

# Sleater-Kinney, A New Wave

Well every day I throw a little party  
What I feel will be my victim, victim  
And every time I come a little higher  
Should I leap a gun living, living

Hear his voice is venomous and thrilling  
In the head that I was calling, calling  
But I only got the good away my bloodies  
So I'm not falling for the falling, falling

No one here is taking notice  
No outline will ever hold us  
It's not a new wave  
It's just you and me  
Eyes are the only witness  
That will prove we ever lived this  
Invent our own kind of obscurity

So let's just drown the room with this love  
We can drain our love of power, power  
Steal from the makers who have made us  
Leaving nothing to devour, devour

What are them raw material  
Make me plastic, make me fuel  
I can be, I can be, I can be any,

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Invent our own kind of obscurity  
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