

Empty Orchestra "Fuck The Party"

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I packed my bags
everything that i own
and by the time you read these lines, i'll be gone
'cause all these words, they ain't what i mean
they're just some lines that i'm here telling to some
machine.
and i owe my soul to the company store
i owe these sheets from the bed that i'm tying into a
rope
it cuts a path and throws a shadow and leaves a bruise
on my chest where i've held it much too close.
and you flood my heart in such a way
damn thing was hollow before you came
sometimes i think this life is like some kind of trick
bouquet

you think there's nothing, then it goes off in your face.
fuck the party. fuck getting it moving. fuck all those
good times that we all thought we deserved
i owe my soul to this town
and we've got nothing but a hole since we put our
shovels down
and you flood my heart in such a way
this congestion might cause the thing to fail
and you cause a state that the poor thing just can't take
there's no room for blood since you got in the way

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