

The Obituaries

The Menzingers

We stumble and stare at the carnival lights that lit up New York City,
From the rooftop in Brooklyn that was covered in bad graffiti.
And then I let a thousand splinters pierce right through my spoiled liver,
Whatever that was left of it.

'Cuz I cursed my lonely memory with picture-perfect imagery.
Maybe I'm not dying I'm just living in decaying cities,
But I'm still healthy, I'm still fine,
I'll be spending all my time readin' the obituaries.

But I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.

Cause I was the shadow of the waxwing slain
I felt the false azure from windowpanes
I am just freaking out, yeah I'll be fine.

But I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
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I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.