Williamsburg

Armor for Sleep

Hold your own jacket, please
I'm not in the mood
Millions of trains under the ground
This city was a blueprint for hellPassed out, sleeping at your party
Dream of leaving in the morning
You will all die in WilliamsburgToo hip to even clean your nose out
Your grave is pulling at your pants now
You will all die in WilliamsburgBored again watching the rats
Eat all your food, at least you'll be used to
The place you'll be soon
This city was a blueprint for hellPassed out, sleeping at your party
Dream of leaving in the morning
You will all die in WilliamsburgToo hip to even clean your nose out
Your grave is pulling at your pants now
You will all die in WilliamsburgDo you know how obvious you are?
You were born in New Hampshire but you say you're from the O.C.
Brooklyn is a death bed for clones of the same kids
Stuck in a party that was lame to begin with
Yeah, yeah, lame to begin withAt least you'll be used to
The place you'll be
This city was a blueprint for hellPassed out, sleeping at your party
Dream of leaving in the morning
You will all die in WilliamsburgToo hip to even clean your nose out
Your grave is pulling at your pants now
You will all die in WilliamsburgYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You will all die

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