

## We Are Both Writers

### Kind of Like Spitting

Reacclimate to my surroundings  
Back in a city that just seems to eat itself  
All I really want to do is get back into you  
No tension, no worries  
But every time it comes around I find gray ways to let you down  
I can't control my instincts  
Why can't I be happy just to call you a friend?  
I thought things could be different  
Maybe I could do some good  
Come home spent to unemploy a past from Hollywood  
Some things can change everything  
Despite their rights and wrongs  
I'm getting reacquainted with my lower self  
Redhead teach me compassion from your fragrant continent  
While you're at it you can resurrect my family  
While you're at it you can summon Christ and part the seas  
While you're at it you can polarize my chemicals  
I'm so sick of trying to fight my body and you at the same time  
I am righteous in my anger!  
All I have to give you is my lower self  
I will sing of how we made love like strangers  
All I'll have to sell you is my lower self  
Oh how you are as pretty as the postpunk kids you pity  
Oh how you swear by the myth that you're not beautiful  
How nothing ever seems to work the way that it gets planned  
So we turn away from everyone that loves us  
Hypnotized by waves our lives are deer blocking the lane  
We can just sit back and watch it all go up in flames  
Until every note, every chord sounds the same  
It goes boom boom boom on my ego  
It goes boom boom boom but I don't mind anymore  
'Cause You can only go boom boom boom for so long  
Until it hurts you more than it hurts me  
Nothing ever seems to work the way that it gets planned  
So I will turn away from everything that hurts me  
Climb back into a cloud of smoke  
My face close to the flame  
Camera pulling back, leaving you left of the frame  
It's a party and you're not invited