

Blame the City!, This Is Art? What The Fuck!

I've been breathing seven thousand days now,
but I've only been alive a year or two.
Yeah your grass may be greener,
but mine sure grows fucking faster.
Now I'm staring at disaster,
and it looks a lot like you...
Coffee and sleeping pills,
keep me in fifty states of bliss.
I've had so many nights like this
We spend all of our time creating
and recreating pictures and words.
It's so absurd, and it's the only way to live our lives
We're all puppets, I'm just a puppet who can see the strings,
so cut me down and give me wings.
And I'll soar through the sky,
and I'll live forever until I die.