

# 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 upI 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 actingMaybe 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 streetsI 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 phoneOh 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 youOh 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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