

Suburban Smell

The Districts

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There's 16 homes on every street
They all of course lie in the neatest rows
Cradling broken homes and dinner prayers
Rocking us all to sleep in bones. Which one's mine, I can't tell?
Sick of that suburban smell
They look the same, look the same. And all the kids with money laugh
Cheering for the retard dance
Cheering for a touchdown they laugh But I am not like them, I am not like them
Only because
I'm sick of watching them watch the retard dance. There's a party at the rich kid house
I get stoned in basements
Mother I am not myself
But I don't laugh and watch the retard dance. There are so many homes on every street
Piling in their lines so neat
I won't fold into those lies
Too drunk on that suburban smell
Know which one of them is mine?
They look the same, look the same. God gave us 16 homes on every street
So we all pray at the dinner table
Our sons are strong and they are able
To laugh and watch the retard dance
Sick of that suburban smell
Sick of that suburban smell

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