

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
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 my head is my head is my head is Let's burn this house down (x a lot)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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