

Give a Damn

Say Anything

was just born.

The same things have always gotten my goat.

I was wide-eyed, pumped up with Ritalin, alarming teachers with my tendency to float in Ism Class.

Kiss my Ass-ism. "

All Hail Muhammad"; what a wonderful thought.

Any imposed social structure is a blood clot.

We need something that can open their wrists and let it coat our lips.

To bliss.

To hell with this.

Just piss.

Yellow tint the sea.

Those fish frightened by the hue.

The truth burns so thunderous and cloudy, the lie, so vast and clear blue.

Gaudy, sweat-soaked, down amongst the demons.

Sorry, good sir, have we hurt your feelings?

We don't give a damn what they say.

When they tell you that you're born to quit, that you've been carved to bits, that the binary must stay split, spit: "

I like this band without a modicum of shame and they've made some messed-up claims about your mind games." You're not alone if you're off put by the stench of summer sweet rotting dead beneath the sun and how they bow at his feet.

Apparently there's a thing called physics and a billion other things not encompassed in it.

One, a little thing called teen spirit.

I'm thirty but it's worthy.

Come on and sing along with it.

One flash, baby, now you fall in love.

We won't stand for a façade.

Oh my god, I want to take it apart.

We won't dance for any beat with a break, for goodness sake.

Clap your hands for a guillotine to the twee and all the tweedledees.

We won't stand for it.

We will not.

We won't.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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