

stoop kid

Car Seat Headrest

This city has its share of stairs
And if you stay there, no one cares
These boxes I should probably recycle
This city has its share of stairs

I haven't eaten in so long
Stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop
I'd like to travel the world, babe
But stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop

The concrete breaks my heart again
Some kid walks by, I spit at them
The grocery store will still be there tomorrow
The concrete breaks my heart again

I want a therapist more fucked up than me
Stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop
Because I look in your eyes like a deer looks into headlights
Stoop kid's afraid to leave his stoop

If I had a little time
Maybe I could start to find my way out
But every time I move my feet, dance my way across the street
I lose it

There's still beer cans on the step
I pretend that I have kept on purpose
But when the trashman comes around
I just start to feel so down I can't move

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