

# Bomb The Music Industry!, 5 Funerals

I went to about five funerals this year  
And I felt so empty that I couldn't even shed a tear.  
I felt so fucking selfish, all I thought about was me  
And how I'd love to lay down on my back and just float out to sea.  
How I'm constantly losing my shit while my friends are losing family.

I had something like a hundred bad days this year  
Where at the end of each one I couldn't wait to just get out of here.  
If you knew how many times I thought  
&quot;the dead must have it pretty sweet&quot;  
I'd get beat.

So when I go, please don't cry.  
It's not like I deserve to die but I've been burning bridges, man.  
Since day number one.  
And when the pack keeps lapping me and I don't fit in anywhere and don't know what to do  
I wish that they took me instead of you.

Do you have a good time?  
Do you do you want or do you do what people want from you?  
When you hit a certain age, does everyone stop having fun?  
I seem to think it's true.  
Is exuberance a deterrent for which we pay a fee?  
Is a quiet nod the only way?  
Can't we loudly disagree?  
It seems like these things, they work out for everyone.  
Everyone but me.

So when I go, please don't cry.  
It's not like I deserve to die but  
Baby, we ain't born to mourn and there's no hope in mope.  
And when the pack keeps lapping me and I don't fit in anywhere and don't know what to do  
I wish that they took me instead of you.

Don't treat it like a race  
There's no winner at the finish line.  
Just treat it like a bar 'cause we all gotta leave some time.  
We can't fight the future so why do we even care?  
We won't always have the luxury of sun-kissed summer air.

We won't fight the future.  
We don't really care.  
So for the worst I'll always stay prepared.

I went to about five.  
It went funeral, funeral, funeral, funeral, funeral, ugh.