

Pinhead Gunpowder, Landlords

Cold floors, landlords
Knocking knocking should we let him in
Should we lock the door + throw away the key
What should we hide first? Should we
Throw away the door, throw away the sink
Throw away every last comforting thing
Throw away the beds so no one can tell
This is how we, this is how well

Cut the power off, give me cold cramped rooms
Disconnected phones and leaky roofs
Give it to me in large unpaid bills
This is how we, this is how we will
Spend the rest of our days
Forever and always, this is
This is how we live

This is how we learn from our mistakes
Repeat them over + again
Put them all together, that's what we do
With a little curtain separating each room
Argue, bicker and fight
Everyone plots their escape
But in the end there's nowhere else to go
This is all we have, this is all we know

Noise spilling out from the traffic on the boulevard
Broken glass and hix in the towyard
Out back say, this is a declaration of war
We've heard that before

This is how we respond to a crisis
First we steal each other's stuff
Then we hide in all four corners of the house
Trying to pass the blame

We form another angry band
Brandon took all the pots and pans
And locked them in his room
Now what are we gonna do?