

Screeching Weasel "You're the Enemy"

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i stand here bored and look at you. clapping like
monkeys in the zoo. a horde of maladjusted
miscreants all pumped and primed. just what could
possibly be limping through your one-track minds? i
can't believe you wonder why i think that you're the
enemy. you don't have anything to say: dictate the
speed at which we play. we are your tv for the night so
just shut up and dance. waste some time trying to get
inside each other's pants. then thank us nicely for the
background music- you're the enemy.

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