

In Remission

The Menzingers

I've got a winning lotto ticket from the state of Massachusetts
Tucked in the back of my wallet
I'll cash it when I'm back in Boston
With a blank eye from the cashier
for why it's torn and busted up I remember that moment of silence
I was at a mall in Norwich
Shoppers stared at the ground
The escalators went on smoke breaks
Oh 1918, you've yet to see the worst of humans acting Maybe the future's just a little bit weird
Maybe the God you love is all I've got to fear
Life's a terminal illness in remission
Tucked under the weight of it all out for a drink
And then we drove back drunk through the busy city streets I hate how I always get nervous every time I try to
speak
In front of a big crowd, a pretty girl, or the police
And I hate the things that I know about you
And all the horrible things that you do
I don't want to be late for work today
I want to chew up my dinner and spit in your face
Light fire to your home and tap your cell phone Oh yeah! If everyone needs a crutch, then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you
If everyone needs a crutch, then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you
If everyone needs a crutch, then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you
If everyone needs a crutch, then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you Oh yeah! If everyone needs a crutch then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you
If everyone needs a crutch then I need a wheelchair
I need a reason to reason with you

Songwriters

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