

# R. I. P.

## Bikini Kill

I can't say everything about it  
In just one single song  
I can't put how I feel in a package  
And sell it back to everyone  
But wait  
There's another boy genius whose fucking gone  
I hope the food tastes better in heaven  
I know there's lots of rad queer boys up there  
I hope everytime they talk to you  
They know that they're lucky to be your friend  
'cause look  
There's another boy genius whose fucking gone  
And I wouldn't be so fucking mad so fucking  
Pissed off if it wasn't so fucking wrong  
It's all fucking wrong  
It's not fair- it's not fair  
It's not fair  
But no one said life was easy  
Yeah, but no one said-on one said  
Nothings supposed to happen, right?  
No, no one told me anything  
To prepare me for fucking this  
There's another boy genius whose fucking gone  
Don't tell me it don't matter  
Don't tell me it don't matter  
Don't tell me I've had three days to get over it  
It won't go away  
It just won't go away

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