

Say Anything, The Futile

Shit!

Nothing makes sense, so I won't think about it. I'll go with the ignorance.
Eat, sleep, fuck and flee; in four words, that's me.
I am full of indifference.

What do the old people teach us but how to die (die) die (die) die
and what do those hissy fits teach you except how to cry, pussy, cry?
Yeah the futile, the futile, it outweighs the beautiful.
Futile, the futile, it outweighs the beautiful.
Futile, the futile, the futile so (the futile, the futile)

Taste. I have no taste.

I don't like these tiny portions with your artful abortions of sound,
sealed with a kiss, slathered in the sauce sarcastic.
So go choke on your irony.

What do the old people teach us but how to die (die) die (die) die
and what do your hissy fits teach you except how to cry, pussy, cry?
Yeah the futile, the futile, it outweighs the beautiful.
Futile, the futile, it outweighs the beautiful.
Futile, the futile, the futile so

I'm eating rat poison for dinner.
Pull the cord from the phone. I am dining alone,
Tonight, rat poison for dinner.
Pull the cord from the phone. I am dining alone,
So goodnight.

Love! I shall not love, yet I'll still sing about it.
I hope it covers the ocean in slime, the drama and drool.
I'm leaking the blood of a fool. (I'm full of it, I'm full of it, I'm full.)
Rat poison for dinner,
pull the chord from the phone. I am dining alone.
Tonight. Rat poison for dinner,
pull the chord from the phone. I am dining alone.
Tonight.
Oh I am dining alone.
Tonight. Tonight. Tonight.