

I Love John She Loves Paul

Beulah

Hardcore and feeling retro
It feels so faux, it feels so hollow
Not better than the first time
But better than the last
We're feeling sentimental
Hey, oh, lets go

Mainstream strikes a pose and
Infects the scene
It seems so unclean
Viva mexi-Japa...
To get right back to your ha ha

Words last
Like these songs
Lodged in our heads
So long, so long, yeah
So long, so long, so long

Blast off corner new worlds
And say hands off
This is our band
Overdrive is slippin'
And so is our grip
We're feeling sentimental
Hey, oh, lets go

Save us
We'll come and go like reunion tours stuck in ruins
Islands in the desert we'll sink
But all we have to do is sit and wait
And words last
Like these songs
They're lodged in our heads
So long, so long, yeah
So long, so long, so long