

The 1975, Part Of The Band

She was part of the air force
I was part of the band
I always used to bust into her hand
In my imagination
I was living my best life
Living with my parents
Way before the paying penance and verbal propellants
And my cancellations

And I fell in love with a boy,
it was kinda lame
I was Rimbaud and he was Paul Verlaine
In my imagination
So many cringes in the heroin binges,
I was coming off the hinges,
Living on the fringes of my imagination

Enough about me now
'You gotta talk about the people baby'

Now I'm at home - somewhere I don't like
Eating stuff off of motorbikes
Coming to her lookalikes

I can't get the language right
Just tell me what's unladylike

I know some 'Vaccinista tote bag chic baristas' sitting in east on their communista keisters writing a

I like my men like I like my coffee
Full of soy milk and so sweet it won't offend anybody whilst staining the pages of the nation

A Xanax and a Newport
'I take care of my kids' she said

The worst inside of us begets that feeling on the internet
It's like someone intended it
A diamond in the rough begets the diamond with a scruff you get

Am I ironically woke? The butt of my joke? Or am I just some post-coke, average, skinny bloke call

I've not picked up that in 1,400 days and 9 hours and 16 minutes babe - it's kind of my daily iteratio