

The Studded Cinctures

Nightmare Of You

The studded cinctures were a band
From gloomy Ann harbor, Michigan
And they wrote just for you
These irrelevant tunes And with each heart-wrenching, fictitious wail
You'd swear they sang your life with veracious details
The tears trickle down your face
Your skinny arms begin to flail You can catch them any day of the week
At the legion hall down the street
In your unromantic town
They're guaranteed to bring you down And as the clumsy singer takes the stage
He whips the mic in an ardent way
And now the girls begin to blush
Never had they've been so terribly touched
By such an illiterate bum Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating, the repetition
The metaphors stripped of all gail, alright With a handful of pomade in hair
He shoots a pitifully pouty stare
At the nurtured audience
And this is easing his conscience Hustling and taking knee with brow in hand
He shrieks the works of another man
A standing ovation
Vulnerable child, you've been taken advantage of
By such a carnivorous bum Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating, the repetition
And the metaphors stripped of all gail, stripped of all gail Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your view
We love the second-rating Oh, won't you say what you mean
Give us a moment of offering
Perhaps a pinch of your views
We all love the second-rating, the repetition
And the metaphors

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