

I huff gasoline from your shirt
And blur the questions that no one could ever answer
I empty my head of all that I know
Seems like the best view is the one from below

We are anti-movements, we are anti-anti
One time we believed but now we don't even try
And I can't cut a rug, without my fashion drugs
Inebriation leads revelation

Gettin down in the town that makes no sound
You say there's nothing wrong but I don't hear it

I will burn your love letters in a parking deck
Where I have harbored great things that I will never confess
We keep fresh paint on the countenance
Now we keep it simple but make it more complex

We are anti-movements, we are anti-anti
One time we believed but now it's passý and clichý
And she'll say anything to make you move again
But is it the truth? I don't care if it is