

# Die Happy

## Metric

So what is this so-so-society?  
Still drinking that Kool-Aid like it's free  
Still popping that poison blow blow blow  
Political you know how it goes Is this dystopia?  
Is this dystopia?  
Is this dystopia?  
Is this dystopia? Fame is the bait  
(And the switch is the look in your eye)  
What will you ask?  
(While we wait for the past to arrive)  
Fame is the bait  
(And the switch is your head in the sand)  
Time that we waste  
(While we wait for the future to land)  
Die happy  
In the summertime  
So happy  
I could die This city is thick with common thieves  
Still passing around the same disease  
Who's running this town and why are we?  
Still drinking that Kool-Aid like it's free In this dystopia  
In this dystopia  
In this dystopia  
In this dystopia  
Fame is the bait  
(And the switch is the look in your eye)  
What will you ask?  
(While we wait for the past to arrive)  
Fame is the bait  
(And the switch is your head in the sand)  
Time that we waste  
(While we wait for the future to land) Fame is the bait  
(And the switch is your desolate smile)  
If I need it  
(Though we shelter the thing for a while)  
Fame is the bait  
(And the switch is the touch of your hand)  
Time that we waste  
(While we wait for the future to land) Die happy

In the summertime  
So happy  
I could die  
Die happy  
In the summertime  
So happy  
I could dieDuh duh duh duh duh  
Die happy  
Duh duh duh duh duh  
Die happy  
Duh duh duh duh duh  
Die happy  
Duh duh duh duh duh  
Die happyDuh duh duh duh duh  
Die happy  
Duh duh duh duh duh  
Die happy  
Duh duh duh duh duh  
Die happy  
Duh duh duh duh

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