

## stoop kid

### Car Seat Headrest

This city has its share of stairs  
And if you stay there, no one cares  
These boxes I should probably recycle  
This city has its share of stairs

I haven't eaten in so long  
Stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop  
I'd like to travel the world, babe  
But stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop

The concrete breaks my heart again  
Some kid walks by, I spit at them  
The grocery store will still be there tomorrow  
The concrete breaks my heart again

I want a therapist more fucked up than me  
Stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop  
Because I look in your eyes like a deer looks into headlights  
Stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop

If I had a little time  
Maybe I could start to find my way out  
But every time I move my feet, dance my way across the street  
I lose it

There's still beer cans on the step  
I pretend that I have kept on purpose  
But when the trashman comes around  
I just start to feel so down I can't move

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