

## **Kind Of Like Spitting "We Got As Far As Minnesota"**

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In the desert we get sunburned. Tally up our losses by a broken down car. We're surprised we got this far. What will your parents think? You gave up everything for teenage love, and you're 23. Gave up everything for heartbreak and sweet cake for second looks and make out sessions under the stars. And when they look at our dirty hands we get followed in supermarkets. You especially with your backpack with patches, you're not even that punk anymore, they don't know the difference like I do. You gave up everything for a 1983 ideology, romantic novels in your back pocket. I'm sitting on my ass at the gas station smoking cigarettes, my feet are drenched with rain, I'm throwing in the towel.

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