

Local Joke

Neon Indian

Common things never bother me cause I'm the local joke*
Summer got high and swoll she calls me the broken spoke
Never been late to fuck with fate and see if faith's a joke
Part of me wants the wants in life to tickle up and smoke

Come to me cross a path of all these empty traits
Everything is just unsaid no need to contemplate
All my weights drip as they leave my lips how come do something straight
She needs and excuse to end things and become the things you hate

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