Went to where the people were on a Saturday night Seems like it always seems Where I go I want to leave I thought we were doing fine with our lives There are people who will tell you There is always something better

If you don't know or care you'll be alright I heard it's modern to be stupid You don't need to talk to look good

I surprised myself as my mouth started speaking There is nothing left of my nerves As I lean over to ask her

Pardon the intrusion

Could we leave before it gets bad?

I might smash up all these windows

And set fire to the curtains

Until it goes on and eats it with its blue and red orange

Until the fire burns and eats it with its blue and red orange

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