

# Loose Lips

Kimya Dawson

Loose lips might sink ships  
But loose geese take trips  
To San Francisco, double dutch disco  
Tech TV hottie, do it for Scotty

Do it for the living and do it for the dead  
Do it for the monsters under your bed  
Do it for the teenagers and do it for your mom  
Broken hearts hurt but they make us strong, and

We won't stop until somebody calls the cops  
And even then we'll start again and just pretend  
That nothing ever happened

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We're just dancing, we're just hugging  
Singing, screaming, kissing, tugging  
On the sleeve of how it used to be  
How's it gonna be?

I'll drop kick Russell Stover  
Move into the starting over house  
And know Matt Rouse and Chester  
Watching me achieve my dreams

And we'll pray all damn day, every day  
That all this shit our President has got us in will go away  
While we strive to figure out a way we can survive  
These trying times without losing our minds

So if you wanna burn yourself  
Remember that I love you  
And if you wanna cut yourself  
Remember that I love you

And if you wanna kill yourself  
Remember that I love you  
Call me up before you're dead  
We can make some plans instead  
Send me an IM, I'll be your friend

Shysters live from scheme to scheme  
But my fourth quarter pipe dreams  
Are seeming more and more worth fighting for

So I'll curate some situations  
Make my job a big vacation  
And I'll say, fuck Bush and fuck this war

My war paint is sharpie ink  
And I'll show you how much my shit stinks  
And ask you what you think  
Because your thoughts and words are powerful

They think we're disposable  
Well, both my thumbs are posable  
Spelled out on a double word  
And triple letter score, and

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