

Celebration

Hotel Books

She likes her rock and roll
To be broke and famous
With the broken and nameless
To take all their time

She likes her rock and roll to be loud and honest
Proud and androgynous, not searching for context
She likes her rock and roll to teach her about herself
And hide her anger not depleting your mental health
She rock and rolled her way out of Poughkeepsie
She left her family so she could be right next to me
Well, do what you gotta do, but
I will tell the truth and
I didn't ask you to
You might be something I cannot lose

We sound nothing like we did at the start
We made some rock and gave up on art
I hope you're happy, Mom, I wrote a happy song
Now let's hope that the world holds their remarks
I wanna buy a house without feeling doubt
I wanna change the world, but also change myself
I hope you're happy, Mom, I wrote a happy song
Here's the voice of an aspiring sellout

Darling, you got your first taste of fame
I hope it tastes as good as you thought
'Cause once you play the game, nothing's the same
And that fame might be all that she got
'Cause I'd rather live with a broken heart than no heart at all
Left with questions and remarks that narrate the fall
We'll paint a picture and cover it in gray
And peel away an inch every time we feel our love stray
So by the end we could look at the beautiful art
That you and I made, if we don't already fade

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Yet it's someday you don't still love me
Just know that I will miss you
If it's not too much to ask
Maybe someday you'll sit back
And you'll find some time you miss me, too
'Cause I can get it wrong
Sometimes I know I'm right
I don't wanna sing another sad song
Just wanna celebrate life

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