

An American Religion

The Wonder Years

Sorry for what's in the magazines.
I know it wasn't fair of me,
but I'm spitting ink onto the pages like blood through
broken teeth.

I can see
the gallows all lit up in neon just waiting for me.

The limelight started burning.

They're all paying for bullets to shoot at my feet.
Does that make you happy?
They're all paying for bullets to shoot at my feet.
Does that make you happy?
Does that make you happy?

Truman will always be remembered for dropping the bomb.
I'll always be remembered for my fuck ups but I'm
still living in Richie's basement. Still sitting at the
coffee shop with Ken.
We still talk about nothing. I still feel like the same
person I've been.

I knew a lot of talented kids
who got lost in painkillers and turned into nothing.
Sometimes I can still feel it pulling
but I just can't let that happen.

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Does that make you happy?
Does that make you happy?