

You Dress Up for Armageddon

The Hives

Hey believe me, I have seen your sort before
You're all over history like dust on the kitchen floor
(Tell me more)
Your lips are moving, you go on and on and on and on and on
You swing your rod, rod baby rod, rod but don't swing it at me

Cuz it's not for me, no I disagree

Cuz I heard you before when you said
There is a hole in your heart and it's bleeding
You dress up for Armageddon
I dress up for summer
Yeah!

Hey and now you got their attention
You know, you gotta keep 'em believing
but as a matter of fact, what they believe you're not
Believing no more (Tell tell tell tell tell tell me more)
I hear you're one in a million (tell me more)
But there's a million of you (tell, tell me more)
You swing your rod, rod baby rod, rod but don't swing it at me

It's not for me, no I disagree

Cuz I heard you before when you said
There is a hole in your heart and it's bleeding
You dress up for Armageddon
I dress up for summer

Who is the man with the microphone?
Today he is here but tomorrow he is gone

But I disagree

And I heard you before when you said
There is a hole in your heart and it's bleeding
You dress up for Armageddon
I dress up for summer

You feel tortured and filled with regret
You say life is void of meaning
Are they not sick of you yet?
Man that's such, man that's such a bummer