

We Can't Afford (Your Depression Anymore)

Car Seat Headrest

We can't afford your depression anymore
We can't afford this depression anymore

Every minute that we spend
There is something to break down for
So just change key
Keep your mind on me
You've got a lot to live for
You've got a lot to go for

We can share a room, share a bed, save rent as cellmates
You'd think it was a crime to be alive (that's your depression talking)
We're living in squalor
That's the name of this house
This house is called squalor by all
There's a door broken somewhere but I never can remember quite where

We can't afford our depression anymore
We can't afford this depression anymore

How can we ever make a living?
Our job is trying not to die
So just change key
Keep your mind on me
You've got a lot to live for
You've got a lot to go for

We'd be starving artists if we were artists
But we won't let ourselves become the art (no we'll never sink that low)
Remember when we made jokes?
Now we're too poor for laughter
No, fuck it, we're too poor to be serious
So make me laugh again

We can't afford my depression anymore
We can't afford this depression anymore

Every minute someone else
Is having a better time than us babe
So just change key
Keep your mind on me
You've got a lot to live for
You've got a lot to go for

I've seen some things that I won't forget
Ashtray carpets and starving pets
If it's out of our hands then we'd better regret
We spent the rest on cigarettes

I don't know how to make you happy