

## **Hives, The**

### **"You Dress Up For Armageddon"**

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Hey, believe me,  
I have seen your sort before  
You're all over history  
Like dust on the kitchen floor  
Tell me more

Your lips are moving,  
You go on and on and on  
You swing your rod, rod baby rod, rod  
But don't swing it at me  
Cuz it's not for me, no I disagree

Cuz I heard you before when you said  
There is a hole in your heart and it's bleeding  
You dress up for Armageddon  
I dress up for summer  
Yeah!

Hey and now you got their attention  
You know, you gotta keep 'em believing  
But as a matter of fact, what they believe you're not  
Believing no more  
Tell tell tell tell tell tell more

I hear you're one in a million  
Tell me more  
But there's a million of you  
Tell, tell me more  
You swing your rod, rod baby rod, rod  
But don't swing it at me  
It's not for me, no I disagree

Cuz I heard you before when you said  
There is a hole in your heart and it's bleeding  
You dress up for Armageddon  
I dress up for summer

Who is that man with the microphone?  
Today he is here but tomorrow he is gone  
But I disagree

Cuz I heard you before when you said  
There is a hole in your heart and it's bleeding  
You dress up for Armageddon  
I dress up for summer

You feel tortured and filled with regret  
You say life is void of meaning  
Are they not sick of you yet?  
Man that's such a, man that's such a bummer

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