The Slanderous Clientele

No Fun at All

Looking across the room and I can't respire
I got to get out so maybe I should set a fire
Holding my tongue and waiting for the perfect reason
It's hard when your nerves are down for the seasonThis all time low, it's everything I never wanted
Redundant show, they're nagging a hole in my beautiful head
This all time low is everything to the slanderous clienteleShaking a hand and mumbling that it's a pleasure
The faces I see are vague and hard to remember
Talking of this and that but it's going nowhere
They're saying the same words over and over and over

Songwriters
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