

a file cabinet full of bees

fats'e

You are listening to arson green nostalgia
Youngburial

Got déjà vu in that apartment
It reminds me of the past
Not doing shit, just kicking it
Smoking cigs and skipping class
It's not [?] practicing
For another local show
I guess a lot has changed since then
Some things are still the same though

I'm still a nervous wreck
And I still cut my hair [?]
I've got things to say
But the connection from my brain to my mouth is broken
Digging through the memories
A file cabinet full of bees, oh, woah

Woo!
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One night we were bored kids that wanted booze
Driving to the store, we are getting close
Walk in, grab a case, then run fast as fuck
Swim off in a car, we were dumb as fuck
Can you tell me more? I don't remember that
Brain still on the floor, last one that I had
Peer behind the door, what you know 'bout that?
Used to be a little shit, now I'm just depressed