

# Williamsburg

## Armor for Sleep

Hold your own jacket please  
I'm not in the mood  
Millions of trains, under the ground  
This city was the blueprint for hell  
Passed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Too hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Bored again, watching the rats  
Eat all your food  
At least you'll be used to  
The place you'll be soon  
This city was the blueprint for hell  
Passed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Too hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Do you know how obvious you are?  
You were born in New Hampshire but you say you're from the O.C.  
Brooklyn's a death bed, for clones of the same kid  
Stuck in a party that was lame to begin with  
At least you'll be used to  
The place you'll be  
This city was the blueprint for hell  
Passed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Too hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
You will all die

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