

My American Life

BROCKHAMPTON

Dead tired, feelin' stupid
It's just my American life (I'm dreaming man)

New shoes, new apartment
That's all, my American life
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing-, nothing
And I got nothing to give, that's why I made you this tape
I been climbing this wall, how much more can I take?
Sometimes I think about dying, but then I think of those days
Sometimes I wish we could speak, but I have nothing to say

Dead tired, feelin' stupid (Feelin' stupid)
And this is my American life

Thank you, thank you
Thank you all, let's get it, let's get i-, let's-