

something soon

Car Seat Headrest

Biting my clothes to keep from screaming
Taking pills to keep from dreaming
I want to break something important
I want to kick my dad in the shins

I was referring to the present in past tense
It was the only way that I could survive it
I want to close my head in the car door
I want to sing this song like I'm dying

Heavy boots on my throat I need
I need something soon
I need something soon
I can't talk to my folks I need
I need something soon
I need something soon
All of my fingers are froze I need
I need something soon
I need something soon
Only one change of clothes I need
I need something soon
I need something soon
My head is my head is my head is

Stay inside all this winter
Filling out forms from a busted printer
I want to talk like Raymond Carver
(an advertisement cries out)
I want to turn down the goddamn TV
("He should have gone to Jared's")

Binging on the latest sitcom
Feeling guilty every second it's on
I want put my foot through a window
(I document my mind loss)
I want to romanticize my headfuck
(through instruments of wordplay)

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Let's burn this house down...