

The Cools

Crush Luther

When I was 16 I started this band
I played fast guitar, I'd tap with both my hands
We called ourselves the 'The Cools'
It wasn't a good name but neither was our band
And I wrote songs for Jen
Jen was my girlfriend
She said my songs were fun
I asked her a question: 'will you come to our first show?, The
Cools go on at 10, right after Grand:PM'
She said that she would
She would if not for one, one thing she'd never done
She'd never seen her favorite band
By chance they were in town the same night as The Cools
I said "Don't you like us Jen?"
She said "Yes but I love them''
So I cut class that day and I did something low
I took Jen's locker key up to the second floor
I tore her tickets up and lied
And I hugged her when she cried
And she came to our show

We were the greatest band that had ever lived
We made a sacred fan out of every kid
We had this flag above our drum kit and it read: 'THE COOLS'
Oh no oh no
This can't be so
We're in The Cools

Friday at the show Mugshot played "The Brews"
Grand:PM was good but their singer didn't move
And then this lady said into the microphone "Please welcome The
Cools!"
I said "Jen what did you think?"
She said that it was good except one thing I hadn't done
I didn't dedicate her song
Well I said "Come on Jen! It was the best show in the world"
She said "3 out of 10"
And she went home with Grand:PM

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