

If You're Going to Break Yourself

Unknown Mortal Orchestra

When all my druggy friends go missing in San Francisco
You think I don't understand anything anymore
I miss how we used to speak secret loser language
You blocked my number just because I stayed alive

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Our tongues were stained blue from blue candy
Kissed with numb lips and wondered what was somewhere
This landscape is a paradise swing and close your eyes and
You're an [?] you know but I miss you

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If you're going to break yourself
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You're gonna break me
You're gonna break me

Gonna break, gonna break me
Break yourself, yourself
Gonna break me
Gonna break, gonna break me

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