

Against Me!, Miami

We charge into danger.
No guarantees or safe places.
No one can be trusted,
everyone is a suspect.
And all the money's worthless.
The town is trite and exaggerated.
The food is turning and the water is poisoned.
And it's rotting your teeth right out of your head,
sight and hearing have quickly faded.
Your gut's expanding, your hairline's receding.
The sores are opening and the cancer's spreading.
And the antibiotics aren't working,
all the drugs just all the drugs are strangely sobering.
And the skeletons in your closet have opened the door and then started talking.

Just like Miami!
Miami!
Fucking Miami.
Miami!

Sharks circling for the feeding.
All hope has been abandoned, like bodies drifting into the ocean.

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Hey!

They're in your room while you're sleeping.
They're in your car behind the seat waiting.
All the rifle sights are on the back of your head.
They're slipping it into your drink when you're not looking.
And they're selling it to you as art.
It's every other word in movies and songs.
All the public is buying,
it's business as usual,
and the business is capitalizing
on your fear, your greed, your perversions and vices.
They say you're guilty, they've got the evidence to prove it.
The mistakes are obvious, the faults are glaring.
The plane is on fire, the fucking ship is sinking.
And you're swept away in a hurricane.
You're buried in the rubble of an earthquake.
It's terminal,
inoperable,
they're amputating!
Massive hemorrhaging,
major fucking complications!

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