

The Destroyed Room

Sonic Youth

You're not telling what you feel
You just say you can't deal
You're just lying in an [Incomprehensible]
You're just saying, it ain't real Mom told you
And I'll tell you
You better pick it up
Clean up your room I'm not telling you what to feel
I'm just saying I can't deal
You're just lying like a peel
I'm just saying you ain't real Your Mom told you
And I'll tell you
You better straighten up
Besides you messed yourself You're so hot
You bet
Entangled Tuna fish cans, chocolate wrapper
Jello plugs, stuffed gorilla, phone bill
Fax paper, cranberry juice, dirty socks
Cds, tapes, guitar pick, new snare
High school year book
Comb and all those letters Your mom told you
And I'll tell you
If you make me cry
I'll poke your eye I'll tell you're in for him
You're lying in your room
If what you say is true
Then I say we're through

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