

Bikini Kill

"Rip (Rest In Pissed-Ed Ness)"

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I can't say everything about it
In just one single song
I can't put how I feel in a package
And sell it back to everyone

But wait
There's another boy genius who's fucking gone

I hope the food tastes better in heaven
I know there's lots of rad queer boys up there
I hope that every time they talk to you
They know that they're lucky to be your friend

'Cause look
There's another boy genius who's fucking gone
And I wouldn't be so fucking mad, so fucking pissed
off
If it wasn't so fucking wrong
It's all fucking wrong
It's not fair, not fair, not fair, not fair, not fair

No one said life was easy
Yeah, but no one said
No one said that nothing's supposed to happen, right?
No, no one told me anything
To prepare me for fucking this

There's another boy genius who's fucking gone
Don't tell me it don't matter
Don't tell me it don't matter
Don't tell me I've had three days to get over it
It won't go away
It just won't go away

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