the day I
gotta change my clothes.
Maybe it's mundane when I explain it to you but I just
need something to do.

Or else I'll just think about the shows I've played
While forgetting all traces of the people, the places,
the music, the faces,
When we could talk in present tense without being
complacent
And when we could be more honest without being
fucking wasted.
Man, shit, I let the shit roll in.
And at 2 AM I'll always be alone inside an empty home.

Do you think I wanna be this way?
Do you think I wanna be this way?
Hey! Don't you know that I've had better days?
But we've all had worse and we've all felt hurt so
Maybe it's mundane when I explain it to you
But I just need something to do to get the past out of
my head.
And stop replaying shit I've said.
Put my head right down, scrub hard and I will get
through this night...

(Leave the pit giving pizza to the homeless,
Show up late at the bar the drunks are talking about
politics
(I'm not really digging the idea of driving 15 hours at 8
am)
Step in the shower, the water cascades down my head
like the dirt
On the hood of a six year old van)

... and go to sleep.

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