

# Kind Of Like Spitting, We Are Both Writers

Reacclimate to my surroundings,  
Back in a city that just seems to eat itself,  
And all I really wanna do is  
Get back into you.  
No tension, no worries,  
But every time it comes around I find grey ways to let you down.  
I can't control my instincts.

Why can't I be happy just to call you a friend?

I thought things could be different;  
Maybe I could do some good,  
Come home spent to unemploy a past from Hollywood.

Some things can change everything despite their rights and wrongs.  
I'm getting reacquainted with my lower self.  
Redhead, teach me compassion from your fragrant continent.  
While you're at it, you can resurrect my family,  
While you're at it, you can summon Christ and part the seas,  
While you're at it, you can pulverize my chemicals.  
I'm so sick of trying to fight my body  
And you  
At the same time.

I am righteous in my anger!  
All I have to give you is my lower self.  
I will sing of how we made love like strangers,  
And all I have to sell you is my lower self.  
Oh, how you are as petty as the post-punk kids you pity,  
How you swear by the myth that you're not beautiful,  
And nothing ever seems to work the way that it gets planned,  
So we turn away from everyone that loves us.  
Hypnotized by waves, our lives are deer blocking the lane.  
We can just sit back and watch it all go up in flames,  
Till every note, every chord sounds the same,  
It goes "boom boom boom boom boom" on my ego.  
It goes "boom boom boom boom boom," but I don't mind it anymore,  
Cos it can only go "boom boom boom" for so long,  
Until it hurts you more than it hurts me.

And nothing ever seems to work the way that it gets planned,  
So I turn away from everything that hurts me,  
Climb back into a cloud of smoke, my face close to the flame,  
Cameras pulling back and leaving you left off the frame.  
It's a party and you're not invited.