

Nightmare Of You, Dear scene, I wish I will deaf

You were one step behind in that dismal school of mine
Needle and percocet instead of books on students desks
We were so charming, but the future was alarming
And now don't you go look so proud
Yes, guess who's laughing now?
And we've learned that life is one big game
Where the winners are all getting paid
So stop dragging your feet behind
You can't live with the folks all your life
So on those days home in your car
We jerked the steering wheel to the median
Joking that we'd end our lives
But we weren't joking all the time
"Start a band or throw a brick"
You lazy hipsters make me sick
Don't clap your hands; don't start to dance
Don't let them know that you're a fan
You may be living in Manhattan
But where are you really from? (Have you forgotten?)
Kid, you may be playing your music loud
But it's drowned out by your mouth