Explode

Dishwalla

Bouncing and pounding, my head the backboard
I need release to let it flow
And I was ready, really ready
I was ready to explodeOh wasted time, oh wasted time
Wasted time, wasted time
Wasted timeAll these revisions, all of them written
And Broadway needs a song to sing
Sentences broken as they are spoken
Feel the ink spill so uncleanOh wasted time, oh wasted time
Wasted time, wasted time
Wasted time, wasted timeWasted, wasted
Wasted, wasted

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