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and there's a few bumps in the road we'll get the iron board out and from last night a few bullet holes in our facade like fireworks on the fourth of july

i'll just share a soundbite on instagram

and hope the victim dont bleed out

got it all figured, we all wanna get the hell away from anywhere just wanna slow it down in the abscence of red lights i'll try anything tonight if it fools my brain you wanted to be part of a revolution you're just way to late pour yourself into every glass of the fake irish bar screaming nothing will ever quench this flame

you're in the rocks, duh
they're going at the moon in stockholm
you better be from nowhere to have seen some
so they can revolutionize some hearts in old town
to the people who say: i've been everywhere - on instagram
and i've fucked every single person - through pornhub

seen some

we just wanted to show you tonight some things to be not done

i thought to myself while i still got legs i'll juggle the football, i might miss it when i'm dead and i'll kick the living shit out of it despite hell rain, sure and then i went inside and smoked a hundred cigarettes and put fair & square wine in my water bottle, cause lets

the bar in my apartment
runs from childhood
to the toilet
just installed lights and by god it's dirty
and all the splashes of paint
is my life's work, aint it
i'd be happily married by now
if not for all the craziness
the unfashionablessness
of thinking in circles
abusing substances, hey ho

boo

throwing stones at ego
there's nothing at the end of the road
nothing really to die for
she said to get shit together or this just wont work
no matter how many times i paint her face
on the concrete of downtown
it's all i've really been known for
romanticize the yellow in snow
and every bump in the road, i'll
put you to work if you know
what i'm good for

