

Indie Boys are neurotic.
Makes my eyes bleed.
Tight black pants exotic.
Some loving is what i need.

Hey I'm starting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Hurray.

I'm sleepier on the staircase.
Mirror in the back of my brain.
Makes things, her pants feel great.
I used to like to complain.

But.
Hey. I'm starting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Hurry.

Bloody Mary , mother of god.
grandpas on the hobby horse again.
dampen, broken pants chaffing.
i'm running out of ethnic friends.

But..
Hey. I'm starting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Hurray.