# You're the Enemy

## Screeching Weasel

i stand here bored and look at you. clapping like monkeys in the zoo. a horde of maladjusted miscreants all pumped and primed. just what could possibly be limping through your one-track minds? i can't believe you wonder why i think that you're the enemy. you don't have anything to say: dictate the speed at which we play. we are your tv for the night so just shut up and dance. waste some time trying to get inside each other's pants. then thank us nicely for the background music- you're the enemy.

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