

I'm Gonna Grow Up To Be An Old Man Standing In The Post Office Line Complaining About The Price of Stamps and the Slow Service

(4.24.2007- J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux/E. Lamoureux/R. Lamoureux)



My middle finger's at the ready like confetti at a wedding
Getting sicker, fire's fanning and the fever's spreading
I can't stand every person in a checkout line
I can't stand every person's holographic mind

Infatuation automation complication separation
People and their patterns; settle into life's dictation
I feel the palpitation and the reciprocation
Of how their misery becomes antagonism nation

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My middle finger's mental snapping pencils bent utensils
Now I am conceiving of this grieving and the talk judgmental
Toe everyone who must speak to me
Why does anyone speak to me?

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People and their patterns; settle into life's dictation
I feel the palpitation and the reciprocation
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My middle finger's wearing thin where to begin it is akin
To being lonely and then homely and you want to kick the shins
Of the sweet and innocent
Why can't they be discontent?

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People and their patterns; settle into life's dictation
I feel the palpitation and the reciprocation
Of how their misery becomes antagonism nation

I blame the elderly, I blame the sycophants, I blame the army
I blame the elderly, I blame the sycophants, I blame the army
I blame the elderly, I blame the sycophants, I blame the army
And don't forget to fuck up the politicians, the marketers, and those people who just fucking can't drive
Yiyi...

