

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/>