

The First Time I Met Sanawon

Bomb the Music Industry!

First off, I didn't feel comfortable.
I'd been drinking for weeks and forgetting to eat
and sleeping shitty in a college common room.

Trying to make friends with strangers, swapping telephone numbers
Making crazy demands to play a show in your basement.
Two days later I didn't think that you would give us our first
Chicago punk rock show.

I didn't think I had a chance.
I had a hunch that lost a lot of my friends.
I never thought I'd get the feeling back again.
I never thought I'd smile again but I was dumb
'cause I felt kinda good in your neighborhood
Although I kinda fell down atop a pile of kinda dried up blood
and stumbled back to your home without outblacking.

These days, we're both getting old.
And while you're buying a house, I'm losing sight of my goals.
I took my time and now I've got nothing to show.
But when I see you next year, we'll have a coffee or beer
and I'll be real glad my failures aren't making things weird.

As we get older every day feels longer
and although I know I'll struggle I will
do my best to never get tired.
I know Chicago will be cold tomorrow
Let's cash in on our thin blood and have another one.
No flaking no leaving.

No flaking no leaving, mistaking our dealings
for burdens that stop us from waking up early
and working, repeating the process of bleeding
our tired heads dry with the motions of failing again.
I'm tired of complaining
I'm tired of complaining
But I'm thankful for the first time I met Sanawon.