

# The Wake-Up Bomb

R.E.M.

(I...was...cool)

I look good in a glass pack  
I look good and mean  
I look good in metallic sick wraparound blackout tease  
I scud along the horizon, I drink some sweet tree tea  
I get high in my low-ass boot-cut jean  
I like being seen  
I look good with my drink-eat-no-sleep, take-a-leap longevity  
I get high on my attitude, latitude, 1973  
I'm in deep

My head's on fire and high esteem  
Carry my dead, bored, been there, done that, anything  
Oh, the wake-up bomb  
Oh, the wake-up bomb  
Oh, the wake-up bomb  
Oh, the wake-up bomb  
My head's on fire and high esteem  
Get drunk and sing along to Queen  
Practice my T-Rex moves and make the scene  
Carry my dead, bored, been there, done that, anything

I had to knock a few buildings over  
I make an ugly mess  
I had to blow a gasket  
Drop transmission  
I had to decompress  
I had to write the great American novel  
I had a neutron bomb  
I had to teach the world to sing by the age of 21  
I wake up (I wake up)  
I wake up (I wake up)  
I threw up when I saw what I'd done

Oh, the wake-up bomb  
Oh, the wake-up bomb  
My head's on fire and high esteem  
Get drunk and sing along to Queen  
Practice my T-Rex moves and make the scene  
Yeah, I'd rather be anywhere doing anything

I've had enough, I've seen enough, I've had it all, I'm giving up  
I won the race, I broke the cup, I drank it all, I spit it up  
I've had enough, I've seen enough, I've had it all, I'm giving up  
I won the race, I broke the cup, I drank it all, I spit it up

Yeah, atomic, Supersonic  
What a joke, I'm dumb  
See ya, don't wanna be you  
Lunch meat, Pond scum

My head's on fire in high esteem  
Get drunk and sing along to Queen  
Practice my T-Rex moves and make the scene  
Yeah, I'd rather be anywhere doing anything  
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