

## Anti-anti

Snowden

I huff gasoline from your shirt  
And blur the questions that no one could ever answer  
I empty my head of all that I know  
Seems like the best view is the one from below

We are anti-movements, we are anti-anti  
One time we believed but now we don't even try  
And I can't cut a rug, without my fashion drugs  
Inebriation leads revelation

Gettin down in the town that makes no sound  
You say there's nothing wrong but I don't hear it

I will burn your love letters in a parking deck  
Where I have harbored great things that I will never confess  
We keep fresh paint on the countenance  
Now we keep it simple but make it more complex

We are anti-movements, we are anti-anti  
One time we believed but now it's passñ and clichñ  
And she'll say anything to make you move again  
But is it the truth? I don't care if it is