

Bomb The Music Industry!, Stand There 'Til You'r

Brown paper bags metal cans.
Sixty degrees fahrenheit.
We can't see the stars tonight
cause apartments generate ambient light
And I'm sorry that we're not already drunk.

Hours later we're getting there
Meters away from the shore
My forty of Corona is just
drops away from being kicked
And I don't know what I'm gonna be tomorrow.

When you stayed overnight making out with a stranger
in the bottom of a boat that belonged to a stranger
and you came home at six in the morning
after being caught ass naked by the dude who threw the party
I thought that we'd never grow up.
I thought that we'd never grow up.

Now all my friends rise at eight.
They go to sleep before midnight.
And I just wanna drink 'til three
Embarrassing myself publicly.
And you all used to be just like me
You fuckers used to be just like me.

So now I sit and stew alone.
Everyone's already sleeping.
Everybody's moved away
and can pay their bills on time.
No one else is making a hundred and ten bucks for twenty hours.
God I hate this fucking place.
God I hate what happened to me.
You promised we'd stay best of friends.
But we can't 'cause I just can't grow up.

And it kills me. Yeah it kills me
that I don't know what I can do.
I can't breathe correctly and
I can't sleep or anything and
I can't think of anything I can't think of anything.

Now every night is miserable.
So sad I can't even get drunk.
So let's go out just one last time.
Let's finish off a box of wine.
Do shots of yukon jack and lime.
Can we drink 'til I fucking die?

I'll make you party at my funeral
'Cause mourning is for suckers.
I'll rent a ferris wheel and
cotton candy machine and have open bar
with all the Pabst that you can drink
the PA blasting my Clash records.
You'll finally know that life's okay
Even when bad things happen.

So just one more beer, then grow up.
So just one more beer, then grow up.
So just one more beer.
Go to work.
Pay your bills.
Eat a dick.

One more beer, THEN grow up.