

Los Calzones

"The International Tweexcore Under"

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I bet you twenty pounds if you knew ten years ago how
pretty you'd turn out then you'd never have gotten your
ears pierced, but I never got my ears pierced and look
how I turned out,
and the last time that you tried listening to music, and
reading fiction at the same time, you never finished
the chapter, but you finished the song with your chin on
your knees like you belong

and i never cared about Henry Rollins
Amelia Fletcher never meant anything to me
but the International Tweexcore Underground, will save
us all

Getting the laptop fixed by a professional doesn't
make me a pawn and
stamping harder on your FX pedal, won't make you feel
any better any more
oh you said "we've gotta bight the hand that feeds" but
i was sucking seductively on the fingertips of a civil
servant,
said "how you gonna bring the state down when you're
propping it up,
with daytime radio
and skimmed milk and sippy bows
just 'cause you're scared to be alone"

and i never cared about Ian MacKaye
Calvin Johnson never meant anything to me
but the International Tweexcore Underground, will save
us all

Ooh, this city is run by fucking pigs, and though you
say you're my friend, you're not, you're one of them.

and i never cared about...whatever
Sarah Records never meant anything to me
but the International Tweexcore Underground, will save
us all

