

Times to Die

Car Seat Headrest

All of my friends are getting married
All of my friends are right with god
All of my friends are making money
But art gets what it wants and art gets what it deserves(I lost a fight with Trypho
Blamed it on my alogia)We've all had better times to dieGet a job! Job
Lying in bed while all his friends chant youmustadonesomethingwrong
Worming my way into your heart
Worming my way onto the charts
I want a deal
Let's make a deal
Let's cut a covenantAnd when they took him to the temple
Oh then they fed him to the devils
And when they took him to their temple
Oh then they fed him to their devils
And when they took him to the temple
Oh when they took him to the devils
And when they took him to the temple
Oh then they listened to his demos
most of the time I'm just getting older
but I'll get to heaven standing on your shoulders
so many people you know that could make you
they say kid you're good but do you have what it takes to be
invited into the divine council

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