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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