

# The Sound of Ataris

Kimya Dawson

The sound of ataris kills working class men  
Who know that they'll never drive fast cars again  
Heroes are broken the cello is burnt  
Pictures of babies are covered with dirt  
Elbows are bleeding the sneakers have holes  
Decaying rooftops have decaying goals  
Throw it away set yourself free  
Run to the ocean don't worry 'bout me

I have lots of friends and the road has no end  
And your time is your money and i've got to spend  
Time on the outside of being removed  
From forgotten theories i never proved

I have lots of friends and my life is pretend  
And i'll run and i'll run and i won't understand  
How my feet stick out the cold desert breeze  
And people drink coffee inside redwood trees  
Renaissance uncles and surgical aunts  
Have polar fleece cousins in old navy pants  
With heroes all published and pianos upgraded  
And laptops for hearts that are sharp and serrated  
Carve me a pawn, carve me a rook  
Make me the queen of my own storybook  
Gather some branches and make me a cane  
For when it gets hard to support my own weight

I have lots of friends and what's blended will mend  
I'm bo peep and my sheep are the dreams i attend  
Small and unruly and wearing your shirt  
Pictures of babies are covered with dirt

I have lots of friends and the road is my friend  
And my thoughts are all stupider when they don't bend  
Over and wrap underneath and around  
Pictures of babies are all underground  
Dead and they're buried down in the ground

I have lots of friends  
I have lots of friends  
I have lots of friends  
I have lots of friends

The sound of ataris kills me and my friends  
'cause we know that we'll never go back there again  
Sometimes we play playstation  
But it's not the same