

# Shitty Weekend

## Suburban Kids With Biblical Names

All the birds roll their eyes at me  
As I walk as a peasant down the street  
As I pass avenues and trendy bars  
There's a bumpy sound and the bouncer looks dumb  
And the people inside look just like Kirsten Dunst and tom  
Don't talk to us, we're so pretty  
And you, you look like tom petty

I am trying to be mad as hell  
But I end up getting drunk instead  
In an indian restaurant in my part of town  
Where the clientele's young with fake id's  
But the owner acts as if he has no idea

And as they put your name on the guestlist  
My heart is shread like confetti

Take those silly shoes off  
Go back to summer camp  
And don't ever come back here  
You look like you live in a tent

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I am wasted  
Yes, I'm drunk as hell  
The people look like cavalries  
Hundred marching home from battlefields  
To the colosseum, the home of the dream  
The seven eleven  
We are open until you feel the pain  
Oh taxi maybe  
Oh baby!  
Yes, I guess I'm feeling a bit crazy

Take those silly shoes off  
Go back to summer camp

And don't ever come back here  
You look like you live in a tent

Hey you, on the nightbus  
What's the size of your fries?  
I guess it's the only thing we have in common tonight

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