

Atlantic Aftermath

"Expand Your Brocabulary"

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Read back old love letters

I'm a heart attack, I'm a taste of bad weather

I sleep through the day with the best of intentions

I cancel my plans and she thinks that I meant it

I walk through the chasm in the valley of death

Reading notes to the nothings what a beautiful mess

And I don't know where they will find home

All of my friends write these songs about girls

I had dropped that shit six months ago when she
brightened up my world

I have not the time for she loves me not bullshit

I'm sure she was really great man, but you'll get over it
(Get over it!)

Sandlot friendly banter

It's spring again shit starts to matter

You lit a spark and burnt your mattress

You spilled your guts God knows that you meant it

I walk through the chasm in the valley of death

Reading notes to the nothings what a beautiful mess

And I don't know where they will find home

All of my friends write these songs about girls

I had dropped that shit six months ago when she
brightened up my world

I have not the time for she loves me not bullshit

I'm sure she was really great man, but you'll get over it
(Get over it!)

SB 1070 has ruined my life

Cuz the bands just stopped playing displaying human
rights

And I don't have a voice in the business of fools

So just come back and play shows and save us from
school

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