

Out of the Blue

Julian Casablancas

Somewhere along the way my hopefulness turned to sadness
Somewhere along the way my sadness turned to bitterness
Somewhere along the way my bitterness turned to anger
Somewhere along the way my anger turned to vengeance And the ones that I make pay
Are never the ones who deserve it
and the ones who deserve it they'll never understand it
Yes, I know I am going to hell in a purple basket
At least I will be in another world, while you're pissing on my casket How could you be Oh
So perfect for me? Oh
Why can't you ignore Oh
The things I did before? Oh
Somewhere along the way exacting vengeance gave excitement
Somewhere along the way that excitement turned to pleasure
Somewhere along the way that pleasure turned to madness
Sooner or later that kind of madness turns into pain And the ones that I made pay were never the
ones who deserved it
Those who helped me along the way, I smacked them as I thanked them
Yes, I know I am going to hell in a leather jacket
At least I will be in another world, while you're pissing on my casket All that I can do now is
sing a song of faded glory
And all you got to do is sit there look great and make them horny
Together we will sing songs and tell exaggerated stories
About the way we feel today, and tonight and in the morning How could you be Oh
So perfect for me? Oh
Why can't you ignore Oh
The things I did before? Oh
And take all your fears
And pretend they're all true
And take all your plans
And pretend they fell through
And that's what it's like, Oh
That's what it's like for most people in this world The rich or the poor Oh
Muslims or Jews Oh
When roles are reversed Oh
Opinions are too No, oh oh That's all I'm gonna say now
Before they come knockin' on my door now

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