

Little Violence

Waterparks

I'm sick of handshakes with fake ass band guys
My friends and I are mad
We're mad all the time
I'm still got my bark
I've still got my bite
I ripped into you with on Black Light
These feelings that I'm feeling
Are all so conflicting
Everybody wants to be friends
(Now that's convenient.)
Where were you last year
Before we hit the high gear
When nobody cared? These copy cats are getting feral now
We're building sandcastles out from their ashes now
Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired
Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired They say I went soft while going harder
I just shot my horizons out much farther
I still think it's dumb I need to strain when I sing
Or else dudes won't like me 'cause "it's just not their thing" (fuck you)
I wanna be a sellout just to piss y'all off
While absolute punk's sucking off beard-punk songs
Maybe if we're lucky we'll get a review
And if that goes well, maybe a feature too These copy cats are getting feral now
We're building sandcastles out from their ashes now Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired
Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired
Show me your, show me your violence
While I'm dipping my toes in the silence
Sometimes when I'm writing I forget that I'm cold
Until the ice runs up my hands and then I'm froze
But by then it's all too late and I forget what I know
Sometimes when I'm with you I remember to slow down
To take a breath and let these people stay floor bound
'Cause I don't need anything the way that I need you So get the fuck back
I said I'm stealing rock back
So take off with your snapback
Before you get knocked flat
I've still got the fangs
I've still got the spite
I ripped into you with on Black Light Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired

Maybe I'm, maybe I'm tired
Show me your, show me your violence
While I'm dipping my toes in the silence
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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