

## Syke! Life Is Awesome!

### Bomb the Music Industry!

I sat along the rocks and watch the cold Maine water rush away.  
The sun and my guitar and I knew what you were doing yesterday.  
You broke those promises but I'll get over it.

'Cause as long as I'm breathing fresh air I really don't give a  
shit

So I'll get mad for the next ten years, but realize that sometimes things are great.

I didn't have directions and I hadn't eaten anything all day.  
We sucked a fat one and wasted a hundred dollars just to play.  
I ate a bag of peanuts before the windy road.  
And I couldn't drink a thing all night because of the vomit in my throat.

Then you gave me your sweatshirt and your number, sometimes things are great.

You don't own me! You don't own me!

I worked my ass off my entire life to accomplish one dream.  
It started happening and everything got bastardized by greed.  
I said "pull this shit over and let me out  
I swear to fucking God I'm fucking giving up right now".  
And now I've got a brand new start, I remember that something is great.

Scream it in apartment halls -  
Scream it loud in shopping malls -  
Take a ball point pen and paint the inside's of your eyelids with the constant reminder:  
You don't own me. You don't own me.

Then I was underground without food or sunlight or encouragement.

Depression set in, I was a product of my environment.

And then the other day, you said "Jeff get in your car

Yeah, pick Glenn Tillbrook up at the hotel, and take him to the bar."

He wore a t-shirt just like me and wasn't on his phone.

For fifteen fucking minutes I had a conversation with my hero.

I'll be mad for the next ten years...

After that I'll go drink beers until the bar runs out of beers.

So prepare for the next twenty-three years.

'Cause if I wasn't a fat kid in high school, I would have never listened to punk rock.

And if I knew how to throw a football, I would have never played any music.

And if never got my heart broken, I would sing "blah blah fucki

ng nothing."

And if you didn't fuck my ex-

girlfriend, I would still owe you three-thousand dollars.

And if I never lived in that van I wouldn't have met Chris or Steve or Alex or James or Middagh.

And if I never worked in a basement I would have never quit my job.

And if I had a big emo band or dropped out of college, I would have never met you, man.