

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 cathedral
These tears I cry for you must prove that
I'm not the demon that I'm meant to be
You 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 captive
These tears I cry for you must prove that
I'm not the demon that I'm meant to be
Check-in at the Jane hotel
Terrible people
As usual as dead from anti-anxiety meds
And the old gang grasping for air that's not there
Seeking 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 tell
Dream, dream
Misery [?] yawning
Wrecked me for the summer's [?]
That I am free and almost alone
Down in Jersey I feel better
Why 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 demoralizing
These tears I cry for you must prove that
I'm not the demon that I'm meant to be
Seeking 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 tell
Seeking 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 BARNES
Published by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>