

We Could Die Like This

The Wonder Years

Memories flood back like photographs.
All bright and out of focus, all drab with muted
colors.
The whole world smells like True Blue,
The only brand my grandma smokes and the faintest hint
of Coppertone.

I'm watching shorebirds circle in real close.
(I know you're gonna go. Just please leave me a note. I
left because you asked me to)

Operator, take me home. I don't know where else to go.
I wanna die in the suburbs.
A heart attack shoveling snow all alone.
If I die, I wanna die in the suburbs.

These northeast winters make boys into men
staring out at snow-plowed mountains in the parking
lots of churches.
The city just felt worn out, no strength to pick our
hearts off the ground.
We watched the '92 Birds take the field without Jerome
Brown.
(We keep quiet when it gets bad. We don't talk about
the setbacks. They only hear it when your voice cracks)

Operator, take me home. I don't know where else to go.
I wanna die in the suburbs.
A heart attack shoveling snow all alone.
If I die, I wanna die in the suburbs.

I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.
I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.
I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.
(You start remembering the anniversaries of the bad
things)
I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.
(You start remembering the anniversaries of the bad
things)

Operator, take me home. I don't know where else to go.
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...die in the suburbs.