

Something Soon

Car Seat Headrest

biting my clothes to keep from screaming

 taking pills to keep from dreaming

 I want to break something important

I want to kick my dad in the shins I was referring to the present in past tense

 it was the only way that I could survive it

 I want to close my head in the car door

I want to sing this song like I'm dying heavy boots on my throat, I need

 I need somethin soon I need somethin soon

 I can't talk to my folks, I need

 I need somethin soon I need somethin soon

 All of my fingers are froze, I need

 I need somethin soon I need somethin soon

 Only one change of clothes, I need

 I need somethin soon I need somethin soon

 my head is my head is my head is

 stay inside all this winter

 filling out forms from a working printer

 I want to talk like Raymond Carver

 (an advertisement cries out)

 I want to turn down the goddamn tv

(he should have gone to Jared's) binging on the latest sitcom

 feeling guilty every second it's on

 I want to put my foot through a window

 (I document my mind loss)

 I want to romanticize my headfuck

 (through instruments of wordplay)

 heavy boots on my throat, I need

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my head is Let's burn this house down (x a lot)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.