

Cold floors, landlords  
Knocking knocking should we let him in  
Should we lock the door + throw away the key  
What should we hide first? Should we  
Throw away the door, throw away the sink  
Throw away every last comforting thing  
Throw away the beds so no one can tell  
This is how we, this is how well

Cut the power off, give me cold cramped rooms  
Disconnected phones + leaky roofs  
Give it to me in large unpaid bills  
This is how we, this is how we will  
Spend the rest of our days  
Forever and always, this is  
This is how we live

This is how we learn from our mistakes  
Repeat them over + again  
Put them all together, that's what we do  
With a little curtain separating each room  
Argue, bicker, and fight  
Everyone plots their escape  
But in the end there's nowhere else to go  
This is all we have this is all we know

Noise spilling out from the traffic on the boulevard  
Broken glass and hix in the towyard  
Out back say, this is a declaration of war  
We've heard that before

This is how we respond to a crisis  
First we steal each other's stuff  
Then we hide in all four corners of the house  
Trying to pass the blame

We form another angry band  
Brandon took all the pots and pans  
And locked them in his room  
Now what are we gonna do?