

## Leather Jacket

Joyce Manor

In your new leather jacket, you're somebody else.  
And it's not nice to meet you in a fortress of self.  
Thanks to your new leather jacket, we're nobodies now.  
Pack of cigarettes, I empty out.

I miss the way we talked before you went away to school.  
Now all you seem to say is "Baby, how could it be you?"  
I hate the way you're leaning and you're looking at your phone.  
I hate the way I feel like dying when I'm all alone.

In your new leather jacket, you're somebody else.  
And it's not nice to meet you in a fortress of self.  
Thanks to your new leather jacket, we're nobodies now.  
Pack of cigarettes, I empty out.