

# **Bomb The Music Industry!**

## **"Stand There Until You're Sober"**

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Brown paper bags metal cans.  
Sixty degrees Fahrenheit.  
We can't see the stars tonight  
'Cause apartments generate ambient light  
And I'm sorry that we're not already drunk.

Hours later we're getting there  
Meters away from the shore  
My forty of Corona is just  
Drops away from being kicked  
And I don't know what I'm gonna be tomorrow.

When you stayed overnight making out with a stranger  
In the bottom of a boat that belonged to a stranger  
And you came home at six in the morning  
After being caught ass naked by the dude who threw  
the party  
I thought that we'd never grow up.  
I thought that we'd never grow up.

Now all my friends rise at eight.  
They go to sleep before midnight.  
And I just wanna drink 'til three  
Embarrassing myself publicly.  
And you all used to be just like me  
You fuckers used to be just like me.

So now I sit and stew alone.  
Everyone's already sleeping.  
Everybody's moved away  
And can pay their bills on time.  
No one else is making a hundred and ten bucks for  
twenty hours.  
God I hate this fucking place.  
God I hate what happened to me.  
You promised we'd stay best of friends.  
But we can't 'cause I just can't grow up.

And it kills me. Yeah it kills me  
That I don't know what I can do.  
I can't breathe correctly and  
I can't sleep or anything and

I can't think of anything I can't think of anything.

Now every night is miserable.  
So sad I can't even get drunk.  
So let's go out just one last time.  
Let's finish off a box of wine.  
Do shots of yukon jack and lime.  
Can we drink 'til I fucking die?

I'll make you party at my funeral  
'Cause mourning is for suckers.  
I'll rent a ferris wheel and  
Cotton candy machine and have open bar  
With all the Pabst that you can drink  
The PA blasting my Clash records.  
You'll finally know that life's okay  
Even when bad things happen.

So just one more beer, then grow up.  
So just one more beer, then grow up.  
So just one more beer.  
Go to work.  
Pay your bills.  
Eat a dick.  
One more beer, then grow up.

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