

## Titus Andronicus

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Throw my guitar down on the floor  
No one cares what I've got to say anymore  
I didn't come here to be damned with faint praise  
I'll write my masterpiece some other day  
(Fuck everything, fuck me)

I'm repeating myself again  
Innovation, I leave to smarter men  
Pretty melodies don't fall out of the air for me  
I've got to steal them from somewhere  
But it doesn't matter what you do  
Or how hard you try  
Now there's nothing left for me to do except die  
When they cut you up  
And tell you that it's not going to hurt  
But they are not going to stop until they see you go to sleep i  
n the dirt

There'll be no more cigarettes  
No more having sex  
No more drinking until you fall on the floor  
No more indie rock  
Just a ticking clock  
You have no time for that anymore  
You better watch where you run your mouth  
Because you know what they'll say to you

They'll say  
Your life is over [repeat until end]