Chop Chop

Young Bloods

Chop, chop
I've got myself to blame for this
I've tried to compensate for everything I'm not
And every face forgotten
You felt the sun warming your bed
You looked so quintessential impressed against that cross
In the face of what was lost
Still I'm not asking much of me
And you're ignoring the matter
You'll shut me up and bleed me dry
A little cheap champagne and a complicated lifestyle
But if nothing else matters, then I will die trying
Thinking about you and I
Three years on Friday since we met
You felt that existential kiss upon your neck
How could we forget that?
Still I'm through acting

Like this feels right
And that that nothing else matters
You'll shut me up and bleed me dry
A little cheap champagne and a complicated lifestyle
But if nothing else matters, then I will die trying
Trying not to think about you, about you
Yeah
It's on yourself and no one else
It's on yourself and no one else
But without hind site I guess it serves me right
You'll shut me up and bleed me dry
A little cheap champagne and a disappearing lifestyle
But if nothing else matters, then I will die trying
Thinking about you and I
Shut me up and bleed me dry
It's only a matter of time
Cheap champagne and a complicated lifestyle
It's only a matter of time

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