

# Carnival Carnivore

## Blakfish

Fuck this  
We're a bunch of pretentious pricks  
If I was sober (??)  
Do I fucking know where I fucking drink B-A-N-AH  
Hardcore bangs not cool  
'Cause I'm not the worst  
But I put my hands up first  
'Cause I don't know where I am  
I swear to God I cursed And in my (??) mental clarity my mind tells me  
I don't want the things I used to want There's a point to everything I've said  
Well I think it is but I'm not sure what to expect (expect, expect)  
Next Sweating in this waiting room  
Where I was held by breath for you  
I was passed and I sat still  
For the next time it won't happen  
But you can be assured There's a point to everything I've said  
Well I think it is but I'm not sure what to expect (expect, expect)  
Next You're so happy  
Next time I'll be yours  
You're so happy  
Next time I won't be so sure

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