Faded

Big D and the Kids Table

So how the fuck did we
Even get on this show
Some promoter must have had to fit a stylistic status quo
I thought all the project bands have brainwashed all the Punk Rock executives
I'm breathing air into the underground after it was left in the street for deadI can't feel my hands
I'm too drunk to find my mind
I don't want to talk to some screamo kid about how much he digs Sublime
I'm dying in a club that's pumping ACME through its P.A.
Forever hated by this industry but still finding a way on stageIt's fading
Can no one tell?So this is your first tour
I bet a beer that it's your last
Don't bother stickering the bathroom kid I'll be covering it in March
I read your autobiography and frankly it don't make sense
Man, I can't believe I'm sharing a stage with this shitty INXS
It's faded
Can no one
Tell, me where it went wrong?
Tell, me where it went wrong
The underground
Tell, me where it all went wrong
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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