

The Early November "New Disaster"

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Don't be that way 'cause I might be on that next train
If I get around to it
Oh no, Oh no, I'm so fucking undependable
But you have to admit it's part of my charm
Or at least I thought it was
Forget I said it

I'm ready for the next train wreck
A new disaster
'Cause I'm getting good at falling down and playing
dead

Don't play that game 'cause I can't be held responsible
For any sort of injuries
I don't wanna hear it
She said, she said, "You're so fucking irresistible."
As she lowered her head into her hands
I guess it happened again

I'm ready for the next train wreck
A new disaster
'Cause I'm getting good at falling down and playing
dead
I'm ready for the next train wreck
A new disaster
'Cause I'm getting good at falling down and playing
dead

A hurricane. A tornado. A forest fire. A falling piano.
From out of a window. Where ever she goes. Pure
disaster surely follows

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