

My Own Worst Anti-Hero

Lit

I have this thing where I get older, but just never wiser
Midnights become my afternoons
When my depression works the graveyard shift, all of the people
I've ghosted stand there in the room

I should not be left to my own devices
They come with prices and vices
I end up in crisis
(Tale as old as time)
I wake up screaming from dreaming
One day, I'll watch as you're leaving
'Cause you got tired of my scheming
(For the last time)

Please tell me why my car is in the front yard
And I'm sleeping with my clothes on
I came in through the window last night (and you're gone)
It's me, hi, I'm the problem, it's me
At teatime, everybody agrees
I'll stare directly at the sun, but never in the mirror
It must be exhausting always rooting for the anti-hero

Sometimes, I feel like everybody is a sexy baby
And I'm a monster on the hill
Too big to hang out, slowly lurching toward your favorite city
Pierced through the heart, but never killed

Did you hear my covert narcissism
I disguise as altruism
Like some kind of congressman?
(A tale as old as time)
I wake up screaming from dreaming
One day, I'll watch as you're leaving
And life will lose all its meaning
(For the last time)

Please tell me why my car is in the front yard
And I'm sleeping with my clothes on
I came in through the window last night (and you're gone)
It's me, hi, I'm the problem, it's me
At teatime, everybody agrees
I'll stare directly at the sun, but never in the mirror
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