A Better Band

Bell X1

Is this room getting smaller or is it just me?
I pace myself, brace myself, trying not to breath
Oh, these walls are closing in on me like the Death Star bin
Oh, that'll learn me, that'll squeeze out all the sinThis world is bearing down on me like a fish-eye lens
And when it comes down to it, do I have any real friends?
How long were those monkeys typing to make all Billy's work?
I've some way to go yet, I'll finish this one first
Something's gotta giveI'm a failing restaurant, all expectant and sad
With one eye on the door, playing cards out the back
I'm love me, love me, love me, I'm a small bit of a prick
I got the meat sweats from this realpolitikSometimes I can see you shining in the night
There's Polly and Gillian and your man in the big suit
Spitting out confetti that wallops with a kiss
And I'm left thinkingI wanna be a better band
I wanna be a better band
This is it, what are you crying for?
This is it, were you expecting more?
This is it, what are you crying for?
This is it, were you expecting more?I wanna be a better band
This is it, what are you crying for?
This is it, were you expecting more?
This is it, what are you crying for?
This is it, were you expecting more?I wanna be a better band
I wanna be a better band, oh
I wanna be a better band
I wanna be a better band, oh
And shoot fire from my hands
Fire from my hands
Shoot fire from my hands

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