

# Emo Party

MC Chris

Emo party

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I'm gonna have myself an emo party  
I will invite all of my emo friends  
We will put all our records on  
And dance and dance and dance  
Until we don't feel sad

Shake that booty wipe them tears  
Work that body fight them fears  
Speak your mind and let them hear  
Defend yourself, cause you're not weird  
We got balloons and paper plates  
Party favors, ice cream cake  
Turtle necks and circle frames  
One eye's hidden behind my bangs  
Got black jeans I got Doc Martens  
Skin that's thick and a heart that's hardened  
Lives have ended, party started  
Pocket full of pencils let's get arty  
No big whoop ain't no thang  
Dance pants on and a disco brain  
I feel no pain, got no nerve endings  
Now check the e-vite that I'm sending

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I don't wanna be sad no more  
I just wanna get on the dance floor  
In this case the carpet, might sound far-fetched  
Goes into my art and makes me an artist  
Why I suffer why I moan  
Why I feel bad so bad to the bone!  
Grind my teeth demolish my molars  
Erratic emotion cause I'm mostly bipolar  
Shake that ass write that blog  
Get out the word while you work that jaw  
Write that poem squirt them guts  
You're not alone, yo you're not nuts!  
Are you depressed? Suicidal?  
Lacking liquids that are vital?  
Come to my party, it's like Oz  
It's where we go to shake them blahs

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And dance and dance and dance  
Until we don't feel sad  
[x2]

I don't wanna be sad  
[x4]