

All Wordz Are Made Up

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No one will care about this in ten years
Suicide envy, pink ocean of tears
Mail-drop at Wall Street
Stretched up to my ears
(Then grew)

In my mind
I get up and I try, it's not that hard
Holding you to those standards, they're just too high
I don't want everything or understand anything

(I don't know, ta-da-da, ta-da-da)
(I don't know, ta-da-da, ta-da-da)
(I don't know, ta-da-da, ta-da-da)

I'll be there, be okay
What's your name?

I get up and I said it's not my fault
Hiding in my will, I wanted to go
I get up there and I try, it's not that hard
(Or understand anything)

(Waiting in the basement and chasing on the pedestal)
(Though we'll all be going there soon)
(Waiting in the basement and chasing on the pedestal)
(Though we'll all be going there soon)

In my mind
I get up and I try, it's not that hard
Holding you to those standards, they're just too high
I get up there and I try, it's not that hard
I don't want anything

What's your name?
(I said I'm running on the road again)
(Took the fall now I said it's never for you)
(Waiting in the basement and chasing on the pedestal)
(Though we'll all be going there soon)
(I said I'm running on the road again)
(Took the fall now I said it's never for you)