

# 1515 Washington

## Astronautalis

Pack 'em all in, 4 folks up inside a 3 bed  
Fuck a landlord, make a room out the practice space  
Run an orange line through the laundry room  
And be living three hundred a month  
Yup, all bills erry'thang  
Livin off a rap, ramen noodles, and the kindest friends  
Drugs will pay the rent, keep the party moving everyday  
Vegan with the tracks, ain't no beef inside anything  
Homies at your back, yup, you survive everything  
Except that heat, believe in that  
That smoke will fucking choke your lungs  
Boy, that draft back will flash like a dagger drawn in a club  
Smolder on the mattress till the 02 rolls through  
And blows it up, turn everything to ashes  
Watch them firefighters soak it up  
So, what would you grab  
If your fuckin house was burnin down?  
2 seconds to dash? You ain't reaching for no Nikes  
Bish don't make me laugh  
See how simple your whole life is in the palm of your hand  
OH! The smoke will lead you home!  
As I write this,  
Ukraine is burning  
And the flames in Venezuela made Valencia an urn  
My own personal history feels so damn worthless  
And I wonder if I grabbed the right things  
When I escaped the burning building?  
That silly feeling making your problems feel small  
While simultaneously feeling helpless and numb to it all  
Feel like a fucking asshole  
For all the shoes that I bought  
Knowing they all just turned to ashes  
When the laces all caught on fire  
All night I couldn't sleep a wink, while looters broke in  
And picked through our singed things  
To sell it all for scratch so they could chase dreams  
Or chase a high, or chase something else that's in between  
Maybe I shouldn't have kept a god damn thing  
Let it all burn down start over, just slate clean  
That's easy for me to say cause I didn't lose much...  
Except when I lost touch  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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