

Silverlake Neophyte

Third Eye Blind

Will I get nervous before my take, outside the club in Silver Lake?
And there's no mistaking your perfect practice innocence
I just start talking, you can see that I'm
Not gonna to lie to you

And this folk music's fucking me up, make's me think I should quit
Maybe I'm just scared of it
Quick hit and a flip of a Zippo
Inhale and your eyes squint

You point at me with a cigarette finger, say you find some good shit
In the ruins
But deep down, I'm not sold on what we're doing

Deep down, I think you're seething with ambition
Like everyone else around, you're on a mission
To see just how many likes you can get
Get your fingers wet
And have the people watch you rub a freeze

But everyone needs to be seen
There's no growing in the dark
You say, "It's just a pose", well, what's wrong with a pose?
We all invent ourselves as we go
So here we go

A same old itch
The air's meant to protect myself
Took a life on now and they're breathing on their own
Some strange personality, living up on me that I've been trying to ditch

I want things to be perfect, so I put it off
Maybe progress now will do
I'm on the outside, never satisfied
Something's always missing, so you convinced yourself
But you're beautiful

I mean, look at those hands
You're all purity with a splash of
St. Germaine

Oh, I want to be
A daring one
No more songs about being cozy and bored

Don't sing about the suburbs
And how you miss the scent of home
An Elliot Smith clone's all you'll be
And miss all this urgency

And everyone needs to be seen
There's no growing in the dark
It's just a pose, well, what's wrong with a pose
We all invent ourselves as we go
So here we go

I look for you outside, after the show

I look for you again
And I'll go with you 'cause I kinda love you
If I see you again, I think I'm gonna kill you

'Cause we'll keep doing this
Waiting around for someone who doesn't want me
To want me
I've been looking longingly at the scene