

## Holy Shit!

### Against Me!

I am oh so fascinated,  
I am oh so entertained,  
Standing here like a comedian,  
I repeat what I say, again and again and again  
until the meaning has become an imitation of itself,  
An impression of an original defeats the fucking purpose.  
I don't know where this is going,  
but it's looking more and more like the same place that we started.

Oh good God, holy shit, the joke's on us, not on them.  
Kids pretending to be astronauts, police officers, and firemen.

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And everybody's watching the lead singer in the band.  
The guitars exploding to a drumbeat that's driving.  
It's pretty fucking boring, oh don't you think?  
And of all the things we'd ask,  
of all the ways we'd like for it to be,  
they're just drunken conversations,  
song lyrics sung at the top of our lungs so desperately.  
Like I believe in a power that is of and by the people?  
I believe in an art that cannot be compromised.  
I believe all will endure, and all will overcome.  
And I will sing it until I no longer remember the reason.  
What was the reason?

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