

# 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