

A New Wave

Sleater-Kinney

Well every day I throw a little party
But if it would be more fitting, fitting
And every time I come a little higher
Should I leap or go on living, living?
Hear the voices venomous and thrilling
In their hair, they're always calling, calling
But I wanna, gotta go the way my butt beats
So I'm not falling for the folly, folly

No one here is taking notice
No outline will ever hold us
It's not a new wave, it's just you and me
Eyes are the only witness
Die to prove we ever lived this
Invent our own kind of obscurity

Let's destroy a room with this love
We can drain out all the power, power
Steal from the makers who had made us
Leave them nothing to devour, devour
Well I am raw material
Make me plastic, make me fuel
I can be, I can be
I can be all

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