

Kitchen Sink

Twenty One Pilots

Nobody thinks what I think
Nobody dreams when they blink
Think things on the brink of blasphemy I'm my own shrink
Think things are after me I'm my catastrophe
I'm a kitchen sink
You don't know what that means
Because a kitchen sink to you
Is not a kitchen sink to me,
Okay, friend

Are you searching for purpose
Then write something, yeah it might be worthless
Then paint something then, it might be wordless
Pointless curses, nonsense verses
You'll see purpose start to surface
No one else is dealing with your demons
Meaning may be defeating them
Could be the beginning of your meaning, friend

Go away (4x)
Leave me alone (7x)

Nobody thinks what you think, no one
Empathy might be on the brink of extinction
They will play a game and say they know what you're going through
And then try to come up with a narcissistic way to say
They don't know you
And neither do I, so
Here's a prime example of a standup guy, who
Hates what he believes and loves it at the same time
Here's my brother and his head, screwed up, but that's alright

Time gains momentum the moment when I'm living in 'em
I'm winning a momentary sinning a moment passing after
A re-beginning moments mending memories
Pretending enemies are friend of me, sending me straight to bending me
My bad behavior but I bet I could have been a better man
Copy and paste caught me, and copy, better rhymes bother me
The better the rhythm the badder I am but I bet I'll battle with 'em
battle
Better I am, Gambling man, better bet I am a gambling man, I am?

Go away (4x)
Leave me alone (5x)

Don't leave me alone