

## The Faint

### "Look Ma! No Fans! -or- Do You Want Fries With These Songs?"

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It's the comedy of tragedy that keeps me hanging on  
Did you think i didn't see you roll your eyes at that last  
song?

We've all got better things to do  
I'm just a target for you 'boos'  
The booze and pills just kill the shakes and softens up  
the news.

When i die i'm not gonna regret this  
See, i'd do it, girl, i'd do it all the same  
Getting old on these roads, so far away from home  
Sweating out my drunk so you can call me names.

When it ends we'll just head down to our barstools  
And drink away these rotten memories  
We were so fat, dumb, and grumpy, so tired, broke,  
and sick  
But looking back it still seems great to me.

So drink that 40oz in the back room of this legion hall  
Or smoke that joint out back in the parking lot  
While my Taco Bell is shooting right on through me  
And my head and neck are filling up with snot.

'cause when i die i'm not gonna regret this  
See, i'd do it, girl, i'd do it all the same  
Getting old on these roads, so far away from home  
Sweating out my drunk so you can call me lame.

Hey kids, we'll be back in a month  
See all of you back here once again  
Because this is the life we've chosen for ourselves  
Here's to the apathetics, punishers and friends.

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