

# The Studded Cinctures

## Nightmare of You

The studded cinctures were a band  
From gloomy Ann harbor, Michigan  
And they wrote just for you  
These irrelevant tunes And with each heart-wrenching, fictitious wail  
You'd swear they sang your life with veracious details  
The tears trickle down your face  
Your skinny arms begin to flail You can catch them any day of the week  
At the legion hall down the street  
In your unromantic town  
They're guaranteed to bring you down And as the clumsy singer takes the stage  
He whips the mic in an ardent way  
And now the girls begin to blush  
Never had they've been so terribly touched  
By such an illiterate bum Oh, won't you say what you mean  
Give us a moment of offering  
Perhaps a pinch of your view  
We love the second-rating, the repetition  
The metaphors stripped of all gail, alright With a handful of pomade in hair  
He shoots a pitifully pouty stare  
At the nurtured audience  
And this is easing his conscience Hustling and taking knee with brow in hand  
He shrieks the works of another man  
A standing ovation  
Vulnerable child, you've been taken advantage of  
By such a carnivorous bum Oh, won't you say what you mean  
Give us a moment of offering  
Perhaps a pinch of your view  
We love the second-rating, the repetition  
And the metaphors stripped of all gail, stripped of all gail Oh, won't you say what you mean  
Give us a moment of offering  
Perhaps a pinch of your view  
We love the second-rating Oh, won't you say what you mean  
Give us a moment of offering  
Perhaps a pinch of your views  
We all love the second-rating, the repetition  
And the metaphors

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