

# Blame the City!, Things I Do But Don't Tell My Girl

I brought my fist to a gunfight tonight,  
and I don't think I'm gonna be alright  
Remember when we stood for something?  
Now we can barely stand.  
And tell me, why should we?  
When everything we desire is played right in our hands  
The world stopped turning when I realized  
I was the sanest person in the room.  
Oh what a terrifying thought  
How was your day without an identity?  
Man, it was pretty fucking beat.  
How was your day with my identity?  
Man, it was pretty fucking great.  
Saturday night, we'll drink ourselves to sleep or to death.  
These basement steps are fucking Everest.  
Sunday morning, parking lots are empty.  
So are all the churches, I wonder if that's irony.