

## 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