

My Bedroom Is Like For Artists

[Latterman](#)

May your music break my ear drums. and your pavement scrape my knees. and the next time i get up and try leaving town shoot my fucking plane to the ground. i saw new things in the same old town that year after i decided being dead inside wasn't an option. i think i can be too romantic. yeah i think i was just too romantic. i see life alive in so many peoples eyes. let's hope we won't be dead inside. even though it's warm down here. don't let it lull us to sleep. streets gentrified like it's no problem. boys in bands still singing about killing their girlfriends. people leave communities while their still struggling. come on everybody sing along we're to blame. punks start dealing with their own white privilege. we tell all the boys to stop being so aggressive. actually giving a shit about the place we live in. come on

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