

Indictment

Jawbreaker

I just wrote the dumbest song
It's gonna be a sing along
All our friends will clap and sing
Our enemies will laugh and be pointing
It won't bother me, what the thoughtless are thinking
I am more concerned with what we're drinking
They'll laugh about it at the warehouse, saying I'm so lame
It wrote itself, you can keep the blame
It'll be a happy song
Not unlike some other ones
While everyone's depressed and broke
I get high off your sick jokes
They're colossal, they're tousling
All the worried hair, stay up there
So crazy it just might work, then we'll quit our jobs
We could be the next group that you rob
There are times for being dumb
This must be one of them
I'd like to know what's so wrong
With a stupid happy song?
It says many things in its nothingness
It gives me space to think, I guess, to think less and less and less and less
Moving units and tracking charts, will they ever learn?
It isn't who you know, it's who you burn
It means nothing
Selling kids to other kids
If you think we changed our tune
I hope we did

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>