

# The Obituaries

## The Menzingers

We stumble and stare at the carnival lights that lit up New York City,  
From the rooftop in Brooklyn that was covered in bad graffiti.  
And then I let a thousand splinters pierce right through my spoiled liver,  
Whatever that was left of it.

'Cuz I cursed my lonely memory with picture-perfect imagery.  
Maybe I'm not dying I'm just living in decaying cities,  
But I'm still healthy, I'm still fine,  
I'll be spending all my time readin' the obituaries.

But I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.

Cause I was the shadow of the waxwing slain  
I felt the false azure from windowpanes  
I am just freaking out, yeah I'll be fine.

But I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.