

So Many Dynamos, This Is Why We Can't Have N

This song is not about romance, I am not fading out to sunset.
Pretend there's no symbolism in the wine soaking in the carpet.
First verse and the line we rehearsed, "things get better before they're worse."
It's all wrong with the clothes on the lawn, I'm asleep with the strobe light on.

This is why we can't have nice things, we can't have nice things.
This is why we can't have nice things, we can't have nice things.

Tonight I'm thinking in numbers, making lists, bullet points, either/or.
After the bridge and the solo are we no better off than before?
Three drinks and the radio sings, "I want you to show me the way."
You ask why we can't have nice things and I have nothing nice to say.

This is why we can't have nice things, we can't have nice things.
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