

Two Cups Of Tea

Star Fucking Hipsters

Two cups of tea
One for you and one for me
Drown out the pain from polluted acid rain
And flaming gasoline, until we're clean

Two dead police
One for hope and one for peace
Watching government lies
Leak into your empty eyes
From the TV and winners history

Three dead police
One for thanks and two for please
In every single town, every officer is down
All dead police, all dead police

Fair-weather friend, it's on you I do depend
All the mountains we climb,
Crumble into sands of time
No mail to send, to fair-weather friend

Anxiety, another gift from you to me
And so everything fails,
My bleeding bitten fingernails
Sore as can be, anxiety

If it was up to me, I would restart history
Ignite the flame and burn the centuries of blame
The bloodstained centuries, these bloody centuries

Fair-weather friend, it's on you I do depend
All the mountains we climb,
Crumble into sands of time
No mail to send, to fair-weather friend

Anxiety, another gift from you to me
Everything fails,
My bleeding bitten fingernails
Sore as can be, anxiety

And in the dawn, I'll see that you have gone
And on that blood soaked bed
I'll lay down my weary head
And hum along, to this fucking song

One cup of tea, not enough for company
Maybe tomorrow you will let me borrow
Another cup of tea, another cup of tea
And your company, and your company