

The Faint

"Little Triggers"

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Ain't nothing worth watching on the TV today,
And I can't stand working, and there ain't no shade.
Prayer is for weaklings. I'm banking n luck,
This city, my looks, and not giving a fuck.

It seems like these days we're all sinking fast.
These days turned to weeks, now we're too weak to
last.

Little Triggers, how to you do?
I've been waiting, waiting for you.

You look around, the sky is dead brown.
The remnants of the work week are scattered around.
I hear it's raining on the outside.
Well these veins are burning this gasoline tonight.

Remember the hippies? Well that's us these days.
Hang another flag on this watery grave.
It all went down and it's still going down.
Yeah, it's all going down...oh.

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