

# Williamsburg

## Armor for Sleep

Hold your own jacket, please  
I'm not in the mood  
Millions of trains under the ground  
This city was a blueprint for hellPassed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in WilliamsburgToo hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in WilliamsburgBored again watching the rats  
Eat all your food, at least you'll be used to  
The place you'll be soon  
This city was a blueprint for hellPassed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in WilliamsburgToo hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in WilliamsburgDo you know how obvious you are?  
You were born in New Hampshire but you say you're from the O.C.  
Brooklyn is a death bed for clones of the same kids  
Stuck in a party that was lame to begin with  
Yeah, yeah, lame to begin withAt least you'll be used to  
The place you'll be  
This city was a blueprint for hellPassed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in WilliamsburgToo hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in WilliamsburgYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You will all die

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