

Motion City Soundtrack, L.G. Fuad

Let's get fucked up and die..

I'm speaking figuratively, of course..

Like the last time that I committed suicide.. social suicide..

Yeah, so I'm already dead on the inside,

But I can still pretend with my memories and photographs,

I have learned to love the lie.

I wanna know what it's like to be awkward and innocent, not belligerent.

I wanna know how it feels to be useful and pertinent and have common sense.. yeah

Let me in, let me in to the club, cuz I wanna belong,

And I need to get strong, and if memory serves,

I'm addicted to words and they're useless.

(In this department)

Let's get fucked up and die..

I'm riding hard on the last lines of every lie,

And the BMX bike of my life is about to explode,

I'm about to explode.

I'm a mess, I'm a wreck.

I am perfect, and I have learned to accept all my problems and short comings,

Cause I am so visceral, yet deeply inept.

I want to thank you for being a part of my forget-me-nots and marigolds..

And all the things that don't get old..

Is it legal to do this? I surely don't know.

It's the only way I have learned to express myself through other peoples' descriptions of life..

I'm afraid I'm alone and entirely useless...

(In this department)

Let's get fucked up and die.

For the last time with feeling

we'll try not to smile

As we cover our heads and drink heavily into the nights

That still shock and surprise.

I believe that I can, overcome this and beat everything in the end

But I choose to abuse for the time being,

maybe I'll win, but for now I've decided to die.

Sister soldier

You've been such a positive influence on my mental frame

If I could ever repay you,

I would, but I'm hard up for cash

And my memory lacks initiative.

God damn the liquor store's closed,

we were so close to scoring

it hurts, it destroys 'til it kills..

I am tired and hungry and totally useless.

(In this department)