

## **Eat Sugar**

### **"Clap Your Hands"**

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You put the sick in sycophant  
You let the crowd decide your stance  
You put the sick in sycophant

You wouldn't clap your hands  
For fear of reprimand

Collected in a pool of fragments  
You're part of a scene  
A scene that's stagnant  
Rejected from the other fragments  
Your little scene is stagnant

You wouldn't clap your hands  
For fear of reprimand  
You wouldn't learn that brand-new dance  
You wouldn't take a chance

They're forming a line  
They're just wasting time  
And if you're selling  
Then I'm buying  
If you're selling

You're digging a hole  
And the marker reads "Rock n' Roll"  
Watch it rot

Would-be damaged reprobates  
Ad hoc rumpled fashion plates  
Just let the 'net decide your fate  
Becoming what you hate

You wouldn't clap your hands  
For fear of reprimand

The gig of the week  
It never fails  
They follow like sheep  
You play the blues  
I got the blues

You're digging a hole  
And the grave reads "Rock n' Roll"  
Ashes to ashes

You don't know what to do at the end  
Just do what you feel

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