

# R.I.P. 2 My Youth

## The Neighbourhood

R.I.P. to my youth  
And you could call this the funeral  
I'm just telling the truth  
And you can play this at my funeral  
Wrap me up in Chanel inside my coffin  
Might go to Hell and there ain't no stopping  
Might be a sinner and I might be a saint  
I'd like to be proud, now I'm ashamed  
Sweet little baby in a world full of pain  
I gotta be honest, I don't know if I could take it  
Everybody's talking, but what's anybody saying?  
Mama said if I really want to, then I can change, yeah yeah  
R.I.P. to my youth  
If you really listen, then this is to you  
Mama, there is only so much I can do  
Except for you to witness, for to worship me too  
I'm using white lighters to see what's in front of me  
R.I.P. to my youth  
And you could call this  
the funeral  
I'm just telling the truth, yeah  
You can play this at my funeral  
Tell my sister don't cry and don't be sad  
I'm in Paradise with Dad  
Close my eyes and cross my arms  
Put me in the dirt, let me dream with the stars  
Throw me in a box with the oxygen off  
You gave me the key and you locked every lock  
When I can't breathe, I won't ask you to stop  
When I can't breathe, don't call for a cop  
I was naive and hopeful and lost  
Now I'm aware and driving my thoughts  
Oh  
What do I do? What do I do?  
I don't believe it if I don't keep proof  
I don't believe it if I don't know you  
I don't believe it if it's on the news or on the Internet  
I need a cigarette  
I'm using white lighters to see what's in front of me  
I'm using white lighters to see  
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I'm just telling the truth  
And you can play this at my funeral  
Tell my sister don't cry and don't be sad  
I'm in Paradise with Dad  
Close my eyes and I cross my arms  
Put me in the dirt, let me be with the stars

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>