

## Pretty Machines

Parquet Courts

Ah, moonlight  
It's hard to believe it  
And it's harder to need it  
But so easily wanted

Pretty machines  
Expensive magazines  
I've been tricked into buying quite a number of things  
Yeah, bullshit and dreams  
Urban ease, it means I was leaved taunted  
And you think you're a modern person  
You think that you can ignore  
Silent isolation, my emancipations  
In the same place you get yours  
Oh, whiskey sips are piling while my secrets escaped  
In the skyline of hell there are no fire escapes

Punk songs, I thought that they were different  
And I thought that they could end it  
No, no it was a deception  
Well, the number of tears  
And the number of beers were dried out and accounted  
For a number of years  
But these days I fear that my window was just a reflection  
Still, you think that you're not a servant  
You think that you can avoid  
The stylish institution, worshiping illusions  
Things you thought you could destroy  
Oh, crowded loud and crimson was my view from the pit  
I was wild, I was weird, I was shackled to it

One time, it's so easy the fourth time  
But this side of the shoreline, we've already recovered