

Week 10 lyrics

Suicide Saturday by Hippo Campus (2015)

I heard it told by her mother old
She could try, she could try it
With the power of tin and a bottle of gin
She was wise, she was wise to it
Cocked her father's gun, like the oldest son
She could try, she could try it
Blessed by the bed where she laid her head and it calmed to a dull roar
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
It was a suicide saturday
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
In a summertime kind of way
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
It was a suicide saturday
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
In a summertime kind of way
She fell to the streets 'til she heard the screams
She could drive, she could drive it
That was where she'd buy her time, yeah
Her friends were crazed in the solemn rains
She could try, she could try it
I met her once, she was tight, she was tight
She was tight, she was tight, she was tight as hell
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
It was a suicide saturday
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
In a summertime kind of way
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
It was a suicide saturday
Oh oh, oh oh woah, oh oh woah
In a summertime kind of way
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now for me
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now for me, for me, for me, yeah
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now for me, for me, for me, yeah

Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now for me, for me, for me, yeah
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now
Oh, don't you wait now for me
A suicide saturday
A suicide saturday

Anna Sun by Walk the Moon (2010)

Screen falling off the door, door hanging off the hinges
My feet are still sore, my back's on the fringes
We tore up the walls, we slept on couches
We lifted this house, we lifted this house
Firecrackers in the east, my car parked south
Your hands on my cheeks, your shoulder in my mouth
I was up against the wall on the west mezzanine
We rattle this town, we rattle this scene
Oh, Anna Sun
Oh, Anna Sun
What do you know, this house is falling apart
What can I say, this house is falling apart
We got no money but we got ha-heart
We're gonna rattle this ghost town
This house is falling apart
Screen falling off the door, door hanging off the hinges
My feet are still sore, my back's on the fringes
We were up against the wall on the west mezzanine
We rattle this town, we rattle this scene
Oh, Anna Sun
Oh, Anna Sun
What do you know, this house is falling apart
What can I say, this house is falling apart
We got no money but we got ha-heart
We're gonna rattle this ghost town
Do you know this house is falling apart
What can I say, this house is falling apart
We got no money but we got ha-heart
We're gonna rattle this ghost town
This house is falling apart
This house is falling apart
Live my life without
Station wagon rides
Fumbling round the back
Not one seatbelt on

Wait for summertime
Coming up for air
Now it's all I want
Now it's all I want
Live my life without
Coming up for air
Now it's all I want
I want everyone
Racing down the hill
I am faster than you
Wait for summertime
Wait for summertime
Oh, Anna Sun
Oh, Anna Sun, Sun
What do you know, this house is falling apart
What can I say, this house is falling apart
We got no money but we got ha-heart
We're gonna rattle this ghost town
What do you know, this house is falling apart
What can I say, this house is falling apart
We got no money but we got ha-heart
We're gonna rattle this ghost town
This house is falling apart
This house is falling apart
This house is falling apart
We're gonna rattle this ghost town
This house is falling apart
This house is falling apart

Grace Kelly by Mika (2007)

I wanna talk to you
The last time we talked, Mr. Smith, you reduced me to tears
I promise you it won't happen again
Do I attract you? Do I repulse you with my queasy smile?
Am I too dirty, am I too flirty? Do I like what you like?
I could be wholesome, I could be loathsome, I guess I'm a little bit shy
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me, without making me try?
I tried to be like Grace Kelly, mmh
But all her looks were too sad, aah
So I tried a little Freddie, mmh
I've gone identity mad!
I could be brown, I could be blue, I could be violet sky
I could be hurtful, I could be purple, I could be anything you like
Gotta be green, gotta be mean, gotta be everything more
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?

Why don't you walk out the door?
Getting angry doesn't solve anything
How can I help it, how can I help it? How can I help what you think?
Hello my baby, hello my baby, putting my life on my brink
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me? Why don't you like yourself?
Should I bend over, should I look older, just to be put on your shelf?
I tried to be like Grace Kelly, mmh
But all her looks were too sad, aah
So I tried a little Freddie, mmh
I've gone identity mad!
I could be brown, I could be blue, I could be violet sky
I could be hurtful, I could be purple, I could be anything you like
Gotta be green, gotta be mean, gotta be everything more
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?
Walk out the door!
Say what you want to satisfy yourself, hey
But you only want what everybody else says you should want
You want
I could be brown, I could be blue, I could be violet sky
I could be hurtful, I could be purple, I could be anything you like
Gotta be green, gotta be mean, gotta be everything more
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?
Walk out the door!
I could be brown, I could be blue, I could be violet sky
I could be hurtful, I could be purple, I could be anything you like
Gotta be green, gotta be mean, gotta be everything more
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?
Walk out the door!
Uuh, ah
Humphry, we're leaving
Ca-ching!

Schizophrenia by Jukebox the Ghost (2010)

Yes I can, no I can't
Yes I can, no I can't
Yes I can, no I can't
Yes I can, I swear to it
That's just how my brain works

Yes it is, no it isn't
Yes it is, no it isn't
Yes it is, no it isn't
Yes it is, I know that
I know it sounds absurd but

We first met in the summer
Of my twenty-second year
I got scared and they appeared
Out of thin air

Here they come, here they come
Here they come, here they come
Here they come, here they come
They're after me, I don't know anything

They got guns, they got knives
They got guns, they got knives
They got guns, they got knives and-and-and-and-and
Spies
I am no informant

We first met in the summer
Of my twenty-second year
I got scared and they appeared
Out of thin air

They knew my name
They screamed and screamed
They knew everything

Well, you could say that I'm well liked
But I'll never be friendless, oh
Oh, you could say that I'm alright
Or you could say schizophrenic, but ohhh

Harlem by New Politics (2013)

I spend my money on the regular miracles
Just like you like me like everybody else
Up on the sun looking sad and beautiful
Just like you like me like everybody else
When it gets loud, I turn it up
Shake it like a bad girl up in Harlem
When it's too hot, I light it up
Light it up yeah smoke em if you got em
Here come the jets hide my money in your tube socks
Run like me, like hell, like everybody else
Hair metal on a Japanese boom box
Kicks like you like me like everybody else
When it gets loud, I turn it up
Shake it like a bad girl up in Harlem

When it's too hot, I light it up
Light it up yeah smoke em if you got em
When it gets soft, I shake it up
Shake it like a bad girl up in Harlem
You're so sweet, but I like it rough
Light it up yeah smoke em if you got em
Making a movie on the couch with a flip phone
Just like you like I like fingers in your mouth
Up on the sun playing drums with a bleached bone
Just like you like me like everybody else
When it gets loud, I turn it up
Shake it like a bad girl up in Harlem
When it's too hot, I light it up
Light it up yeah smoke em if you got em

My Type by Saint Motel (2014)

Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
And take a look around the room
Love comes wearing disguises
How to go about and choose?
Break it down by shapes and sizes
I'm a man who's got very specific taste
You-you-you're just my type
Oh, you got a pulse and you are breathing
You-you-you're just my type
Oh, I think it's time that we get leaving
You-you-you're just my type
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
When there's loving in the air
Don't fight it, just keep breathing
I can't help myself but stare
Double check for double meanings
I'm a man who's got very specific taste
You-you-you're just my type
Oh, you got a pulse and you are breathing
You-you-you're just my type
Oh, I think it's time that we get leaving
You-you-you're just my type
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
La-da-da-da, la-da-da-da-dah
La-da-da-da, la-da-da-da, da-da
La-da-da-da, la-da-da-da-dah
La-da-da-da, la-da-da-da-da-da
La-da-da-da, la-da-da-da, da-da
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

You-you-you're just my type
Oh, you got a pulse and you are breathing
You-you-you're just my type
Oh, I think it's time that we get leaving
You-you-you're just my type

Feel It Still by Portugal. The Man

Can't keep my hands to myself
Think I'll dust 'em off, put 'em back up on the shelf
In case my little baby girl is in need
Am I coming out of left field?
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now
I been feeling it since 1966, now
Might be over now, but I feel it still
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now
Let me kick it like it's 1986, now
Might be over now, but I feel it still
Got another mouth to feed
Leave her with a baby sitter, mama, call the grave digger
Gone with the fallen leaves
Am I coming out of left field?
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now
I been feeling it since 1966, now
Might've had your fill, but you feel it still
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now
Let me kick it like it's 1986, now
Might be over now, but I feel it still
We could fight a war for peace
(Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now)
Give in to that easy living
Goodbye to my hopes and dreams
Stop flipping for my enemies
We could wait until the walls come down
(Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now)
It's time to give a little to the
Kids in the middle, but oh 'til it falls
Won't bother me
Is it coming?
Is it coming?
Is it coming?
Is it coming?
Is it coming?
Is it coming back?
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, yeah
Your love is an abyss for my heart to eclipse, now

Might be over now, but I feel it still
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now
I've been feeling it since 1966, now
Might be over now, but I feel it still
Ooh woo, I'm a rebel just for kicks, now
Let me kick it like it's 1986, now
Might be over now, but I feel it still
Might've had your fill, but you feel it still

T-Shirt Weather by Circa Waves (2015)

She left me and said
Baby won't you come to bed
But I cannot sleep
While the sun's awake
The nights been so long
You don't get me right, don't get me wrong
Now my head tells the tales
I hardly know
I remember T-shirt weather
I remember some days
We were singing our lungs out
in the backseat together
And the seatbelts were burning our fingers
In the T-shirt weather
I remember sleeping 'til the early afternoon
Drinks fly like birds
Across the kitchen trouble stirs
And I'm tongue-tied by words
I used to know
So we talk 'til we're sick
Seventeen went far too quick
And when my mind plays tricks
I have to go
I remember T-shirt weather
I remember some days
We were singing our lungs out
in the backseat together
And the seatbelts were burning our fingers
In the T-shirt weather
I remember sleeping 'til the early afternoon
It's going to be ok
It's going to be ok
It's going to be ok
It's going to be ok
It's going to be ok

It's going to be ok
I remember T-shirt weather
I remember some days
We were singing our lungs out
in the backseat together
And the seatbelts were burning our fingers
In the T-shirt weather
(Yeah) In the T-shirt weather
(Yeah) In the T-shirt weather
In the T-shirt weather