

The Lawrence Arms "Traditional"

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Take me out to the ballgame. Throw me down on the ground.

Buy me some panties and camouflage.

Run me down with a rusty old dodge

And let's root for good old America.

If they don't win, there's no game,

And scream Kill! Kill! Kill or be killed.

Someone get my prescription filled.

I've done nothing, and I'm all out of ideas.

I'm bored of this dumb boring person I is.

Oh, shit up a rope go buttfuck the pope

With American Idol and Original Coke.

I cram and cram until it all fits.

I'm over excited, I'm painting with shit.

Believe what you see

When they say that you won't believe your eyes.

A second chance to live, an early turn to die.

Say 'hi'. Look your best.

Say 'thank you', 'pardon me'.

Bend down, grit your teeth.

Steady, hands on knees.

Feel it? Do you feel it?

That's the way it always feels.

Stand up and die trying, fainting, digging in dead heels.

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