

An Albatross

"Get Faster, Cry For Happy"

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Getting faster-er.

It's a fuckin' crime,

(It's trite and nice, motherfuckers)

Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, I got nothin' to say!

But I'll scream bloody murder,

Just like I were five

Present it so safely,

And pray it survives.

Promote it and sell it

With a whole lotta sass,

Hooray, Hooray!

For the upper-middle class.

(Repeat first verse)

Yawn, it's the old One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six,
Seven, Eight...

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