Burning Man

Car Seat Headrest

Back from the sandstorms
Back to looking at myself in the mirror
I've seen the photographs
Those clothes don't fit me right these clothes don't fit these clothes don't fit

Don't go to San Francisco
You won't find yourself there
Cause you're already everywhere
In every bathroom you wake up in

Wash the glitter off your face
Hands in the sink pray for God's grace

I don't need no burning man
I got my hotel room
I don't need no desert sand
I'm going back home soon
I don't need no hot romance
To last a day or two
I don't need no loving hands
Cause now I know, now I know, now I know the truth

If ugly is a word
Then there are ugly people in the world
And if there's ugly people in the world
I am one of them, I am defined

But I'm ok with the mirror
I'm ok with the brutal facts
There's other things to talk about
We can talk about something else now

Irony is all that I have
Sincerity is all that I have

I had to fear, I had to hate
There was nothing else to it
Being ok with it
Would kill me

Hmm hmm hmm, it's not your business
Please excuse me for a minute

I don't need no burning man
I got my hotel room
I don't need no rock and roll band
To help me play the blues
I just need a government
To name me and give me food
I don't need no loving hands
Cause now I know, now I know, now I know the truth

With water in my ears
I couldn't believe
Everyone could act so normal with water in their ears
When I had water in my ears

I could hear my own voice echoing inside my head

No one can know my dreams
Let’s keep this between you and me

I don’t mean much without you
You’re the other person in the room
This is your side, this is my side
By invisible shatterproof glass
I wanna take a picture of you and then burn it
I wanna take a photo of you and burn it

I want a face like that

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