

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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[x2]

I don't wanna be sad
[x4]