

Brasstronaut

"Requiem For A Scene"

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Requiem For A Scene

Sunlight won't lie to your pale face in spring when it
Comes

Warm winds will dullen the edge of our razor blade
Tongues

Make me a child put me back on the sand of that beach
Sailboats and seaweed we'll sunburn our skin in the
sea

But you spend all your time acting cool for the kids in
The scene

And you spend all your money looking cool for the kids
In the scene

Cuz these days

It's nothing but Vice magazines

And cocaine

And tapered jeans...

Escape from the clubs and the Montreal magazine
trends

Sharpen your Pitchforks and burn down the internet
Biol all your cellphones in cauldrons of hang-over

Sweat

Stick up the dj outside of his Virgin store set

Cuz these days

It's nothing but Vice magazines

And cocaine

And dj's

And tapered jeans...

Make me a child put me back on the sand of that beach
Sailboats and seaweed we'll sunburn our skin in the
sea

But you spend all your time acting cool for the kids in
The scene

And you spend all your money looking cool for the kids
In the scene

Cuz these days
It's nothing but Vice magazines
And cocaine
And dj's
And polka dots
And tapered jeaaaanssss!

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