

Beach Life-In-Death

Car Seat Headrest

Last night I drove to Harper's Ferry and I thought about you
There were signs on the road that warned me of stop signs
The speed limit kept decreasing by ten
As we entered a town about halfway there
It was almost raining at the train station
We put our hoods on our heads at the train station
We threw rocks into the river
The river underneath the train tracks

And when the train came it was so big and powerful
When it came into the little station
I wanted to put my arms around it
But the conductor looked at me funny
So we had to say goodbye and leave
The monopoly board still in the backseat
Took that nightmare left turn to get out of town
Ran into the decreasing speed limits again

What should I do? (Eat breakfast)
What should I do? (Each lunch)
What should I do? (Each dinner)
What should I do? (Go to bed)
Where can I go? (Go to the store)
Where can I go? (Apply for jobs)
Where can I go? (Go to a friend's)
Where can I go? (Go to bed)

I wrote "Beach Death" when I thought you were taken
I wrote "Beach Funeral" when I knew you were taken
I wrote "Beach Fagz"—well it wasn't about you
But it could've been, well no it couldn't have
I spent a week in Ocean City
And came back to find you were gone
I spent a week in Illinois
And came back to find you were still gone

I pretended I was drunk when I came out to my friends
I never came out to my friends
We were all on Skype
And I laughed and changed the subject
She said "what's with this dog motif"
I said "do you have something against dogs"

I am almost completely soulless
I am incapable of being human
I am incapable of being inhuman
I am living uncontrollably

It should be anti-depression
As a friend of mine suggested
Because it's not the sadness that hurts you
It's the brain's reaction against it

It's not enough to love the unreal
I am inseparable from the impossible
I want gravity to stop for me
My soul yearns for a fugitive from

The laws of nature
I want a cut scene
I want a cut from your face to my face
I want a cut I want
The next related video

I don't want to go insane
I don't want to have schizophrenia

The ocean washed over your grave
The ocean washed over your grave

Last night I dreamed he was trying to kill you
I woke up and I was trying to kill you
It's been a year since we first met
I don't if we're boyfriends yet

Do you have any crimes that
We can use to pass the time I'm
Running out of drugs to try

We said we hated humans
We wanted to be humans

Get more groceries get eaten
Get more groceries get eaten
Get more groceries get eaten

A book of Aubrey Beardsley art
Corrupted me in youth
Now I'm trapped inside my youth
And you're in love with last-stage youth
Thank god for the little things and and
Fuck god that they're little things I am
Running out of prayers to sing and I

And pretty soon you'll find some nice young
Satanist with braces and one
Capital o significant Other
And you can take him home to your mother and
Say ma, this is my brother

We said we hated humans
We wanted to be humans

Get more groceries get eaten
Get more groceries get eaten
Get more groceries

Get eaten by the one you love
When they put their lips around you
You can feel their smile from the inside

Last night I dreamed he was trying to kill you
I woke up and I was trying to kill you

Your ears perked up
I perked up when your ears perked up
You were all looking around
And I hoped it was for me
I hoped you were using your sonar systems for me

The ancients saw it coming

You can see that they tried to warn them
In the tales that they told their children
But they fell out of their heads in the morning

They said sex can be frightening
But the children were not listening
And the children cut out everything
Except for the kissing and the singing

When they finally found their home
At Walt Disney studios
And then everyone grew up
With their fundamental schemes fucked

But there are lots of fish left in the sea
There are lots of fish in business suits
That talk and walk on human feet
And visit doctors, have weak knees

Oh please let me join your cult
I'll paint my face in your colors
You have a real nice face
I had an early death

The ocean washed over your grave
The ocean washed open your grave
(how's your face? How's your body?)
(We're too scared to do shit)