

King Of Minneapolis Pts. I And II

Bomb the Music Industry!

We got a bottle of Jim Beam and I drank a liter.
To distract me from my constant overthinking I need a breather.

You built this up your head. The pressure.
Relax, don't think too much 'cause you can't take this.
Well, I relaxed with liquor.
The pressure has gone away, but baby, I can't see shit.
It's not the same to me when falling on my face.
I finally drank myself to death.

Enter the shaking, maaan, I shoulda eaten something. Enter the crying
.
"My life is useless and I won't amount to nothing." Better start dying.

You built this up your head. The pressure.
Relax, don't think too much 'cause you can't take this.
Well, I relaxed with liquor.
The pressure has gone away, but baby, I can't see shit.
It's not the same to me when falling on my face.
Wrap me up in sheets, there's nothing left to see her.

I should be old enough to know (better better)
And I should be young enough to not take everything so seriously
Should be smart enough to know that doing this is dangerous
This mixing anxious energy with drunk ferocious carelessness.
I finally drank myself to death.

It's turned to laughs.
I'm turning red outside on Cedar St.
It's twenty-two degrees.
I'm screaming "M-I-N-N-E-A-P-O-L-I-S CAN KISS MY ASS IN HELL"
I've built you up in my head and now you've started a war in my head.

II. TRUE 'TIL COLLEGE

Get me a friend or a smoke or a hospital or a suicide pill.
Get me a million dollar record deal so I can end this charade.
I've been writing the same song over again, over again, over again.
Over and over and over and over again.

And it feels like heroin.
I just got addicted to demanding your attention for my trite repetition.
And I can't stop thinking about the first songs I ever wrote
Where I swore off alcohol 'cause I knew better.
And I can't stop feeling like that "straight edge" shit became a cult
But I'm kidding myself by believing that the bar scene is any better.

And I keep writing the same damn song over again and over again and over again.

And it feels like there's nothing left at all.