

In Remission

The Menzingers

I've got a winning lotto ticket
From the state of Massachusetts
Tucked in the back of my wallet,
I'll cash it when I'm back in Boston
With a blank eye from the cashier
For why it's torn and busted up

I remember that moment of silence
I was at a mall in Norridge
Shoppers stared at the ground
The escalators went on smoke break
So at 19, 18, you've yet to see the worst
Of human tactic

Maybe the future's just a little bit weird
Maybe the god you love is all I've gotta fear
Life's a terminal illness in remission
So I took the weight of it all
After our train came back
We drove back drunk through the busy city streets

I hate how I always get nervous
Every time I try to speak
In front of a big crowd,
A pretty girl, or the police
And I hate the things that I know about you
And all of the horrible things that you do

I don't wanna be late for a war today
I wanna chew up my dinner and spit it in your face
Light fire to your home
And tap your cellphone

Oh yeah Oh yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah

If anyone needs a crutch
Then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you

Oh yeah Oh yeah, yeah yeah
Oh yeah

If anyone needs a crutch
Then I need a wheelchair
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