

strangers

Car Seat Headrest

if I can fit my dreams
you say the same things over and over
into an ABAB rhyme scheme
you say the same things over and over Love is a way of passing on our genes
love is because we want to further our genes
God is a scientist he's just found out about us
he's published a study but he don't know much about us when I die I won't become a ghost
because I'll have nowhere to haunt
fuck this town and fuck my dirty hands
when you're strange then the critics gotta be stranger
but they're just strangers
society wants me to fuck, well fuck 'm
car seat is a genetic stop sign
i sleep lying next to a mirror
car seat is a menace to the public love is a way of advancing our species
love is because we want to keep up our species
God is a director he's just found out about us
he's talked to our agents but he don't know much about us when I die I won't become a ghost
because I'll have nowhere to haunt
fuck this town and fuck my dirty hands
when you're strange then if they like you then they gotta be stranger
but they're just strangers
car seat's nervous and the lights are bright. When I was a kid I fell in love with Michael Stipe. I took lyrics out
of context and thought "he must be speaking to me" I won't last too much longer
I'm already starting to run out of places for faces in my head
they're all starting to look the same
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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