

Knife In The Coffee

Car Seat Headrest

My ghost sleeps on the floor
He can't sleep cause there's music next door
I stay awake in case they need a band
He stays awake cause he's a nervous young man

I can't drink because the bars are closed
I can't go out cause I don't have nice clothes
Katie brought a deck of Tarot with her
I got my fortune read, I didn't hear a word

Everybody hates a clown
Everybody dies and drowns
Everybody throws a party
Everybody throws a funeral

My dad's ghost hides under the bed
With a joke that'll knock em all dead
And all my enemies and all my friends
Are on the floor right above my head

My identity's a compromise
My potential has been fetishized
And my soul has been psychedelized!!!!

Everybody hates a clown
Everybody dies and drowns
Everybody throws a party
Everybody throws a funeral

Get your swords out
Get your swords out
Open up in every way
Get your words out
Get your words out
What the hell are you trying to say?
Get your swords out
Get your swords out
I'm the only one fighting this war
Get your words out
Get your words out
I don't want this on the record anymore

I try to grow and I just get taller
I cleanse my soul and it just gets smaller
And I stole every single song that I wrote
From my seventeen-year-old ghost

But I'm haunted every day
By all the lyrics that he threw away
So if there's one thing he forgot to say
I hope it wasn't I love you cause I do

Everybody hates a clown
Everybody dies and drowns
Everybody throws a party
Everybody throws a funeral

I had a dream there were knives in my coffee