

## something soon

### Car Seat Headrest

Bitng my clothes to keep from screaming  
Taking pills to keep from dreaming  
I want to break something important  
I want to kick my dad in the shins

I was referring to the present in past tense  
It was the only way that I could survive it  
I want to close my head in the car door  
I want to sing this song like I'm dying

Heavy boots on my throat I need  
I need something soon  
I need something soon  
I can't talk to my folks I need  
I need something soon  
I need something soon  
All of my fingers are froze I need  
I need something soon  
I need something soon  
Only one change of clothes I need  
I need something soon  
I need something soon  
My head is my head is my head is

Stay inside all this winter  
Filling out forms from a busted printer  
I want to talk like Raymond Carver  
(an advertisement cries out)  
I want to turn down the goddamn TV  
("He should have gone to Jared's")

Binging on the latest sitcom  
Feeling guilty every second it's on  
I want put my foot through a window  
(I document my mind loss)  
I want to romanticize my headfuck  
(through instruments of wordplay)

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Let's burn this house down...