

## Unlimited Breadsticks, Soup And Salad Days

**Bomb the Music Industry!**

I bought a couch and a grill and a table with chairs,  
Paid for gas, like, the whole way down here,  
Electric n' cable, a shelf n' end table,  
Almost a hundred bucks worth of veggie burgers and buns.  
I bought a case of beer and the charcoal to light  
And said "we should do this every single night,  
Don't worry about the cash because I've got the scratch  
And I can't save my money because that's impolite."

I don't know why I always complain about something  
When what I got to complain about's nothing.  
No goddamn kid's had a luckier year  
And I'm bitching about internet and beer.

And just like that I'm broke, not a buck to my name  
And nothing to do with the rest of the day.  
No parties last all night, just tv and websites  
And reproduction Peanuts strips I've read a million times.  
Can we please ride bikes and not just sit inside  
All day letting fresh Georgia air go to waste?  
It's really not funny how bad I am with money  
So let's pedal as far as it takes to think about something else  
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I don't know why I always complain about something  
When what I got to complain about's nothing.  
No goddamn kid's had a luckier year,  
Somebody break out the no more tears.

As we sit around being broke, I'm losing my penchant for jokes;

It's just wry half-truths from a privileged youth  
With a constant nostalgia for bad times when they're through.

I don't know why I always complain about something  
When what I got to complain about's nothing.  
No goddamn kid's had a luckier year,  
And no one wants to be around me now,  
Not then, not ever ever ever ever ever ever ever again.