

Assistant. Assistants.

Trophy Scars

It's calling at the walls in my tiny apartment.
Trying to make sense of my life and then it started,
Something felt weird and my heart was beating open.
All of it was over I woke up and raised my right hand. Why do I insist I've got two more years
to live? I was suicidal and I'd been heaving drinking.
Two years is what you make it and I know what you're thinking;
Jerry's lost his mind again he's way too self-indulgent.
Maybe you're right, I never should have told you. Do you think mind it?
I lie all the time.
I'm telling the truth then;
In two years his voice will die.
tick tock, tick tock, tick, tick tock, tick tock, tick.
I've got so many things to think.
Should we start with marry? tick tock, tick tock, tick, tick tock, tick tock, tick. We'll hid our
wounds from our parents.
We'll eat out our wrists like a candy.
We'll think twice before kissing.
We'll miss our old friends like they're dying. I remember when we were just sixteen and
dreaming.
Drinking in the basement, just shouting and screaming.
Listen to our favorite records all while thinking,
Some day were gonna be there on stage all singing.
Remember breaking hearts and getting hearts broken?
Lying to our parents on what we were smoking?
Solving all our problems with bottles and women?
Even though we knew were better off without them.
This is all fake!
This is not me!
This is me!
We're all getting old and getting stoned.
I'll write backwards, what's going on?
I've said this right from the very start.
I know my heart wont get in the way.
And I hope to god that they'll take me away
My foot is stepping out the window.
My foot just stepped out the window. Can you hear them screaming?
Oh god! oh god! oh god!
Can you hear them screaming?
Oh god! oh god! oh god! I remember when we were just sixteen and dreaming
Drinking in the basement, just shouting and screaming
Listen to our favorite records all while thinking
Some day were gonna be there on stage all singing

Remember breaking hearts and getting hearts broken
Lying to our parents on what we were smoking
Solving all our problems with bottles and women
Even though we knew were better off without them.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>