

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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