

Car Seat Headrest - Beach Life-In-Death

Tom: G

Last night I drove to Harper's Ferry and I thought about you
There were signs on the road that warned me of stop signs

The speed limit kept decreasing by ten
As we entered a town about halfway there

It was almost raining at the train station
We threw our hoods on our heads at the train station

We threw rocks into the river
The river underneath the train tracks

And when the train came it was so big and powerful
When it came into the little station

I wanted to put my arms around it
But the conductor looked at me funny

So we had to say goodbye that week
The Monopoly board still in the backseat

Took that nightmare left turn to get out of town
Ran into the decreasing speed limits again

What should I do? Eat breakfast
What should I do? Eat lunch

What should I do? Eat dinner
What should I do? Go to bed

Where can I go? Go the store
Where can I go? Apply for jobs

Where can I go? Go to a friend's
Where can I go? Go to bed

(C D G Bm)

I wrote Beach Death when I thought you were taken
I wrote Beach Funeral when I knew you were taken

I wrote Beach Fagz, well it wasn't about you
But it could've been, well no it couldn't have

I spent a week in Ocean City
And came back to find you were gone

I spent a week in Illinois
And came back to find you were still gone

I pretended I was drunk
When I came out to my friends

I never came out to my friends
We were all on Skype

And I laughed and changed the subject

She said, "What's with this dog motif?"

I said, "Do you have something against dogs?"

I am almost completely soulless
I am incapable of being human

I am incapable of being inhuman
I am living uncontrollably

It should be antidepression
As a friend of mine suggested

Bm

Cause it's not the sadness that hurts you
It's the brain's reaction against it

It's not enough to love the unreal
I am inseparable from the impossible

I want gravity to stop for me

My soul yearns for a fugitive from the laws of nature
I want a cutscene

I wanna cut from your face
To my face I want a cut I want the next related video

I don't want to go insane

I don't want to have schizophrenia

The ocean washed over your grave

The ocean washed open your grave

(C G C G)

Last night I dreamt he was trying to kill you

I woke up and I was trying to kill you

It's been a year since we first met

I don't know if we're boyfriends yet

Do you have any crimes that that

We can use to pass the time

I am running out of drugs to try and I

We said we hated humans

We wanted to be humans

We said we hated humans

We wanted to be humans

Get more groceries get eaten get more groceries get eaten get
more groceries get eaten

(C G C G)

A book of Aubrey Beardsley art

Corrupted me in youth

And now I'm trapped inside my youth

And you're in love with late stage youth

Thank god for the little things and and

Fuck god that they're little things I am

Running out of prayers to sing and I

And pretty soon you'll find some nice young

Satanist with braces and one

Capital o significant Other

G
 And you can take him home to your mother
 And say "ma, this is my brother"

C **G**
 We said we hated humans
C **G**
 We wanted to be humans
C **G**
 We said we hated humans
C **G**
 We wanted to be humans

Get more groceries get eaten get more groceries get eaten get more groceries

C **G**
 Get eaten by the one you love
C **G**
 When they put their lips around you
C **G**
 You can feel their smile from the inside
 (**C** **D**)

G
 Last night I dreamt he was trying to kill you
 I woke up and I was trying to kill you **Bm**

C
 Your ears perked up
 I perked up when your ears perked up
D
 You were a-looking around
G
 And I hoped it was for me
Bm
 I hoped you were using your sonar systems for me

C
 The ancients saw it coming
 You can see that they tried to warn them
D
 In the tales that they told their children
 But they fell out of their heads in the morning
G
 They said sex can be frightening

But the children were not listening
Bm
 And the children cut out everything
 Except for the kissing and the singing

C
 When they finally found their home
 At Walt Disney Studios
D
 And then everyone grew up
 With their fundamental schemas fucked
G

But there are lots of fish left in the sea
 There are lots of fish in business suits

Bm
 That talk and walk on human feet
 Visit doctors, have weak knees

C
 Oh please let me join your cult
D
 I'll paint my face in your colors
G
 You had a real nice face
Bm
 I had an early death

C
 The ocean washed over your grave
D
 The ocean washed open your grave
G
 The ocean washed over your grave
Bm
 The ocean washed open your grave

C
 The ocean washed over your grave (how's your face, how's your body?)
D
 The ocean washed open your grave
G
 The ocean washed over your grave
Bm
 The ocean washed open your grave (we're too scared to do shit!)

(**C** **D** **G** **Bm**)

Acordes

