

The Local Black and Red

Phantom Planet

Sitting in your room, drinking your perfume
Wondering which day of the week, I'll die on now
I'm lying on your bed, unscrewing your head
Trying to figure out what's wrong, inside
So you don't hate yourself tonight, yeah So now you fall asleep inside a tambourine
Next to broken headphones and your high school yearbook
I wrote on the final page, wish I could've stayed around
To watch the last band play, hey hey hey
I heard they just broke up yesterday Frequenting the local black and red
And how that band played you really had to stare
You'd hardly be aware that you were blinking
You'd hardly be aware that you were blinking, yeah Frequenting the local black and red
And how that band played you really had to stare
You'd hardly be aware that you were blinking
You'd hardly be aware that you were blinking, yeah, yeah

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