

Killing My Vibe

eleventyseven

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
Whoa-oh...

'70s sci-fi future just sent us the bill
We're all sedated and relatable and ready to chill
You took away my drive but you gave me all of the feels, hey
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh

I got a hi-fi handle on all of my business
Is that the future so bright? Oh, the radiation sickness
We got the alchemy to turn tiny problems to trauma
I'm sending every last positive thought to your drama

But you're killing my vibe
You're killing my vibe
Why can't you let these sleeping drones die?
You're killing my vibe
Oh-oh, you're killing my vibe
A-killing my vibe
A-killing my vibe
Oh-oh, you're killing my vibe
A-killing my vibe
A-killing my vibe

Whether you're magic or muggle, man, the struggle is real
Jacked up on cold fish and attention-deficit pills
We're just some grown-ass kids who don't know how to deal, hey
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh

Whoa-oh...

We got the map to the backyard bones that ya buried
Down in some stay-at-home mom's and pop's secretary
Wake up to serving a savior hell-bent on destruction, oh
Fist of itchy trigger fingers next to the button

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