

# Expo '87

## Fred Thomas

I get so hung up high on expectations  
I get so sick at restaurants and on family vacations  
And I leave every situation invariably feeling dumb  
But you've got to be a little bit dumb  
Otherwise you never get anything done  
And you've gotta be kinda hit  
Otherwise you spend your time smiling entirely too much  
Wincing while you're waiting  
For that next soft punch  
So give up, fuck up, stay out  
Cause no one's keeping score now  
This punishment, it doesn't fit  
But fuck it, we've got it  
You still know what all the drop-outs know  
And anybody who's ever lost a tooth  
It doesn't bring you any closer to the truth,  
But you do start to recognize things  
So can you keep your firm belief in those ill-fitting jeans,  
A burning hatred of the home team and everything that it means  
Will you go with the mongrels? The deciders?  
The jelly legs and anxious elbows of the awkward lovers?  
The unsightly? The sickly?  
The migraines?  
Let's puke up the foam from this bottle of champagne  
Let's ruin this fucking wedding!  
All these nights are only worth forgetting  
This conversation; we're so above it.  
Let's bury it  
Let's dead that shit!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>