

The Swellers, Got Social

I get out of the car.
You're in the gutter, it's no secret.
You don't want to talk, I know, it's not the world that we once knew.
You're blowing smoke in my face again.
I know you'll never quit.
You got social and
I don't like it.

I see you out
and it makes me sick.
You got social and
I don't like it.

I know exactly where you're going
now that we're strangers in your head.
I think it'd be cool if I could crash tonight.

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