

Frrrrreeeeee Biiiiiirrrrd! Frrrrreeeeee Biiiiiird!!!!

Bomb the Music Industry!

Don't you say
Don't you ever ever say that it was worth it for the profit.
Another day
When I wait there shit-faced
Then I smile when I'm on and sing the songs that I did not write.

And they'll dance to it.
And I'll smile and I'll get paid.
Baggy pants are stupid.
Alt-rock, Skynyrd, play another song I hate.

I'll just stay on the state streets
Complaining that it's all the same
But too lazy to change anything.
And I can't spend another day thinkin'
These places on street signs are
The only places that I've ever been.

Drink a free beer,
Maybe smoke with the waiter.
(It's) the illusion that they all give a shit.
And some drunk guys yelling
"Free Bird!" and "Show us your boobs!"
And I'll smile and I'll key their truck.

And it sucks so bad
But I made one Benjamin.
How can I be mad?
I paid one seventh of my rent
And maybe I'll buy a plate of eggs.

I'm not feelin' Minnesota.
I sit next to an ATM and people check their balance during my set.
And play cover songs from the 90's
By one-hit-wonders, Chumbawumba, Tubthumper
And a jersey-wearing motherfucker withdraws his twenty bucks.