

Bomb The Music Industry!, The Soul Crushing No

I had a bad day today,
I couldn't even park my car.
And I walk to 67th by myself
And never seem to get to talk to anybody

I want to drink this way,
But I'll just get pissed at the bar.
And I'll end up drinking whiskey by myself
Getting used to not drinking with anybody

May a broken heart deserve
The rocky love and back and forth since
Never say a thing about
Filling all my time.
When you just can't play the right four chords

We've been nowhere,
We've done nothing,
Wasted all my time.

We've been nowhere,
We've done nothing,
Wasted all my time.

And you can god damn have it all
From Brooklyn to Niagara Falls to
Messages and mini malls to
Expensive drinks and social calls yeah

I got my back stabbed today,
Inside a freshly opened wound.
I keep forgetting history repeats itself,
But you know better than to dress like anybody.

???
I don't even know what for anymore
Sit in my apartment by myself
try to work up the courage to go to something

And never say a thing about
filling up our time.
When you just can't play the right four chords.

We've been nowhere,
We've done nothing,
Wasting all my time.

We've been nowhere,
We've done nothing,
Wasting all my time.

???

Go to recover her: my soul.
I will recover her: my soul.
I will recover,
and you should recover her:
your soul.

Or else you don't know where
You'll do nothing,
You'll just sit there wasting time in
Business meetings, online shopping,
And you will die fucking boring.

We've been nowhere,
We've done nothing,
Wasting all my time.

We've been nowhere,
We've done nothing,
Wasting all my time.

And you can god damn have it all
From Brooklyn to Niagara Falls to
Messages and mini malls to
rocking to your business calls go