

## Vroom

# "Bored With Overindulgence, Poverty Became..."

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A figure like yours can get away with that  
This time of year white's so appropriate  
You've got the right walk and the attitude  
Everyone here wants to get next to you

And I thought I was overdressed in my t-shirt and jeans  
Who's got it right?  
I don't, I don't  
Love me tonight  
You won't, you won't

Oh this old thing?  
It's just been hanging up in a closet somewhere  
Forgot that I owned it  
Gathering dust  
And now you've gained their trust  
It's just a dress  
But we're all so impressed

And all the while my stomach turned  
I will never learn  
But the knock on the door  
Fashion can't be ignored  
So I'll sing of my pain  
Like a gospel refrain

I don't believe that you've got nothing to wear

Sold all I had  
Became an anarchist  
Shaved my head  
Got tattooed to the wrist  
Founded a cult  
Then got political  
Started a trend  
And made important friends  
Millionaires wore linen shirts  
Clawing in the tide  
Oh the knock on the door says it won't be ignored  
So I'll sing of my pain 'cause I don't want to stay here  
with you

I don't believe that you've got nothing to wear  
I've seen your closet, decadence resides there

The voice of reason  
We showed you photographs

I think you're angry  
Because I had the last laugh

I'll see you tomorrow  
Your looks could kill me then  
You know I'll break down  
The circus will not end

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