Open Casket

Into It. Over It.

My friends from where I'm from are all a wreck
Hangin' high up on a horse
Hangin' heavy from their old routines
They wake up still uninspired with no regrets
Hungover and divorced, they torch their 20s like it's keroseneCarrying on and on
I can't decide
If we should stay or sleep outside
That look of sheer distress from left to right
My friends from where I'm from, they want my neck
Hangin' high up on a noose
Hanging' heavy from the guillotine
The wake would go unattended, no respects
But I'd feel better as a corpse
Than a boring barely-living thingSo I'm carrying on and on
I can't decide
Should I stay or sleep outside
The look of sheer distress from left to right
You showed up late, per usual
But you wore my favorite dress
And then there's me, as always, just a mess
Just like always, I'm just a messMy friends from where I'm from are all a wreck
My friends from where I'm from are all a wreck
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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