

## Local Language

Into It. Over It.

I'm always struggling to find the best place to start  
I'm always in the in between and where the car is parked  
But then you made yourself clear  
A high court of common low-rent judicial peers  
So I swore off your local language and started backing off

Well, it's one wall missing where there should be four  
Your trust fund tipping off a common score  
A treasure for who does your saving  
A keep where your father's accounting has balanced the checks on the uneven floor  
As I swore off your local language and started backing off

I guess it's easy to be so pleasantly pleased when it's Dad's autograph always signing the lease  
So now I'm backing off

I'm so friggin' sick of always backing off

I'm always struggling to find the best place to stay  
I'm always in the in-between of a parking space  
While you're projecting on favors annulled  
Talking shit with expressions you stole from the face of a dollar who's earning your pay  
So I swore off your local language and started backing off

I guess it's easy to say that we're not the same  
When the real world is out there but can't carry your weight