Pennsylvania

The Doc Marshalls

We are Cop Rock, we are Screech, we are Z. Cavaricci
We are laser-removed Tasmanian Devil tattoos
We are Third String, we are puck, we are Special People's Club
We are the half shirts with irreverent spring, break top ten lists
We are munsoned, we are squat, we are flashing twelve o'clock
We are spread out butt cheeks, pulled apart so just the air leaks
We are Ishtar, we are tab, we are no right turn on red
We are the mustaches, the Beatles grew when they dropped
You are the heart dotting I in the word apologize
Scribbled drunk on a postcard sent from somewhere volcanoes are
I am the heart with no name, airbrushed on the license plate
Of a Subaru that was registered in Pennsylvania
We are Zima, we are Barf, we are Cinderblock Yard Art

We are Baldwin Brothers, not the good one but the others
We are Amway, we are Shemp, we are Sir David of Brent
We are the Queef after a porn star breaks the record
You are the heart dotting I in the word apologize
Scribbled drunk on a postcard sent from somewhere volcanoes are
I am the heart with no name, airbrushed on the license plate
Of a Subaru that was registered in Pennsylvania
Do you even know what a wawa is, girl?
Do you even know what a wawa is?
Do you even know what a wawa is, girl?
Do you even know what a wawa is?
I'm in a state of P, A

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