

Sober to Death

Car Seat Headrest

Lovely lovely
In your jeans, frenzy
Another movie that I didn't watch with you
Another movie and I'm gonna have to move

That final terror is in your house somewhere
Hiding in boxes, behind closed doorways
Out from the forest adjacent to your garage
I've seen its marks at the corner of your eyes

Nothing works
Nothing works for everyone
Good stories are bad lives
Good stories are bad lives

Take your hands off your neck and hold
On to the ghost of my body
You know that good lives make bad stories
You can text me
When punching mattresses gets old
Don't think it'll always be this way
Not comforted by anything I say
We were wrecks before we crashed into each other

Such a good idea
If it turns you on
We have breakdowns
And sometimes we don't have breakdowns

I want to hear you going psycho
If you're going psycho I wanna hear
Every conversation just ends with you screaming
Not even words, just ahh-ahh-ahh

Take your hands off your neck and hold
On to the ghost of my body
You know that good lives make bad stories
You can text me
When punching mattresses gets old
What if it'll always be this way
Not comforted by anything you say
We were wrecks before we crashed into each other

Don't worry you and me won't be alone no more [x12]