

Never Swim Alone

Death from Above 1979

Babies in biker jackets
Laptops & dark sunglasses
Cocaine brunch, no reservation
Pull up with my ceiling missing
Valet park my hump machine
Backseat conceive, so unclean
Plug it in like USB
18 years, fuck being free
Can you hold these scrolls for me?
Useless masters (&) degrees
Scroll down to go for a ride
Comment Section: Suicide

There's got to be another one coming
Another generation
Ready for the revolution
Or a change of station
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Pray to American Idol
YouTube haircut so in style
Sodastream spray ricochet
In your face like: "It's OK!"
It's my party, I'll cry all day
So in touch with Rinpoche
Climb the mountain, password saved
Satan is my username

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