

Lawrence Arms, The "Warped Summer Extravaganza"

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It's burning, it's burning, it's burning,
A fire inside that I just don't believe
Some call it anger, yeah, some say frustration
But I think I call this big greed
This time the circus has left without us
And we could run away
The fringe is the center now,
Hey boys that's great

When I woke up in Hawthorne,
I took ocean down to the fairground to see everyone
So beautiful that I drown in the waves of the haircuts
Spin kicks and jumps
Well I got my bottled water and my nachos,
It came in under twenty bucks
I got this bad taste in the back of my mouth
From my time on the back of a bus

This summer vacation, it's cheap and it's true
It's ideals are intact, it's the best we can do
This time you turn into your own enemy
Not sell outs but dictated economies

(Whoo!)

These thieves, these thieves in their flip-flops and bro
attitudes
Are the very reason we do what we do
When I say fuck the man, it's what I believe
No matter who that man happens to be
No matter who that man happens to be

This Kevin or that one, it all seems the same
Exploit the avenues, fix all the gains
Maybe they'll buy everything that you sell
But I'm outside these fences
Rolling fast down that hill

For your empty tale
Mother fucker

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