

strangers

Car Seat Headrest

If I can fit my dreams
We say the same things over and over
Into an ABAB rhyme scheme
You say the same things over and over

Love makes it easier to be human
Love is the payoff for the life that we're losing
God is a scientist he's just found out about us
He's published a study but he don't know much about us

When I die I won't become a ghost
Because I'll have nowhere to haunt
Fuck this town and fuck my dirty hands
When you're strange, if they like you then they gotta be stranger
er
But they're just strangers

Society wants me to fuck, well fuck them
Car seat is a genetic stop sign
I sleep lying next to a mirror
Car seat is a menace to the public

Love makes it easier to be around humans
Love on the TV, who'd they think they were fooling?
God is a director, he's just found out about us
He's talked to our agent, but he don't know much about us

When I die I won't become a ghost
Because I'll have nowhere to haunt
Fuck this town and fuck my dirty hands
When you're strange, then the critics gotta be stranger
But they're just strangers

Car seat's nervous and the lights are bright
When I was a kid I fell in love with Michael Stipe
I took lyrics out of context and thought
"he must be speaking to me"

I won't last too much longer
I'm already starting to run out of places
For faces in my head
They're all starting to look the same