

Sunflower broke, stem is bent at an angle  
If good boys smoke good drugs then consider me an angel  
SnapBack forward, tree house of horrors  
Deal drugs to your kids and your parents pay for it

Disconnected families with cell phones at dinner  
Teachers, mom, dad, God are all mad at the sinner  
Draw pictures in my notebook when I'm supposed to be learning  
Pop a Xanax before class to keep my thoughts from hurting

Write a suicide note when I get home wishing you all goodbye  
If I am a ghost now then why still can't I fly?  
Always stare out my window and wish I were somewhere else  
My depression likes to put my dreams on the shelf

Am I not cool like the other bands because I don't write about  
love?  
Art is supposed to scare you and I've got blood in my lungs  
I'm not sad but I'm not exactly happy yet either  
Unless I live forever I have to keep writing this shit

My biggest fear is that I will be forgotten  
The grass will grow over my gravestone and nobody will bother  
You know the beautiful thoughts that you always think?  
Nobody will hear them again

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