# Meet Me In The Dollar Bin

## Les Savy Fav

Dead tired. Bone dry. Admired, till I-
can't make with the batteries, bad day at the cannery.
They're making a mess of me. Best left tested by history.
I grab this mic and spike it to the ground, the lightning's bad but at least it's not loud.
The lighting's bad- the band can't see the crowd so I'm coming down.There is no incident, there's nothing incidental in this song.
There is no accident, there's nothing accidental in this song.
There's no coincidence, there's nothing coincidental in this song.Dead tired. Bone dry. Admired, till I-
I grab this mic and spike it to the ground, the lightning's bad but at least it's not loud.
The lighting's bad- the band can't see the crowd so I'm coming down.Meet me in the dollar bin, it's a band I once was in,
haven't done much better since.
This is no coincidence- been rubbing off our finger prints covered up with phony skins
this giving in has worn so thin that you can see the beat within.
Born fat or flat chested, the best of us tested.
We passed and we passed, we passed out when we could.
We got old, but we got good and we did all we said we would.

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