

Coal City Blues

The Menzingers

Never thought I'd write about how I've fallen
So insincere I might as well stab myself in the face
Drag me kicking and screaming from this place
These friends I've got you'd never think I would feel so alone
Cry myself to wake, fall asleep for days
Take a blood oath with the kitchen sink
Worthless are a memory, real only skin deep
Product of insomnia, to fall asleep
I appreciate the genius in a metaphor
In 5 years where will it get you, a self absorbing fool
The catastrophic wheel side revery
Am I so vane, to think you'd want to hear me?
Sing of boundaries and borders
And delinquent memories
The catastrophic wheel side revery.