

No Rest For The Whiny

Bomb the Music Industry!

We got knocked off the horse and we can't get back up.
We can try to change but we've still got our bills that we gott
a pay.

And the payments stay the same no matter where you move and no
matter how cheap the rent.

Stop screaming for a change.
Start screaming for a wage.

And the irony of plastic is when it starts replacing cash,
Soon enough you have no cash and it gets replaced with debt
And all you're left with is past mistakes and the envelopes cha
nge color:

All dimly lit pastels, they go white, then yellow then pink.
It's like a fucking party to celebrate that you're fucked.

Electric flow and dirty clothes and students loans, oh god, ya
gotta pay 'em.

Electric flow and student loans and dirty clothes, oh god, ya g
otta clean 'em.

While you can't get a decent wage, I still can't find a job.

Yeah, my life just repeats the 2005 series of rejected applicat
ions

And me botching interviews and waiting for phone calls from a t
emp agency

That never calls at all. It's never easy it's always electric f
low...

The attack, I'm feeling the attack, I'm feeling the attack

Of basic social skills I know I know I know I know I lack

I'm hyper-cognizant of facts

I'm well aware that we are barely scraping by

My good intentions aren't enough to salvage that

Gimme 1 gimme 2 gimme 3 4 5

Gimme more per hour so I can afford to pay for food and gas

And bags to throw away the trash

Ya gotta throw away the trash.

It's hard to pay the bills when you can't work a forty hour wee
k.

It's hard to interview when I am too depressed to even speak.

It's hard to have a blast when we spend all our spare time feel
ing weak

Because we're thinking about that electric flow etc.