

# Nowhere Special

Matt Berninger

Uh, can we kill the, can we kill the click?  
There's still a little latency situation  
I'll just do a non-thinking thinking

I'm already late for the bungalow meeting to explain  
Why it's been nearly four years since they've heard anything  
And now that the time and the money is out, or pretty much out  
They feel they should know what this whole thing's about, and I get it  
I'll slur my city words into the mind grinder microphone  
My skull isn't soft anymore, it has cracks in it like a floor  
This stuff just leaks out now whenever it wants to, in cars, with kids  
In front of my brother and sister, let's just keep going in loops

'Cause I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special  
I've got nowhere to be, I've got nowhere to be  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special

Don't make me cry in the back of a black car  
I don't care where we're going, just keep going and going in loops  
There's still some kind of low latency slippage  
And it knocks me off my teeth and I get sound-sick and sound schizophrenic  
You know what? I love you for saying yes when you know I don't believe it  
All that shouting across the pool and all that talk of affection  
I'll slur your slishy words into my mind grinder kiosk  
So we can spend most of the time going out to lunch against our will  
I found a new way to clear out an old mood  
Why do I let it get to me? Go ahead and have another breakthrough, uh-huh  
You'll become an art project in a blue pleated skirt  
Stand on a drop cloth, lift the thing up  
Down goes the blood and down goes my career as a Catholic  
You're gonna lose your cool if we keep revising this  
Let's start over, latency's getting in front of me now  
It knocks me off my rhythm and it messes with my glow  
A bat can haul our recording equipment into the woods  
I know we shouldn't, but I feel like we should  
It's not a novel on a plane, it's not an after-party pinnacle  
You know there's no lust for it in here, there's no place for lust  
Write it on a baseball until the white skin runs out  
Your life's entirely optional, we're going for honesty spirals  
Highlighted oily areas that really rewire your linear melon  
I beg for your attention, I never command it, look at me, look at me, look at me  
I got another new credit card from some Silicon-Valley vulture  
And a vat of Vaseline to slip into our sleepy souls with  
We'll smear it on a mirror in a queer cursive slant  
We'll get a shitty hotel where you can open your heart and you can explain it to me  
In a thin red pen on a yellowing leaf  
Are we ever gonna talk? Are we ever going to ignore it?  
The way that you avoid my eyes and how it destroys me  
I want to believe in this one little fantasy  
What is it for you? Because this frazzled my guts

I've got nowhere to be  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special

I've got nowhere to be, I've got nowhere to be  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special

In a language of containment, we let our lips get electric  
And slide our teeth along the lines we never meant to mention  
Dry mouth, take a bow before we compromise to death  
Good drugs and goldfish are the best parts of both of us  
A good chance of rain between patches of sun  
Is one of the all-time greatest weather reports, isn't it?  
I guess it goes without saying, it goes without saying  
It's way too hot to hold hands  
I had to get my nails out of my hair because my dream has all been real  
I'm hung up on you, you know what, we should get away  
I can get you in a pick-up  
I can take you to the house we almost never built by mistake  
We can go camping inside Indian caves  
I can put your legs on my makeup table

I don't know where to be, I've got nowhere special  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special  
I've got nowhere to be, I've got nowhere to be  
I've got nowhere to be, nowhere, nowhere special

I'll slur my city words into the mind grinder microphone  
This stuff leaks out wherever it wants to, in cars, with kids  
Don't make me cry in the back of a black car  
I don't care where we're going  
There's still some kind of low latency slippage  
It knocks me off my teeth and I sound sick and schizophrenic  
You know what? You know what? I love you  
And all that shouting across the pool and talk of affection  
I'll slur your slishy words, I found a new way to clear out my old mood  
'Cause you've become an art project in a pleated skirt  
Standing on a drop cloth  
Down goes the blood, start over  
A bat can haul our recording equipment into the woods  
I know we shouldn't, but I feel like we should