

Airborne Toxic Event, The "It Doesn't Mean A Thing"

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Well I never knew my mother
but I cant say that that's so bad.
she was still a girl of seventeen
the night she met my dad.
he was just six months out of chino
trying his hardest to stay clean.
when they'd sing, and they'd sing, and they'd sing
"It didn't mean a thing"

It was a shotgun hippy wedding
they forgot to bring the guns.
They were too busy counting promises
to children not yet born.
No one could afford the ride
they just hitched up the 101
and they'd sing, and they'd sing, and they'd sing
"I should have been sleeping in the sun"

And there was a loneliness, they would confess
like the world had just gone bad I guess.
And they'd hold hands looking into the eyes of god.
And they'd say tell me why you hid from us
why you filled us with such wickedness
why you spared us from your grace
but not the rod.

Now my dad said fuck the details
you just keep your head down, hide
you gotta find yourself alone before your final ties are
gone
you may be broken scared and battered, dear
I confess to your my hearts dreams
you were born to be a peasant not a king
so just stop acting like you were running from
something
and they'd just sing, and they'd sing, and they'd sing
"It doesn't mean a thing"

