

# Chumped

Joyce Manor

Some salty stoned night  
You cut up your hair bad again  
And so you cough up a fake smile  
And hate to be photographed skin

Now I'm feeling chumped on the bus  
Left out of breath out of touch  
Fixed gear, this frat boy who won't lend an ear  
Why should he bother his father's career

Feeling hopeful and helpless  
Talking shit all the same  
Do you keep having nightmares  
About the old gang  
Or when I keep reminding  
myself this will pass  
But myself keeps reminding me  
It will come back

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