

Manchester Orchestra, The Neighborhood Is Bleeding

I heard the neighborhood was bleeding.
Pressed shirts and raincoats for the cause.
5000 termination papers.
Can you read them, if you're sleeping?
Cause formulas are for nothing, if I can barely get to sleep.
Well I can be lonely if she's happy, after all.
I heard that I was close to dying.
IV's and dirty drips for the cause
5000 termination papers.
Can you read them, I can see them?
Cause diagnostics are nothing, can you figure out a cure for me.
That can finally set me free, after all.
I'll find a way out
I'll find a way out
I'll find a way out of here
Do you believe me?
Just watch me.
Cause pillowcases are something, for when reality gets obscene.
I'm filling feathers around my teeth, after all.
Are stars still dying for nothing? it isn't fair but its reality.
I need a miracle in my veins, after all