

Help She Can't Swim

"The Dance Party Turned Into A Wake"

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there's a punch up outside of yates'
and there are so many beautiful faces
you and me are the troubled teens
will go hang out by the pinball machines

i hope yr hotspots all burn down
and we dont look back when we're leaving town
we just throw the salt over the shoulder
don't be sad the acquaintance is over

i thought i'd like it but i didnt like it
you bet on lame horses you get disappointed

lets cut our loses, cut our throats
divide up the bill and get our coats

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