

MGMT, Weekend Wars

Evil is I, Yes to find a shore,
A beast that doesn't quiver anymore,
And we could crush some plants to paint my walls,
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars
Was I? I was too lazy to play
Or paint, or write, or try to make a change.
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch
And I don't have to love or think too much

Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car
Tried to amplify the sound of light and love

Christ is cursed of fathers and mothers
Might even take a knife to split a hair
Or even scare the children off my lawn
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs
Every mess invested was a score
We couldn't use computers anymore
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored,
And you might have to plan for the weekend wars

Try to break my heart; I'll drive to Arizona.
It might take 100 years to grow an arm
I'll sit and listen to the sound of sand and cold
Twisted diamond heart, I'm the weekend warrior
My predictions are the only things I have
I can amplify the sound of light and love

I'm a curse and i'm a sound,
When I open up my mouth,
There's a reason I don't win,
I don't know how to begin