

Dear Scene

Nightmare Of You

You were one step behind
In that dismal school of mine
Needle and percocet
Instead of books on student's desks But we were so.. charming
The future was.. alarming But now, don't you look so proud
Cause guess who's laughing now? (Ahahah) And if only life is one big game
(Ahahah) Where the winners are a-getting paid
(Ahahah) So stop dragging your feet behind
(Ahahah) You can't live with your folks all the time (Ahahah) So one of those days I'm in your car
(Ahahah) We turn the steering wheel to medium
(Ahahah) Joking that we'd end our lives
(Ahahah) But we weren't joking all the time So start a band, or throw a brick
You lazy hipsters make sick!
Don't clap your hands (*clap* *clap*), don't start to dance
Don't let them know that you're a fan! You're living in... Manhattan
We're really from... have you forgotten? Cause you may be playing your music loud...
But it's drowned out by your mouth (Ahahah) And if only life is one big game
(Ahahah) Where the winners are a-getting paid
(Ahahah) So stop dragging your feet behind
(Ahahah) You can't live with your folks all the time (Ahahah) So one of those days I'm in your car
(Ahahah) We turn the steering wheel to medium
(Ahahah) Joking that we'd end our lives
(Ahahah) But we weren't joking all the time... (Ahahah) And if only life is one big game
(Ahahah) Where the winners are a-getting paid
(Ahahah) So stop dragging your feet behind!
(Ahahah) You can't live with your folks all the time! (Ahahah) So one of those days I'm in your car
(Ahahah) We turn the steering wheel to medium
(Ahahah) Joking that we'd end our lives
(Ahahah) But we weren't joking all the time...! Whoa..o-oh...
Whoa..o-oh...
Whoa..o-oh...!

Lyrics provided by

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