

Bombs Over Providence

"Zombie Cheerleader Slumber Party Massacre"

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We dumb smart kids got guts; we're buying in without
selling out.
And we're great at parties.
Misplaced-aggression chic, or ill-read rebel's grief,
we've got our weapons.
We've made a lifetime of wearing our comfort on
tattered sleeve.
I'll buy you everything baby, that's the way I show you
my dissent.
I spent all my cash on you, got nothing left.
We mock the tags we were at our subculture fairs; and
we fight from checkout tills.
Hot, well dressed and dumb disposable income with a
knack for abstraction.
We've made a lifetime of wearing our comfort on
tattered sleeve.
I'll buy you everything babe, that's the way I'll show you
my dissent.
I spent all my time with you, and we're singing...
I don't care about the state of the world today.
We'll drown, but damn won't we look good.
I don't care about the fate of youth anyway.
It's for the buying, looks as good as trying.
I don't care about the state of the world today.
I don't care.
'Cause we don't know better.
We live with blinders on.
Our memory nearly gone.
We get new fall-line chills.
Dissent and dollar bills!
What do we see, what do we do?
We've made a lifetime wearing our comfort on tattered
sleeve.
I'll buy you everything baby, that's the way I show you
my dissent.
I spent my cash on you, got nothing left.

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