

2nd Son of a 2nd Son

Yip Deceiver

We heard it everyday
Just pretty lights and hit parades
And we were just another one
Hell bent to make a little scrape
And now that life of office chairs
Perfect kids and thinning hair
Comes scratching but it's wrong
Feels so goddamned wrong Whatever happened to the things
We used to know were right
Like beer, caffeine and cigarettes
Punk rock songs and squatter's rights
We scrawled them down and left them there to die
Illegible
To suffocate alone under collections of collectibles
Come on Get it together
Legit We're all just guilty little pieces of a bigger dream
Just cryptic little notes
We send to someone else's fax machine I love the thought of never loving anything
I love it 'cause it's wrong, it feels so goddamned wrong Oh lord forgive our little flights
We didn't make it but we tried
And can you blame us?
We'd all love to know just what it's like
To die on salty afternoons and dissipate with all the fumes
Of things we'd never guess
We live to die a perfect mess Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Get straight

Songwriters

NICOLAS DOBBRATZ, DAVEY PIERCE Published by
Lyrics © BMG Rights Management

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>