

Open Casket

Into It. Over It.

My friends from where I'm from are all a wreck
Hanging high up on a horse
Hanging heavy from their old routines
They wake up still uninspired with no regrets
Hungover and divorced, they torch their twenties like it's kerosene

Carrying on and on
I can't decide
If I should stay or sleep outside
With that look of sheer distress from left to right

My friends from where I'm from, they want my neck
Hanging high up on a noose
Hanging heavy from the guillotine
The wake would go unattended, no respects
But I'd feel better as a corpse
Than a boring bitter living thing

So I'm carrying on and on
I can't decide
Should I stay or sleep outside
With that look of sheer distress from left to right

You showed up late, per usual
But you wore my favorite dress
And then there's me, as always, just a mess
Just like always, I'm just a mess

My friends from where I'm from are all a wreck
My friends from where I'm from are all a wreck