

# Nightmare Of You, Dear Scene, I Wish I Were Deaf

You were one step behind in that dismal school of mine  
Needle and percocet instead of books on students desks  
We were so charming, but the future was alarming  
And now don't you go look so proud  
Yes, guess who's laughing now?

And we've learned that life is one big game  
Where the winners are all getting paid  
So stop dragging your feet behind  
You can't live with the folks all your life  
So on those days home in your car  
We jerked the steering wheel to the median  
Joking that we'd end our lives  
But we weren't joking all the time

"Start a band or throw a brick"  
You lazy hipsters make me sick  
Don't clap your hands; don't start to dance  
Don't let them know that you're a fan

You may be living in Manhattan  
But where are you really from? (Have you forgotten?)  
Kid, you may be playing your music loud  
But it's drowned out by your mouth