

The Local Black And Red

Phantom Planet

Sitting in your room,
Drinking your perfume,
Wondering which day of the week
I'll die on now,
I'm lying on your bed,
Unscrewing your head,
Trying to figure out
What's wrong, inside,
So you don't hate yourself tonight, yeah

So now you fall asleep,
Inside a tambourine,
Next to broken headphones
& your high school yearbook
I wrote on the final page,
Wish I could've stayed around
to watch the last band play, hey hey hey,
I heard they just broke up yesterday..

Frequenting the local black & red,
& how that band played
you really had to stare,
you'd hardly be aware
that you were blinking,
you'd hardly be aware
that you were blinking yeah....