

# Turn Those Clapping Hands Into Angry Balled Fists

Against Me!

Sleep on pillows made in Singapore  
Wrapped in comforters  
Sweating through sheets  
Drinking coffee in the morning  
Floating on Airplanes across the vast seas

And your house is made of wood  
Central air, central heat  
You got your furniture of particle board  
Your doors are locked for, for safety

And you walk in leather shoes  
Pants of denim, a black cotton sweatshirt  
And you do what you do  
because doing can start to form a habit

And you drink all night long  
And you sleep through the morning  
And if something doesn't break  
I'm just gonna go, go fucking insane

And you sweep up the floor when it's dirty  
You do the dishes, when the sink's full  
And when the refrigerator's empty  
well it's time, it's time, it's time, it's time to go the store

You put your books on a shelf  
Clothes arranged in the closet  
You hang the things on the wall that you don't wanna be so easily forgotten

I hate these songs  
I hate the words  
That the singer is singing to me  
I hate this melody  
I hate this stupid fucking drum beat

But I'm not gonna tell anyone  
What I'm really thinking about  
Keep them conversations on the surface  
Just keep on smiling  
Just keep on saying  
Everything's gonna be alright  
It's gonna be alright (2x)  
Alright [x11]