

Headstones

"Hoodies And Hoods"

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words leave me dry,
like swords leave my dying
i thought i knew you
i thought i knew you

so the sewer and the sky make the same sound
so i wonder where the wind comes from and what it
whips around

i've gotta shatter these inadequacies
i'm down so low the devils on the level with me
and bearing arms to a chorus of car alarms
he's making good with a nation of hoodies and hoods

and all the worldwide sneers who got to you?
and all the satisfied who got to you?
and all the radiohead who got to you?
who broke the ranks, who pushed past and made it
through?
and your convictions have all been abandoned
we're tv tired and we know you had a hand in it
and it's a posttraumatic world on the consciousness lip
i'm sick of this shit; i'm waking from the sleep tip

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so i wonder where the wind comes from and what it
whips around

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i'm down so low the devils on the level with me
and bearing arms to a chorus of car alarms
he's making good with a nation of hoodies and hoods

you cannot save alternative radio
you cannot save prime time tv
my parent's split up, so now i'm fucked up
but when i snap my fingers you won't remember a thing
anymore?

but now being hateful is so fucking fashionable
keep pointing fingers at anyone imaginable

keep eating caviar off vanity plates and say what you
wanna say
keep bringing yesterday's future today

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