

## **Lower Class Brats**

### **"The Weatherman"**

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I know how you are with these things  
And you're not gonna stop  
I know how you are  
Yeah you're an artist  
When you tear things apart  
Oh

I think it's when your friends  
(Don't think that you know)  
Twist the knife in your back  
And I'm still giving into it

I don't think that you know  
I can assure that you don't  
And there is nothing that I can say,  
To you, To soothe... To you To soothe.

I'm pressing my luck  
On the neck of regret  
And distress  
Cause it's not like it's our favorite thing  
Don't you dare forget  
Don't you dare forget  
That nothing with meaning is easy

It's so easy  
To vomit the words  
And choke.

Blood

You've never seen a machine  
Like this before  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Whoa whoa whoa ohhoho whoa

I'm pressing my luck  
On the neck of regret  
And distress  
Cause it's not like it's our favorite thing and  
Don't you dare

And don't you dare forget  
And don't you dare forget  
That nothing with meaning is easy easy

You've never seen a machine like this  
It devours devours the flowers  
The flowers  
The flowers are fake  
The flowers are fake  
The flowers are fake  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Whoa whoa whoa ohhoho whoa

Cause I'm gone goodbye yeah  
Cause I'm gone goodbye yeah

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