

Archers Of Loaf, Don't Believe The Good News

Home from the party,
All your face
In blood and guts.
Smells like Christmas. (?)
Smells like dog shit.
To the problem child,
The problem smiles. (?)
Stepping on the one
Who always wins Defender.
Junk, stone
Still disabled.
Kicked in the ribs,
Hitting under the table.

Don't dare believe it.
Don't dare believe the news.
Don't dare believe the good news.

Hey Missile Commander,
No one understands you.
No one lifts a hand
Standing right in front of you.
And if I see you at the show,
Then I'll see you and you'll know.
Exactly where we stand in the back row.
Dreaming of the front row.
Walking all over our one true...

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Don't dare believe the news.
Don't dare believe the good news.