

Junk

Eyedea & Abilities

In case of emergency
Break glass and pull us out
This is the last time I'll let
Your parade rain through my clouds
They say "Sell and implode for all we care"
I watch the rotting from a distance
And then talk about it like I was there
We don't share even the slightest hint of light
We fight to find when it went wrong
And die before we finally get it right
Forgive me if I'm way more bored than I am brave
Maybe it's you and not me
Either way walk away I'm ok
Still looks the same with the discouraged face
Made from scrape and the misplaced anger
I accidentally embraced
Its dysfunction it's implied by its blood thirst
wanna take it all apart just to rebuild it and make it worse

You're going crazy? Well, I'm happy your leaving
You want to sing yourself to sleep
But you're too dead to realize that you're screaming
Even if in God we bend and in trust we cheat
I'm everyday people normal
And I'm glad to be

Load me up, fall in love
We are America's favorite choice of drug
It's all in your hands so kill us while we're young
You don't need to push me I'm ready to jump
Break me down, wake me up
We are America's favorite choice of drug
It's all in your hands so kill us while we're young
And don't fucking push me I'm ready to jump

Grief. Mi casa, su casa
Anything you say can and will be held hostage
I watch the mellow craze dance it's way inside
The universe is black and I'm a lighter shade of blind
Everyone's tugging and pulling in different directions

Why can't I see anything anymore, anyway?
Medicine. Methadone. Media coverage
Something has broken my t.v.
It keeps telling me I need to be worshiped
And followed to fill this void
I don't know who I am. Paranoid.
Bury me somewhere with less perfect
lighting please.
I want to suck out all of your junk and
Kiss it back into the parts of your heart that you keep locked up
When you awaken I hope I'm the first person you call
I'll listen like a pistol
It'll be worse than talking to a wall
Having everything's having nothing at all
I watched you climb your way to the top and
I'll still be here when you fall
There's no fulfillment in a lazy nation
That keeps feeding our infatuation
With the idea of being famous

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Lyrics submitted by Zak.

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