

Beach Life-in-Death

Car Seat Headrest

Last night I drove to Harper's Ferry and I thought about you
there were signs on the road that warned me of stop signs
the speed limit kept decreasing by ten
as we entered a town about halfway there
it was almost raining at the train station
we put our hoods on our heads at the train station
we threw rocks into the river

the river underneath the train tracks And when the train came it was so big and powerful

when it came into the little station
I wanted to put my arms around it
but the conductor looked at me funny
so we had to say goodbye and leave
the monopoly board still in the backseat
took that nightmare left turn to get out of town
ran into the decreasing speed limits again

What should I do? Eat breakfast

What should I do? Eat lunch

What should I do? Eat dinner

What should I do? Go to bed

Where can I go? Go to the store

Where can I go? Apply for jobs

Where can I go? Go to a friend's

Where can I go? Go to bed I wrote beach death when I thought you were taken

I wrote beach funeral when I knew you were taken

I wrote beach fags, well it wasn't about you

but it could've been. well no it couldn't have

I spent a week in Ocean City

and came back to find you were gone

I spent a week in Illinois

and came back to find you were still gone

I pretended I was drunk when I came out to my friends

I never came out to my friends

We were all on Skype

and I laughed and changed the subject

she said "what's with this dog motif"

I said "do you have something against

dogs" I am almost completely soulless

I am incapable of being human

I am incapable of being inhuman

I am living uncontrollablyIt should be antidepression
as a friend of mine suggested
because it's not the sadness that hurts you
it's the brain's reaction against itIt's not enough to love the unreal
I am inseparable from the impossible
I I want gravity to stop for me
My soul yearns for a fugitive from the laws of nature
I want a cut scene
I want a cut from your face to my face
I want a cut I want
the next related videoI don't want to go insane
I don't want to have schizophreniaO o o o oh, o o o o oh,
O o o o oh, o o o o oh,Last night I dreamed he was trying to kill you
I woke up and I was trying to kill you
It's been a year since we first met
I don't know if we're boyfriends yetDo you have any crimes that
we can use to pass the time I'm
running out of drugs to tryWe said we hated humans
We wanted to be humansWe said we hated humans
We wanted to be humansGet more groceries get eaten get more
groceries get eaten get more groceries get eatenO o o o oh, o o o o oh,
O o o o oh, o o o o oh,
In the morning in bad time
You came back along with the flash flie
When the thunders heart is open
And it was my favorite scene
I couldn't tell you it means
But it means something to meAnd pretty soon you'll find some nice young
satanist with braces and one
capital o significant Other
and you can take him home to your mother and
say ma, this is my brotherWe said we hated humans
We wanted to be humans
We said we hated humans
We wanted to be humansGet more groceries get eaten get more
groceries get eaten get more groceriesGet eaten by the one you love
when they put their lips around you
you can feel their smile from the insideLast night I dreamed he was trying to kill you
I woke up and I was trying to kill youYour ears perked up
I perked up when your ears perked up
you were all looking around
and I hoped it was for me
I hoped you were using your sonar systems for meThe ancients saw it coming
you can see that they tried to warn them
in the tales that they told their children

but they fell out of their heads in the morningThey said sex can be frightening

but the children were not listening

and the children cut out everything

except for the kissing and the singingwhen they finally found their home

at Walt Disney studios

and then everyone grew up

with their fundamental schemas fuckedbut there are lots of fish left in the sea

there are lots of fish in business suits

that talk and walk on human feet

and visit doctors, have weak kneesoh please let me join your cult

I'll paint my face in your colors

You had a real nice face

I had an early deathThe ocean washed over your grave

The ocean washed open your grave

The ocean washed over your grave

The ocean washed open your grave

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

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