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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Go back to summer camp
And don't ever come back here
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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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