

My Bedroom Is Like For Artists

Latterman

May your music break my ear drums.
And your pavement scrape my knees. And the next time I get up and try leaving town
Shoot my fucking plane to the ground.

I saw new things in the same old town
That year after I decided being dead inside wasn't an option.
I think I can be too romantic.
Yeah I think I was just too romantic.

I see life alive in so many peoples eyes.
Let's hope we won't be dead inside.
I see life alive in so many peoples eyes.
Let's hope we won't be dead inside.

Even though it's warm down here.
Don't let it lull us to sleep.
I think I can be too romantic.
Yeah I think I was just too romantic.

Streets gentrified like it's no problem.
Boys in bands still singing about killing their girlfriends.
People leave communities while their still struggling.
Come on everybody sing along, we're to blame.

Punks start dealing with their own white privilige.
We tell all the boys to stop being so aggressive.
Actually giving a shit about the place we live in.
Come on everybody sing along, let's fix this.

I see life alive in many peoples eyes.