

Our Science Is Tight

Dillinger Four

Now it's time
It's time to wreck this place
It's time to laugh
Fuck saving face
The only thing we wanna save is the image on your face
When I show up at your prom with the ghost of Lester Bangs
They yell for "Rock!"
And it's a funny thing
So did your Dad
Does that tell you anything
As we huddle 'round our relics
Hoping for new ways to sell it
Once it helps you to get laid
Do you have to, have to kill it?

Who the fuck are you?
Where did you come from?
Is this the way things should be
Or just a feast of crumbs?

So color us the assholes
As you gripe about this scene
Celebrating archaic hassles
Calling it validity
Hold old photos to a lighter
Make the colors stand out brighter
As you think of times you didn't wonder why
And it seemed to make a difference

Every move we make is like a contribution
A new perspective to be heard
And when one runs out of things to say
Maybe they should stop