

Out of the Blue

Julian Casablancas

Somewhere along the way, my hopefulness turned to sadness
Somewhere along the way, my sadness turned to bitterness
Somewhere along the way, my bitterness turned to anger
Somewhere along the way, my anger turned no vengeance

And the ones that I made pay were never the ones who deserved it
And the ones who deserved it, they'll never understand it
Yes I know I'm going to hell in a purple basket
'Least I'll be in another world while you're pissing on my casket...

How could you be
So perfect for me
Why can't you ignore
The thing I did before

Somewhere along the way, exacting vengeance gave excitement
Somewhere along the way, that excitement turned to pleasure
Somewhere along the way, that pleasure turned to madness
But sooner or later that kind of madness turns into pain

And the ones that I made pay were never the ones who deserved it
Those who helped me along the way, I smacked'em as I thanked'em
Yes I know I'm go to hell in a leather jacket
'Least I'll be in another world while you're pissing on my casket...

And all that I can do is sing a song of faded glory
And all you got to do is sit there, look great and make'em horny
Together we'll sing songs tell exaggerated stories
About the way we feel today and tonight and in the morning

How could you be
So perfect for me
Why can't you ignore
The thing I did before

Take all you're fears, pretend they're all true
Take all your plans pretend they fell through
That what it's like...
That what it's like for most people in this world
The rich or the poor
Muslims or Jews
When roles are reversed
Opinions are too...

That's all I'm gonna say now,
Before they come knocking on my door