

# Bomb The Music Industry!, 25 Hour Goddamn Te

No matter where you go to you can still sit on a couch.  
You can still sleep 'til it's dark outside.  
You can still just hang around.  
You can still not make new friends.  
You can ignore the ones you have.  
You can always ostracize yourself.  
You can forget how to laugh.

Problems are all I create.  
I live in four month mistakes.

Can we leave today and start the next mistake or am I fucked this time? Can we not go away?

Upon my last trip back there I remembered why I left.  
All their flakiness, my shakiness, and the friends I've never met.  
But I didn't feel relief.  
In fact I just felt more regret.  
With a higher wage and a Metrocard I could deal with loneliness.

And in four months when it finally gets warmer,  
I'll have already planned more disorder.  
When I'm comfortable and feel like I'm in my place,  
I'll be on my next mistake.

Another boring story, another problem self-imposed.  
So can we leave today and start the next mistake or are we fucked this time? Can we not go away?  
Blah blah blah problems self-imposed blah blah blah.