

Unlimited Breadsticks, Soup And Salad Days

Bomb the Music Industry!

I bought a couch and a grill and a table with chairs,
Paid for gas, like, the whole way down here,
Electric n' cable, a shelf n' end table,
Almost a hundred bucks worth of veggie burgers and buns.
I bought a case of beer and the charcoal to light
And said "we should do this every single night,
Don't worry about the cash because I've got the scratch
And I can't save my money because that's impolite."

I don't know why I always complain about something
When what I got to complain about's nothing.
No goddamn kid's had a luckier year
And I'm bitching about internet and beer.

And just like that I'm broke, not a buck to my name
And nothing to do with the rest of the day.
No parties last all night, just tv and websites
And reproduction Peanuts strips I've read a million times.
Can we please ride bikes and not just sit inside
All day letting fresh Georgia air go to waste?
It's really not funny how bad I am with money
So let's pedal as far as it takes to think about something else
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I don't know why I always complain about something
When what I got to complain about's nothing.
No goddamn kid's had a luckier year,
Somebody break out the no more tears.

As we sit around being broke, I'm losing my penchant for jokes;

It's just wry half-truths from a privileged youth
With a constant nostalgia for bad times when they're through.

I don't know why I always complain about something
When what I got to complain about's nothing.
No goddamn kid's had a luckier year,
And no one wants to be around me now,
Not then, not ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever again.