

Turn Those Clapping Hands Into Angry Balled Fists

Against Me!

Sleep on pillows made in Singapore
 Wrapped in comforters
 Sweatin' through sheets
 Drinkin' coffee in the morning
Flown in on aeroplanes across the vast seas And your house is made of wood
 Central air, central heat
 You've got your furniture of particle board
Your doors are locked for, for safety And you walk in leather shoes
 Pants of denim, a black cotton sweatshirt
 And you do what you do
'cause doing, you start to form a habit And you drink all night long
 And you sleep through the morning
 And if something doesn't break
I'm just gonna go, go fucking insane Away And you sweep up the floor when it's dirty
 You do the dishes, when the sink's full
 And when the refridgerator's empty
Well it's time, it's time, it's time, it's time, to go the store You put your books on a shelf
 Clothes arranged in the closet
You hang the things on the wall that you don't wanna be so easily forgotten I hate these songs
 I hate the words
 That the singer is singin' to me
 I hate this melody
I hate this stupid fucking drum beat But I'm not gonna tell anyone
 What I'm really thinking about
Keep the conversations on the surface
 Just keep on smiling
 Just keep on saying
Everything's gonna be alright
 It's gonna be alright [x2]
 Alright [x11]

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