

# Local Joke

## Neon Indian

Common things never bother me cause I'm the local joke\*  
Summer got high and swoll she calls me the broken spoke  
Never been late to fuck with fate and see if faith's a joke  
Part of me wants the wants in life to tickle up and smoke  
Come to me cross a path of all these empty traits  
Everything is just unsaid no need to contemplate  
All my weights drip as they leave my lips how come do something straight  
She needs and excuse to end things and become the things you hate

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>