

# Turn Those Clapping Hands Into Angry Balled Fists

## Against Me!

Sleep on pillows made in Singapore  
 Wrapped in comforters  
 Sweatin' through sheets  
 Drinkin' coffee in the morning  
Flown in on aeroplanes across the vast seas  
 And your house is made of wood  
 Central air, central heat  
 You've got your furniture of particle board  
Your doors are locked for, for safety  
 And you walk in leather shoes  
 Pants of denim, a black cotton sweatshirt  
 And you do what you do  
 'cause doing, you start to form a habit  
 And you drink all night long  
 And you sleep through the morning  
 And if something doesn't break  
I'm just gonna go, go fucking insane  
 Away  
 And you sweep up the floor when it's dirty  
 You do the dishes, when the sink's full  
 And when the refridgerator's empty  
Well it's time, it's time, it's time, it's time, to go the store  
 You put your books on a shelf  
 Clothes arranged in the closet  
You hang the things on the wall that you don't wanna be so easily forgotten  
 I hate these songs  
 I hate the words  
 That the singer is singin' to me  
 I hate this melody  
I hate this stupid fucking drum beat  
 But I'm not gonna tell anyone  
 What I'm really thinking about  
 Keep the conversations on the surface  
 Just keep on smiling  
 Just keep on saying  
 Everything's gonna be alright  
 It's gonna be alright [x2]  
 Alright [x11]

Lyrics provided by

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