

# **Bomb The Music Industry!**

## **"King Of Minneapolis, Pts. I And II"**

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### I. DRANK MYSELF TO DEATH

We got a bottle of Jim Beam and I drank a liter.  
To distract me from my constant overthinking I need a  
breather.

You built this up your head. The pressure.  
Relax, don't think too much 'cause you can't take this.  
Well, I relaxed with liquor.  
The pressure has gone away, but baby, I can't see shit.  
It's not the same to me when falling on my face.  
I finally drank myself to death.

Enter the shaking, maaan, I shoulda eaten something.  
Enter the crying.  
"My life is useless and I won't amount to nothing."  
Better start dying.

You built this up your head. The pressure.  
Relax, don't think too much 'cause you can't take this.  
Well, I relaxed with liquor.  
The pressure has gone away, but baby, I can't see shit.  
It's not the same to me when falling on my face.  
Wrap me up in sheets, there's nothing left to see her.

I should be old enough to know (better better)  
And I should be young enough to not take everything  
so seriously  
Should be smart enough to know that doing this is  
dangerous  
This mixing anxious energy with drunk ferocious  
carelessness.  
I finally drank myself to death.

It's turned to laughs.  
I'm turning red outside on Cedar St.  
It's twenty-two degrees.  
I'm screaming "M-I-N-N-E-A-P-O-L-I-S CAN KISS MY ASS  
IN HELL"  
I've built you up in my head and now you've started a  
war in my head.

## II. TRUE 'TIL COLLEGE

Get me a friend or a smoke or a hospital or a suicide pill.

Get me a million dollar record deal so I can end this charade.

I've been writing the same song over again, over again, over again.

Over and over and over and over again.

And it feels like heroin.

I just got addicted to demanding your attention for my trite repetition.

And I can't stop thinking about the first songs I ever wrote

Where I swore off alcohol 'cause I knew better.

And I can't stop feeling like that "straight edge" shit became a cult

But I'm kidding myself by believing that the bar scene is any better.

And I keep writing the same damn song over again and over again and over again.

And it feels like there's nothing left at all.

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