# Immune

**Jensen McRae**

Traffic from the East side got me aggravated
Hotter than the day my brother graduated
Wait for hours in the sun in line at Dodger Stadium
I'm not scared of dogs or getting vaccinated
Lay the seat back, turn this place into a bed
Someone's smoking in the Camry just ahead
Yeah, I know the irony would never be lost on me
You don't have to point it out again

What will we say to each other
When the needle goes in?
What will we be to each other
If the world doesn't end?

Radio is static through the Taylor song
Think a college football game is comin' on
God you hate Top 40 shit, but as the sports preempted it
Your mouth in my ear, you hummed along

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I think the nurse that gave our shots is judging us
Can she tell that we just fucked the friendship up?
As we leave, I turn to you, ask how it feels to be immune
And you know what I mean a bit too much

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What will we say to each other?
What will we be to each other?

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