

## **Lowest Of The Low "Beer Graffiti Walls"**

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I'm filling the synaptic gaps inside my brain  
One more shot and my liver starts calling me Shane

Vomit pigs and urine stalls  
Broken knuckles and beer, graffiti walls...

If I trashed all my beliefs and plans  
You could be my woman and I could be your man

Combat boots and overalls  
Anarchy love and beer, graffiti walls...

Pens and walls and bathroom stalls... a potent  
combination  
The beer is cheap, the talk is too... a dead-end situation

I'm hanging out talking Tom Stoppard and Travesties  
Lenin, James Joyce, Tristan Tzara and me

We're smudging the line between the workers' calls  
And the petty bourgeois with beer, graffiti walls...

If art is life, and life is work, then where's the workers'  
art?  
A cult of the individual has left us in the dark

I'm so full of shit it makes me drool  
'Cause I learned all my Marxism in school

I've got all day to write battle calls and manifestos on  
beer, graffiti walls...

And freeing the masses shouldn't be so hard  
I'll put the whole thing on my dad's credit card

I'm starting to think that life is like a shit sandwich  
Because it seems to me the more bread you've got, the  
less shit you have to eat  
And why can't people commit random acts of kindness,  
and senseless acts of beauty?  
You know, like Ramone and Louise, 100% true love  
forever

Yeah, we're going up, yeah, we're going up, yeah,  
we're going up  
But then we're coming down, coming down, coming  
way, way, way down  
Too cool for school and too dumb for the real world  
Johnny started a band  
And started picking up pointers from beer, graffiti  
walls  
But if he tells me, "Die for race and nation!"  
I'll say, "Die, nazi motherfucker!!!!"  
And, "Militant dykes kick ass!!!"

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