

# Judas Decapitation

Say Anything

This is the tale of a bearded sloth  
Who debases himself so they can get their rocks off.  
Recruits five skinny better looking men  
To play guitar parts he'll never play again.  
So it's lash after lash like a budget Christ  
From every blog or zine that took the chance to look twice.  
I'm not saying that this dude is me  
Or speaking brutally of myself to gain traction. Action!  
There goes the camera. Click.  
American Indie-Rock is a game of pricks.  
They're the gods of what was independent rock  
And now is vaguely refined hogwash that I mock.  
Jacket patched up with a Wesleyan degree.  
Legs bound, tongue out, grinning as they piss on me  
But I don't care, it's what I'm known for, I'll take it gleefully.

I'm wrong and you're right  
That's my thesis here tonight  
With my gut and my bulge  
I'll make the whole world scream, the whole room bleed  
I'll lose for your gain  
If it'll spruce up my refrain  
It's what they want.  
The band plays while the ship goes down.  
(The ship goes down. The ship goes down.)

"I hate that dude now that he's married.  
He's got a baby on the way, poor Sherri.  
That's not apropos.  
He's not the wretch we know.  
Chop his family up, so we can feed them to the front row.  
Spike his fifteenth espresso with drugs  
So he's convinced it's a manic delusion to know true love.  
Be 19 with a joint in hand.  
Never change the band.  
Never ever be a ...real man."

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With my gut and my bulge  
I'll make the whole world scream, the whole room bleed  
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If it'll spruce up my refrain  
It's what they want. The band plays while the ship goes down.  
(The ship goes down. The ship goes down.)

[Gareth & Kim from Los Campesinos!:]  
This isn't for the ones who know what it really means.  
They just follow follow follow other people's dreams.  
They were told by a friend of a friend of a friend.  
Music made to be used and forgotten again like a whore, like a pair of washed out expensive retro boys underwear  
We can never repair.

I'm wrong and you're right  
That's my thesis here tonight  
With my gut and my bulge.

I'll make the whole world scream, the whole room bleed.  
I'll lose for your gain  
If it'll spruce up my refrain  
It's what they want. The band plays while the ship goes down.  
The ship goes down! The ship goes down!  
It's what they want!  
The band plays while the ship goes down  
The ship goes down! The ship goes down!  
It's what they want!  
The band plays while the ship goes down  
The ship goes down! The ship goes down!

The band plays while the ship goes down.  
The band plays while the ship goes down.