

The Party

We're at the party, down by the pool,
Talking about ants, ants, I've been thinking about ants
An ant by herself is weak and small
But united with her sisters she's powerful,
Working towards a common goal
But she's not at all sympathetic
She's cold, aggressive, driven, obsessive
No grace, no charm

And you said
Don't paw at me with your stupid hands
I don't want to smell your stupid breath
Oh don't give me that mournful look
Come on let's get a drink
And I said, whatever ...

If I were an animal I'd rather be a lion roaming the savannah,
Or an eagle soaring through the skies
Not an ant in the dirt
But lions and eagles are going extinct while the ants march on
They're winners, they do what it takes to win, you can see it in their steely eyes

It feels so good, living in a false reality, cause every moment is sweet
Can't get enough, of my false reality, it's like there's magic beneath my feet

And you said, you shouldn't dance, you look like a spastic
And that friend of yours is pathetic, she's hitting on all the guys, what a loser
They're out of ice, you want some warm vodka?
And I said, whatever ...

There are people that are like ants -- single minded, no imagination, no variation
But is that really such a bad thing?
Maybe too much thinking doesn't do you any good
You're better off on automatic pilot
Minimizing the complications, reducing the choices that you have to make
You could do a lot worse

And you said
I'm high, I'm so high, I'm wasted, wasted,
And I don't feel good, I feel bad, I feel so bad
And I got to get home and crash