

With so much drama at the ETA
It's kind of hard being Hal Incandenza, hey
Because I'm not okay, and something's wrong
I call my brother Orin and I quote Beatles song
To make a long story short, well my Daddy died
He microwaved his head now I wonder why
There's a piece of him left, beyond the kitchen
A video in fact, its history rewritten
Please forgive this apophysis, 'cause my life's been stuck in stasis
Concavity is growing and I don't think I can face it
Be a pro in the show, this I know, is my dream
But these cartridges they're mailing out are not quite what they seem
And maybe I should watch one to feel a little something?
Was this my father's plan? Before I turn to nothing?
While my brother keeps on filming, balanced, leaning to the side
Like a Foster Wallace novel, counting footnotes piled high

Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby
(To be or not to be it's honestly ridiculous)
Yeah I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby
(Meticulous, conspicuous, this drama, yeah I'm sick of it)
Listen to Iron Maiden baby, with me, ooooh

Okay you're with me so far? So it's Hamlet, set in the mid 2000s
Written in the 90s
And there's this tape that you can't watch

Digging in the graveyard I stuck him with a shovel
And then I watched the moon take the form of the devil
Canadian wheelchair assassins on the go
Like a Northport Kerouac terminus I'm home
A legacy from Dad to show me that I'm not alone
He freaking took the video and freaking stuck it in his dome
Holographic experiments, my father had hella
Like a 2pac set with Snoop at Coachella
Wait - that's in the future, confusing chronology
Technology, mythology a literary oddity
Post-modern in the cutest of terms
When will Bret Easton Ellis ever relax and learn, sure
It's non-linear, thinking I might go
Ricky Casso on these fools American Psycho

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At the Enfield, Enfield Tennis Academy
Tennis academy
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And now, for the chilling conclusion
Of this dense, symbolic tome
In short, it turns Hal's Dad made the video to try to communicate with his s
on
Inadvertently unleashing the beast
What would I want my future self to tell me now?
Maintain my mental health? Get through this all somehow
Will they remember me when I forget
How I got to this place, quarantined and upset
It's a fallacy, got that talent see, acting tragically
Ennet House, wow, can they make me malice free?
Honestly, it's been a rough summer G, I promise thee
If I can leave, teenage me you will never see
But wait that's that it's a message from my pops?
Sent from beyond the grave? He never stops