

I Want To Die On My Birthday

Teenage Bottlerocket

I want to die on my birthday party in my bedroom
I'm gonna use the cord from the vacuum
Who knows, I might decide it's probably best to wait another year

I want to die on my birthday party with a mic stand
I'm gonna use the sharpened end for a headstand
As the pole slides through the top of my head, my brains will spill out onto the floor

I want to die on my birthday party on the freeway
I'm gonna crash my car on the interstate
I may as well stop traffic, besides, my grave marker's gonna look pretty cool

I want to die on my birthday party in my backyard
I'm gonna send myself into the graveyard
I'm gonna take a piss on an electric fence
While I'm wading in the kiddie pool

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I want to die on my birthday, it's gotta be an accident
There was LSD on my laminate
I lost my mind, and I thought I could fly
I did a double gainer off of a bridge
What if I was playing frisbee golf by the high school?
And a spit wad shot outside of the classroom
It could lodge itself inside my head
Sometimes my birthday is on spring break
There's a chance I could be going over all my wishes
And slit my wrists doing dishes
I can fall down a gnarly set of stairs
What if someone blew up the block?

I want to die on my birthday, it might be a heart attack
Candles lit by a pyromaniac
It's really just one less day, my dumb shit friends will have to recall

I haven't felt this way since I turned twenty-one
That was my favorite birthday of them all
I know there's only one way to choose the day we die
You can sing me Happy Birthday, suicide

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