

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

Yo, I fell asleep in my bed about 3 o'clock in the morning
And woke up drowning but floating the waters risin' and pourin'
Its over risin', its foreign, but something feels pretty normal
That fancy dress but I'm formally out of the loop and cordial
I swear, I swear, I swear
How many times am I gonna say that before I end up aware
Aware of the simple truth
I'm barely even a youth
And I'm about to be an adult but I still behave like I'm 2
And that's the truth of it
But I despite it with a denim plate collides with every single way your mind
is
And your pockets runnin' empty but creativity finds it
Funny the way were lyin' to ourselves by design
And, that's what this is, classic and vicious
Actin like big kids and crack it like lipstick
Back to the drawing board with ghastly repentance
And sailin' till I stumble on an island full of riches, like

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

In a film school asked full of regrets I whisper
While the jazz tunes bump black and white films flicker
And the mummies now alive something like Bill Switzer
And your life flies by eye to eye with I'll intention
Finally arriving at the point of no return again
And sittin' down and bleedin' while you're reachin' for the tourniquet
But life's a friendly story by the ending it's a murder flick
And merge your words with furnaces to burn away the person
Inside, and with doctors that claim that you're insane
Cause you can't bear to live another day inside your brain
When the shadows of the streets are screamin' louder than the rain
You're clouded in the reign of moving down in the terrain
Where should you travel to?
Cause there's nowhere left and I can tell you've given up by the alcohol on

your breathe

If addiction was just a vice, you're 'bout to fall from the bed with a vice
grip on the noose then how's it all suppose to end when

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed

When everybody's livin on windmills
Ain't nobody worried 'bout the windchill
Cause to keep us warm
We got leaves and thorns
And at least one of your friends has been killed