

We Are Both Writers

Kind of Like Spitting

Reacclimate to my surroundings
Back in a city that just seems to eat itself
All I really want to do is get back into you
No tension, no worries
But every time it comes around I find gray ways to let you down
I can't control my instincts
Why can't I be happy just to call you a friend?
I thought things could be different
Maybe I could do some good
Come home spent to unemploy a past from Hollywood
Some things can change everything
Despite their rights and wrongs
I'm getting reacquainted with my lower self
Redhead teach me compassion from your fragrant continent
While you're at it you can ressurect my family
While you're at it you can summon Christ and part the seas
While you're at it you can polarize my chemicals
I'm so sick of trying to fight my body and you at the same time
I am righteous in my anger!
All I have to give you is my lower self
I will sing of how we made love like strangers
All I'll have to sell you is my lower self
Oh how you are as pretty as the postpunk kids you pity
Oh how you swear by the myth that you're not beautiful
How nothing ever seems to work the way that it gets planned
So we turn away from everyone that loves us
Hypnotized by waves our lives are deer blocking the lane
We can just sit back and watch it all go up in flames
Until every note, every chord sounds the same
It goes boom boom boom on my ego
It goes boom boom boom but I don't mind anymore
'Cause You can only go boom boom boom for so long
Until it hurts you more than it hurts me
Nothing ever seems to work the way that it gets planned
So I will turn away from everything that hurts me
Climb back into a cloud of smoke
My face close to the flame
Camera pulling back, leaving you left of the frame
It's a party and you're not invited