

Strokes, The "Know Your Onion!"

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Shut out, pimped and angry
I quietly tied all my guts into knots
Gave up on trying to make them
I figured it take them too long to look up
and besides
It was undeniably clear to me I don't know why
When every other part of life
seemed locked behind shutters
I knew the worthless dregs we all are then

lucked out
found my favorite record
lying in wait at the birmingham mall
the songs that i heard
the occasional book
were the only fun i ever took
and i thought i was making myself
but the trick is just making yourself

but when they're parking their cars on your chest
you still got a veiw of the summer sky
to make it hurt twice when your restless body
caves to it's whims
and suddenly struggles to take flight..

three thousand miles northeast
i left all my friends at the morning bus stop
shaking their heads

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