The Sound Of Ataris

Kimya Dawson

the sound of ataris kills working class men
who know that they'll never drive fast cars again
heroes are broken the cello is burnt
pictures of babies are covered with dirt
elbows are bleeding the sneakers have holes
decaying rooftops have decaying goals
throw it away set yourself free
run to the ocean don't worry 'bout me
i have lots of friends and the road has no end
and your time is your money and i've got to spend
time on the outside of being removed
from forgotten theories i never proved
i have lots of friends and my life is pretend
and i'll run and i'll run and i won't understand
how my feet stick out the cold desert breeze
and people drink coffee inside redwood trees
renaissance uncles and surgical aunts
have polar fleece cousins in old navy pants
with heroes all published and pianos upgraded
and laptops for hearts that are sharp and serrated
carve me a pawn, carve me a rook
make me the queen of my own storybook
gather some branches and make me a cane

for when it gets hard to support my own weight
i have lots of friends and what's blended will mend
i'm bo peep and my sheep are the dreams i attend
small and unruly and wearing your shirt
pictures of babies are covered with dirt
i have lots of friends and the road is my friend
and my thoughts are all stupider when they don't bend
over and wrap underneath and around
pictures of babies are all underground
dead and they're buried down in the ground
i have lots of friends
i have lots of friends
i have lots of friends
i have lots of friends
the sound of ataris kills me and my friends

'cause we know that we'll never go back there again
sometimes we play playstation
but it's not the same

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