

Don't Open The Fridge!

The Wonder Years

Hey, home.
It's nice to see you.
I'm glad to see that the street got paved.

Hey, Matt?
What have you been up to?
Is the shower working? I could use one today.

We've got walls painted in chain grease
and shelves full of Bukowski poetry

That's enough for me and that's enough for me.

These backyard nights are finally catching up to us.
So, sing it louder, man. Let's turn it up.
These bright pink walls and green rugs are just enough.
We don't need more. You know we don't need much.

Oh man,
my Asian neighbors have been
holding church services in their kitchen.
Goddamn,
what if they know of our plans to raise an army
of homeless men in the basement?

We've got bike parts littering everything
and friends coming over to watch pro-wrestling.

That's enough for me.

These backyard nights are finally catching up to us.
So, sing it louder, man. Let's turn it up.
These bright pink walls and green rugs are just enough.
We don't need more. You know we don't need...

This place is falling apart.
The fridge here hasn't worked here since March (Hey!)
And so we're never paying rent unless you come and fix
the shape of how things are.

This place is falling apart.
(We know, one day, we'll move on!)
Goodbye. So long.
(We know, one day, we'll move on!)
Goodbye. So long.

These backyard nights are finally catching up to us.
So, sing it louder, man. Let's turn it up.
These bright pink walls and green rugs are just enough.
We don't need more. You know we don't need much.