

She was a bartender, he worked at Guitar Center
The stickers on their car fenders had the same agenda
An elitist, a defeatist, I believe it's an allegiance of convenience
Fulfilling what each other needed

I just wanna fuck and forget where I am
I just need to fuck, I don't need a friend
I just wanna fuck and never see you again
I just need to fuck to forget

Dying here is easy because we live so hard
Don't get any closer, I don't want to see your flaws
Could you help me, sister? I believe I've gotten lost
Ain't mortality a bitch?

We drank a little more, fell a little more in love
The news was full of wars and floods and I just wanna score some drugs
Think I was way too honest then, in fact I'm sure I was
And I know it don't make up for it, but it kinda sorta does

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Don't get any closer, I don't want to see your flaws
Could you help me, mister? I believe I've gotten lost
Ain't mortality a bitch?

To say that they were cynics would diminish their persistence
Like their arguments were gimmicks which in turn will make them distant
You're boring but alluring and the emperor's returning
Rome is burning in the morning, I must go on to tell the story

On the head of a rocket as velocity builds
Schrödinger's collective cat that curiosity's killed
Now there's one more chance to go for laughter building to a slow roar
And there we are, pushing on a pull door

Push, pull
Push, pull
Push, pull
Push, pull, push, pull

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I don't know what I'm doing
But I am okay with losing
I don't know what I'm doing
But I'm not afraid of losing
I don't know what I'm doing
But I am okay with losing
I don't know what I'm doing

But...