

# Kitchen Sink (feat. Zack Joseph)

## Twenty One Pilots

Nobody thinks what I think  
Nobody dreams when they blink  
Think things on the brink of blasphemy  
I'm my own shrink  
Think things are after me, my catastrophe  
At my kitchen sink  
You don't know what that means  
Because a kitchen sink to you  
Is not a kitchen sink to me, okay, friend?  
Are you searching for purpose?  
Then write something, yeah it might be worthless  
Then paint something then, it might be wordless  
Pointless curses, nonsense verses  
You'll see purpose start to surface  
No one else is dealing with your demons  
Meaning maybe defeating them  
Could be the beginning of your meaning, friend  
Go away  
Go away  
Go away  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone  
Nobody thinks what you think, no one  
Empathy might be on the brink of extinction  
They will play a game and say  
They know what you're going through  
And I tried to come up with an artistic way to say  
They don't know you, and neither do I  
So here's a prime example of a stand up guy  
Who hates what he believes and loves it at the same time  
Here's my brother and his head's screwed up  
But that's alright  
Time gains momentum the moment when I'm living in 'em  
I'm winning a momentary sinning a moment passing after  
A re-beginning moments mending memories  
Pretending enemies are frienemies, sending me straight to bending me

My bad behavior but I bet I could have been a better man  
Copy and paste caught me, and copy, better rhymes bother me  
The better the rhythm the badder I am but I bet I'll battle with 'em battle  
Better I am, gambling man, better bet I am a gambling man, I am?

Songwriters

TYLER JOSEPH

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