Upstate Mosquito

Polar Bear Club

I heard you saying "No Regrets" and I wondered if you knew.
When you got it tattooed on you it'd hurt more to get removed.
Like a killer in denial, lucky fuck without a clue.
I feel regret like it was a knife wound that didn't strike true.

And I see myself as the upstate mosquito
Who will probably die trying to bite through jeans
Thinking back on my favorite regrets
All failed attempts at dying
Dying for dead dreams

It's easy to assume the past was better in most ways.
It's more than era worship, more than helping forget today.
It's hard to give it all when you know there ain't enough to take.
With less go getting to be gotten, the world is ours to make.

And I see myself as the upstate mosquito
Who will probably die trying to bite through jeans
Thinking back on my favorite regrets
All failed attempts at dying
Dying for dead dreams
Dying for dead dreams

I used to have a black shirt, soft stained, I could never throw away.
I used to think it looked how I felt if I never threw it out, I'd never have
 to change.
'Cause a truth filled wallowing will always trump
Half feigned smiles, yeah.

And I see myself as the upstate mosquito
Who will probably die trying to bite through jeans
Thinking back on my favorite regrets
All failed attempts at dying
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The kind of thinking that you can't quit
When the wind blurs the lines in the dirt
That second chance, it ain't worth shit
If you still can't feel the scars from the first
If you still can't feel the scars from the first

So here we are, upstate mosquitoes
Wary of this season's change
But thinking back on our favorite regrets
That kept us all from dying
Dying for dead dreams
Dying for dead dreams
Dying for dead dreams
Dying for dead dreams

Woah-oh
Dying for dead dreams (here we are)
Dying for dead dreams (here we are)
Dying for dead dreams (here we are)
Dying for dead dreams
Woah-oh-oh-ohhh
Dying for dead dreams (here we are, upstate mosquito)

Dying for dead dreams (here we are, the city's dreams)
Dying for dead dreams

Dying for dead dreams (here we are, the city's dreams)
Dying for dead dreams