

The Menzingers "The Obituaries"

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We stumble and stare at the carnival lights that lit up
New York City,
From the rooftop in Brooklyn that was covered in bad
graffiti.
And then I let a thousand splinters pierce right through
my spoiled liver,
Whatever that was left of it.

'Cuz I cursed my lonely memory with picture-perfect
imagery.
Maybe I'm not dying I'm just living in decaying cities,
But I'm still healthy, I'm still fine,
I'll be spending all my time readin' the obituaries.

But I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.

'Cuz I am the shadow of the wax wing slave.
I felt the buzz issued from window panes.
I am just freaking out, yeah I'll be fine.

But I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.
I will fuck this up,
I fucking know it.

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