

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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