

Deer

Manchester Orchestra

Half a year and here you are again.
I'd go out in public if nobody ever asked
I sit home and drink alone and hope that bottle speaks
Like you
Like us
Like me

Half a year again now, it's a whole
February stationary from you on the wall
And I sit home and plead the throne
To speak
To speak
To me
To me
To me
Hasn't said a single thing

Probably too busy with your work
Or am I just excusing you for leaving me alone?
There's nothing in these wooden drawers
To bring you back
To keep me bored
I don't know what to do with me no more

Dear everyone
I ever really knew
I acted like an asshole
So I could keep my edge on you
Ended up abusing
Even those I thought immune
I killed the kingdom with one move and now
It's time, to move

Dear everybody that has paid to see my band
Still confusing
I'll never understand
I acted like an asshole so my albums would never burn
I'm hungry now and the scraps are dirty dirt
And I'm hungry now the scraps of dirty dirt.