

# Against Me!

## "Turn Those Clapping Hands Into Angry Balled Fists"

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Sleep on pillows made in Singapore  
Wrapped in comforters  
Sweatin' through sheets  
Drinkin' coffee in the morning  
Flown in on aeroplanes across the vast seas

And your house is made of wood  
Central air, central heat  
You've got your furniture of particle board  
Your doors are locked for, for safety

And you walk in leather shoes  
Pants of denim, a black cotton sweatshirt  
And you do what you do  
'cause doing, you start to form a habit

And you drink all night long  
And you sleep through the morning  
And if something doesn't break  
I'm just gonna go, go fucking insane

Away

And you sweep up the floor when it's dirty  
You do the dishes, when the sink's full  
And when the refridgerator's empty  
Well it's time, it's time, it's time, it's time, to go the  
store

You put your books on a shelf  
Clothes arranged in the closet  
You hang the things on the wall that you don't wanna  
be so easily forgotten

I hate these songs  
I hate the words  
That the singer is singin' to me  
I hate this melody  
I hate this stupid fucking drum beat

But I'm not gonna tell anyone

What I'm really thinking about  
Keep the conversations on the surface  
Just keep on smiling  
Just keep on saying  
Everything's gonna be alright  
It's gonna be alright [x2]  
Alright [x11]

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