Rachel Jacobs, Productive Vampires

How many people do you know who really mean what they say?

I think I knew this girl one time.

I don't know where she went, but I don't care.

I'm liar, I'm a no-good friend, I'm a never-call-you-backer, I'm loner, I'm loser, I'm a shit-talker. Big shocker.

I'm liar, I'm a loner, I'm shit-talker.

Big shocker.

I'm sorry I'm sorry for the mistakes I made.

I'm sorry I'm sorry for the things I said.

The things I said, they were really stupid, yeah.

I promise, I won't ever say shit like that again.

Holding on longer, longer, longer, longer.

You're feeling fucked up, but I can make you feel better, stronger.

I'm a kid with a lot of time to waste.

I'm your friend, I'm your friend.

I'm a Marxist with a bank account.

I'm not going anywhere.

I'm a hypocrite, yeah-yeah, so don't hold your breath.

You're a lover, I'm a fighter.

I'm a stay-up-all-nighter, reading books I should have read a month ago.

C'mon, can you make it look better better?

Clean my room, sort my letters by the date and sender.

It's hell, no it's not hell.

It's hell living in the cell.

You call it "home" I call it rooms with doors and white-white walls.

You call me "girl" and I don't know how to say that you're wrong.

You call my name out and you tell me that I'm just your type.

You call my nickname, you validate, you know I think you're right.

I just wanna touch you, I just wanna touch you.

Big shocker, big shocker, big shocker.

I just wanna touch you, I just wanna punch you.

Big shocker, big shocker, big shocker.

Not in a movie when I'm walking home from my last class.

Not in the homes with pretty lawns and neutered dogs and cats.

Not on guitars, not on pianos, not on drum machines.

Not in my head, not all pretend, no it's not make believe.

Everything we ever said is gonna be written down.

Everything we ever said is gonna be documented.

Everything we ever said is gonna be written down.

Everything we ever felt is bound to be accessible by law.