Weekend Wars

Mgmt

Evil is I, Yes to find a shore,
A beast that doesn't quiver anymore,
And we can crush some plants to paint my walls,
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars
Was I? I was too lazy to play
Or paint or write or try to make a change.
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch
And I don't have to love or think too much
Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car
Tried to amplify the sound of light and love
Christ is cursed of fathers and mother
Might even take a knife to split a hill
Or even scare the children off my lawn

Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs
Every mess invested was a score
We couldn't use computers anymore
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored,
And you might have to plan for the weekend wars
Try to break my heart, I'll drive to Arizona.
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm
I'll sit and listen to the sound of sand and cold
Twisted diamond heart, I'm the weekend warrior
My predictions are the only things I have
I can amplify the sound and light and love
I'm a curse and I'm a sound,
When I open up my mouth,
There's a reason I don't win,
I don't know how to begin

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