

Motion City Soundtrack

"L.g faud"

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Let's get fucked up and die
I'm speaking figuratively, of course
Like the last time I committed suicide...social suicide
Yeah, so I'm already dead on the inside,
But I can still pretend with my memories and
photographs,
I've learned to love the lie.

I wanna know what it's like to be awkward and innocent,
not belligerent.
I wanna know how it feels to be useful and pertinent
and have common sense
Let me in, let me in to the club, cuz I wanna belong,
And I need to get strong, and if memory serves,
I'm addicted to words and faces.

In this apartment,
Let's get fucked up and die
I'm riding hard on the last lines of every lie,
And the vehement spike of my life is about to explode,
I'm about to explode.
I'm a mess, I'm a wreck.
I am perfect, and I have learned to accept all my
problems and short comings,
Because I am so visceral, yet deeply inept.

I want to thank you for being a part of my forget-me-
nots and marigolds..
And all the things that don't get old
Is it legal to do this? I surely don't know.
It's the only way I have learned to express myself
around peoples' descriptions of life
When I'm not free from the law I'm entirely useless

In this apartment,
Let's get fucked up and die.
For the last time I'm feeling, we'll try not to smile
As we cover our heads and drink heavily into the night
Into shock and surprise.
I believe that I can overcome this and beat everything
in the end

But I chose to refuse for the time being,
And maybe I'll win, but for the time I've decided to die.

If I could ever repay you, I would, but I'm all out of cash
And my memory lacks initiative.

God damn, the liquor stores' closed,
When I'm so close to scoring that it hurts,
And destroys til it kills..
I am tired and hungry and totally useless.

Better Open The Door

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