

Hostage Life

"Carbon Heart Radio Or \$80 Haircut"

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I wear my heart on my record sleeve
for the toes I've crushed, no apologies
what I'm sweating over is all that counts
there's bigger things than my rent for this couch
I'm talking loss, I'm talking poetry
not just a quest for celebrity
don't trust me until I'm comfortable
because I will stab your heart if it's profitable
I'm saying, "girl, your crying has got me so inspired,
but can you keep it down so I can hear the amplifier
over you?"
if I could I wouldn't sign my name
oh shit, darling, you're still in the frame
I'm built to rage against obscurity and I need no more
company
Xerox in stereo
carbon heart radio
a love letter I stole, and rewrote
still, I mean it so
change clothes so I can find a hit
no soul, no style combined with it
all bullshit, phony sentiment
success will mean I found a fit
I'm saying, "girl, those tears are so damn
beautiful"

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