

Does it make you indie?  
Does it make you proud?  
To talk the world into a paper bag  
Spotty stain of "I'm ok, you're not ok"  
Yes, men too could be on the rag

I'm over my head I need a pick-me-up  
Its easy to get high when you're standing on our backs, man  
Will anything ever be good enough for you?  
Stand on your own, hold your water if you can

The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?  
The ride's over, fairing well?!  
The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?  
The ride's over, fairing well?!  
Not on my time

It isn't fair to mention, but it awes the crowd  
Your fictional, plastic alibi  
So take another hit, steal another line  
Did you ever meet a leech who was good at goodbyes?

When you were down i always picked you up  
Why didn't I recognize that everything was never fine?  
I'm kicking myself that i shared spit with you  
So fuck yourself  
And fuck this bleeding heart of mine

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The ride's over