



ben weasel thinks we suck.

i hope you fall on some bad luck,
if the path you take leads up + up,
yet you take such pride in mediocrity,
the nail that sticks up gets hammered down.
take the squeaky wheel and throw it out
you've got a square peg + a round hole?
take that square peg and shove that sucker down!
and from your armchair, you discover
what it's like to lord over each other,
to strip this life from all meaning;
just a series of images repeat...
1000 eyes glued to a TV.
1000 pundits know more about me than me!
hey! i concede... you got it.

i'd put up a fight, but i'm tuckered out.
i've played the squeaky wheel for a while now.
through all of this struggle, i said i'd stand behind it,
but these days i'm feeling too tired to give a shit.
so to fall back - is this freedom?
i always thought i'd go kicking and screaming...
but now the times come - maybe i should!
i'm getting out while the getting is still good!
to all my friends: please don't forget me,
though i know i never made it on TV...
we gave it a shot, but now we're FREE!

i always thought my calling was crunching numbers.
- you work for a sports team! - i'll start a radio show!
we'll show this world how far we can go.
because everybody knows there's nothing more to life
than shit jobs + rock and roll. wait!
did i forget sports? there's also... sports.

it's make out time...

i wanna wanna wanna wanna
wanna wanna wanna make out with you.
baby, don't you know it's true?
i wanna make out with you. out with you.
wanna make out with you.

i wanna wanna make out with you,
cuz i'm stuck to you like cra-a-azy glue.
i wanna make out with you. out with you.
i wanna make out with you.

solo!

i wanna wanna make out with you,
cuz everything you say and do
makes me wanna make out with you. out with you.
i wanna make oooooout with you.
i wanna make out with you cuz you're so cool.

how about a shrieking polecat?

me and suzie at the punk show.
she's eating mashed potatoes.
something changed inside my brain.

hanging out with veronica,
sniffin' glue in suburbia.
i knew i'd never be the same!

these were the anthems of our lives,
from then until the end of time.

since then we've held on to those days
of teenage pranks and party raids,
so we'll play the same trick
until we're geriatric.

1-2-1-2-3-4

these were the anthems of our lives,
from then until the end of time.
these are the anthems of our lives,
from now until the end of time.

you're art monk and i'm telling everyone!

i wanna direct this complaint to those
dedicated to the dogmatization of... oh whatever!
does this sound familiar?
"paternalistic asshole pisses on creativity."
hey, it's all part of the game, right?

this ain't no party. ain't no celebration.
required conduct from the proper delegation.
play the pattern. ain't no deviation.
mind the handbook.
it reads something like this joke i heard:

in a petri dish under a microscope,
one microbe says to the other:
"listen to me for i'm graced with the knowledge of the gods!"
on exercise in self-importance
puts the microcosmic shithead of your life
up in neon flashing lights to a sold out crowd of brown nosed clones.
"YOU'RE RIGHT!"

ain't no party. ain't no celebration.
required conduct from the proper delegation.
play the pattern ad nauseum on rotation
until you're falling on your ass
and looking something like this joke i heard.