Loose Lips

Kimya Dawson

Loose lips might sink ships
But loose gooses take trips
To San Francisco, double dutch disco
Tech TV hottie, do it for Scotty
Do it for the living and do it for the dead
Do it for the monsters under your bed
Do it for the teenagers and do it for your mom
Broken hearts hurt but they make us strong, and
We won't stop until somebody calls the cops
And even then we'll start again and just pretend
That nothing ever happened
We won't stop until somebody calls the cops
And even then we'll start again and just pretend
That nothing ever happened
We're just dancing, we're just hugging
Singing, screaming, kissing, tugging
On the sleeve of how it used to be
How's it gonna be?
I'll drop kick Russell Stover
Move into the starting over house
And know Matt Rouse and Chester
Watching me achieve my dreams
And we'll pray all damn day, every day
That all this shit our President has got us in will go away
While we strive to figure out a way we can survive
These trying times without losing our minds
So if you wanna burn yourself
Remember that I love you
And if you wanna cut yourself
Remember that I love you
And if you wanna kill yourself
Remember that I love you
Call me up before you're dead

We can make some plans instead
Send me an IM, I'll be your friend
Shysters live from scheme to scheme
But my fourth quarter pipe dreams
Are seeming more and more worth fighting for

So I'll curate some situations
Make my job a big vacation
And I'll say, fuck Bush and fuck this war
My war paint is sharpie ink
And I'll show you how much my shit stinks
And ask you what you think
Because your thoughts and words are powerful
They think we're disposable
Well, both my thumbs are posable
Spelled out on a double word
And triple letter score, and
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