

That Phone Is a Brick

Allday

Yeah, aged 12 first day at a new school
In a room full of peoples, pubescent being brutal
It was casual dressed, which made it even worse
Me in my resting shirt couldn't let them see me hurt
They're all in Ralph Lauren but me I'm just poor as shit
At a private school and I'm only here on scholarship
The girls ignore me and I'm beat up by the older kids
But the teachers quiz me like I wonder what your problem is?
Well the kids in my neighborhood will think I'm an asshole
And the rich kids hate me cos I don't live in a castle
And my home life is fucked I'm copping shit from my uncle
At school I get in trouble, these are things that I juggle
So I save my lunch money, starve for months straight!
To get a phone of my own, I'll be cool you just wait
Then I finally get it and I show it to a kid
He's like ha ha ha that phone is a brick!

The cool kids used to say this shit like
That phone is a mother fucking brick, that phone is a mother fucking brick
Where the hell'd you find something that big?
And the hot girls used to say this shit like
That phone is a mother fucking brick, that phone is a mother fucking brick
Why are you talking to me, you're weird!

I'm like, why are you laughing mother fucker, you have one of those
Exactly like mine
He said you'll find that was months ago
Of course I've got another phone since I'm not poor
I already sold that old dinosaur to a porn star
In fact it was probably the same place you bought yours
But I understand man it's not like you can afford more
Damn that flatter me, took everything I had in me
It was supposed to be my ticket to popularity!
But it turned out actually just more pain and tragedy
Cos adults can be mean but kids are really damaging
So I left at lunch I was so fucking embarrassed, head slumped in sadness just to punch my mattress
Hating all the rich kids, what a bunch of actors
But pursuing their approval of pathetic double standards
Feeling so defeated like a total idiot, so I took my brick phone and binned it

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Now as I build up my life as a grown man, with the newest piece of shit on a phone plan
Home in a leafy street with more than enough things
I tell myself to remember how little stuff means
And then I think back to all my memories of everything stressful
And realize it's integral to the recipe
So really they were right, in this moment it clicks
My life is a wall and that phone is a brick...

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