

## Sick, Later

### Bomb the Music Industry!

I didn't cause too much trouble at sixteen years old. I snuck out and I stole highway signs, piled 'em up in the hallway up against the wall from sidewalks, train stations, construction sites and nobody died. I remember the common room was really cold and the vending machines and the snow was iced over outside. I drove back, and the bridge had felt way too narrow over potholes and through yellow lights. Did I hug you goodbye? Did I say good night? And I thought I'd see you again under the glow of a soft light. Without fluorescent days and nights. With no hum, no network TV. The consolation prize: with resigned eyes I still held tight and with resigned eyes you still held tight. And I'm glad it wasn't like that summer when everybody died. I'm such a guarded guy 'cause I've been hurt too many times. The first time that I took you to the hospital, I was tired and you wanted to die. I drove off, and I couldn't understand at all. f\*\*k, I didn't even walk you inside. I thought we all wanna die, we all wanna die. And I thought that was fine, I thought that was fine, I thought that was fine.