Nightmare Of You, Dear Scene, I Wish I Were De

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