

Heart Attack American

The Bronx

I'm done telling you that I'm in love
What I have will never be enough
Come on baby, go live life on your own
Everything inside is breaking down
And you don't want to be hanging around
I don't think I want to leave myself alone

I'm done having to apologize
I'm done living inside your eyes
When the lights go out what's left to know
Nothing ever makes sense to me
A broken branch of the family tree
I kill the lights, now baby, watch me explode

There is no revolution
And I'm done doing things I don't want to do
There is no restitution
And I'm done

I'm done living in this decline
I'm done watching you redesign
Come on baby, let's go walk out the door
I'm done showing up to the fucking work
Taking orders from a fucking bitch
I'm in the chair now go ahead and flip the switch

I'm done doing things I don't want to do
And I'm sick and tired of setting up to be like you
Fucked up, thrown out and overdue
I'm fucking done

There is no revolution
There is no revolution
There is no revolution