

# 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 season This 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 clientele Shaking 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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