

## Out of the Blue

Julian Casablancas

Somewhere along the way, my hopefulness turned to sadness  
Somewhere along the way, my sadness turned to bitterness  
Somewhere along the way, my bitterness turned to anger  
Somewhere along the way, my anger turned no vengeance

And the ones that I made pay were never the ones who deserved it  
And the ones who deserved it, they'll never understand it  
Yes I know I'm going to hell in a purple basket  
'Least I'll be in another world while you're pissing on my casket...

How could you be  
So perfect for me  
Why can't you ignore  
The thing I did before

Somewhere along the way, exacting vengeance gave excitement  
Somewhere along the way, that excitement turned to pleasure  
Somewhere along the way, that pleasure turned to madness  
But sooner or later that kind of madness turns into pain

And the ones that I made pay were never the ones who deserved it  
Those who helped me along the way, I smacked'em as I thanked'em  
Yes I know I'm go to hell in a leather jacket  
'Least I'll be in another world while you're pissing on my casket...

And all that I can do is sing a song of faded glory  
And all you got to do is sit there, look great and make'em horny  
Together we'll sing songs tell exaggerated stories  
About the way we feel today and tonight and in the morning

How could you be  
So perfect for me  
Why can't you ignore  
The thing I did before

Take all you're fears, pretend they're all true  
Take all your plans pretend they fell through  
That what it's like...  
That what it's like for most people in this world  
The rich or the poor  
Muslims or Jews  
When roles are reversed  
Opinions are too...

That's all I'm gonna say now,  
Before they come knocking on my door