

# Last Rites at the Jane Hotel

## of Montreal

Other people can be so disappointing

I need to spend more time alone

What gives us the right to be so depressing?

224 West 16th Street was our cathedralThese tears I cry for you must prove that

I'm not the demon that I'm meant to beYou say you love me though just like you aren't too shady

Knowing what you know, it must be hard to

Trust someone who's so similar to yourself

Don't you know it's pointless to try and bully me into caring more

Assume no fault of your own

It's really just the boredom of being someone's captiveThese tears I cry for you must prove that

I'm not the demon that I'm meant to beCheck-in at the Jane hotel

Terrible peopleAs usual as dead from anti-anxiety meds

And the old gang grasping for air that's not thereSeeking out my own authentic season in hell

Though it doesn't feel quite as pompous

At least not as I can

At least not as I can tellDream, dreamMisery [?] yawning

Wrecked me for the summer's [?]

That I am free and almost alone

Down in Jersey I feel betterWhy would you ask? Why should you care how I'm doing?

Do I bother you with those kinds of vapid questions anymore?

I wanna matter, I wanna be your friend, not a poison

This kind of love, our kind of love is so demoralizingThese tears I cry for you must prove that

I'm not the demon that I'm meant to beSeeking out my own authentic season in hell

Though it doesn't feel quite as pompous

At least not as I can

At least not as I can tellSeeking out my own authentic season in hell

Though it doesn't feel quite as caustic

At least not as I can

At least not as I can

At least not as I can tell

Songwriters

KEVIN BARNESEPublished by

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