Kitchen Sink (featuring Zack Joseph)

Twenty One Pilots

Nobody thinks what I think
Nobody dreams when they blink
Think things on the brink of blasphemy
I'm my own shrink
Think things are after me, my catastrophe
At my kitchen sink
You don't know what that means
Because a kitchen sink to you
Is not a kitchen sink to me, okay, friend?
Are you searching for purpose?
Then write something, yeah it might be worthless
Then paint something then, it might be wordless
Pointless curses, nonsense verses
You'll see purpose start to surface
No one else is dealing with your demons
Meaning maybe defeating them
Could be the beginning of your meaning, friendGo away
Go away
Go away
Go away
Leave me alone
Leave me alone
Leave me alone
Leave me alone
Leave me alone
Leave me alone
Leave me aloneNobody thinks what you think, no one
Empathy might be on the brink of extinction
They will play a game and say
They know what you're going through
And I tried to come up with an artistic way to say
They don't know you, and neither do I
So here's a prime example of a stand up guy
Who hates what he believes and loves it at the same time
Here's my brother and his head's screwed up
But that's alrightTime gains momentum the moment when I'm living in 'em
I'm winning a momentary sinning a moment passing after
A re-beginning moments mending memories
Pretending enemies are frienemies, sending me straight to bending me

My bad behavior but I bet I could have been a better man
Copy and paste caught me, and copy, better rhymes bother me
The better the rhythm the badder I am but I bet I'll battle with 'em battle
Better I am, gambling man, better bet I am a gambling man, I am?

Songwriters
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