The Impending Glory Of American Adulthood

Crime In Stereo

If it seems as of late, I've stopped sitting around talking about the bands i hate, maybe i'm starting to relate. How could anyone, have anything to say? And if your inspiration's vacant, it's cause you're sitting in a basement, wasting away day after day. I feel the same way. How can anyone have anything to say? When was the last time, anything happened to me? Of limited income, and even less experience...when was the first time you thought "this is where we should always be?" So vacant day after day. This is the last time; you'll see the likes of me. I could stay; play the part of the youngest has-been. In the dark at card tables, rehashing old visions. Put the impending glory aside and make the same decisions in life as my parents. Take their rightful place as the patron saint of "remember the time?"
I'm worth my weight in the glory of yesterday, worth my weight in vacancy.

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