

The Great American T-shirt Racket

Envy on the Coast

Oh
I'll be catchin' stones
It's nothing biblical
'Cause I'd never tell you I'm a man of God and leave you with
An out of focus poem
But all the kids know
'Cause they've been coddled in the cradle of a barely broken home.

Are you happy now?
You draw a big crowd
Car wreck without a sound.
And Arms like attic doors.
Open up, yeah I'd like to join you.
You can talk to God and I'll just watch.
Oh, and I'll just watch...

And he said, "My scars...
Now I have a T-Shirt to go with my...
My scars... yeah now I have a T-Shirt
To go with my..."
So...

When you cash a cheque, do you let it bleed?
Let it breathe, brand it like cattle wearing your marquee.
Everyone can see
You made an emblem
Out of "the broken" "the kind of broken" the "I wish I was broken."
'Other day, found a boy with a long face,
'Said "Sir, I swear, I swear I'm okay..."
Don't need to wish upon the stars...
Now I have a t-shirt, to go with my...
Scars.

Oh, my scars...
Now I have a t-shirt, to go with my...
My scars, yeah... Now I have a t-shirt, to go with my scars...

Are you happy now?
Are you happy now?
Are you happy now?
Oh, You draw a big crowd!

You count your money in the dead of the night
Oh, oh
You've got your very own heaven sent Jesus Christ.
Christ, what's the hell that make me?
Parasite, parasite.
Write it anywhere that you'd like.