

I wanna get stoned
I don't wanna vote
Haven't I cast my ballot with the words I wrote?
And the things I said
Some of which I meant
The places I go to and the money I spent

I wanna get stoned
I don't wanna get a job
I don't wanna be seen when I'm about to sob
When I'm at the sink
And I'm looking in the mirror
Reconciling that image with how I should appear
Now I look at my hands
Down to my chest
The imploding rose on the inside of my neck
I wanna leave home
I wanna leave town
I wanna go home

I wanna get stoned
I don't wanna die
The things I care about and the people I like

No we won't leave this town
Take it under, I let it out sometimes (sometimes)
No we won't leave this town
Take it under, I let it out sometimes (sometimes)
No we won't leave this town
Take it under, I let it out sometimes
No we won't leave this town
Take it under, I let it out sometimes
Sometimes, sometimes, sometimes