

Twenty One Pilots - Next Semester

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I remember certain things
                            tom:
                                                                What I was wearing
Stand up straight now
                                                                The yellow dashes in the street
Can't break down
                                                                I prayed those lights would take me home
Graduate now
                                                                Then I heard: Hey kid get out of the road
I don't wanna be here
I don't wanna be here
                                                                Oh, oh
                                                                Oh, oh
It's a taste test
Of what I hate less
                                                                Can't change what you've done
Can you die of anxiousness
                                                                Start fresh next semester
I don't wanna be here
                                                                I remember
I don't wanna be here
                                                                I remember certain things
What's about to happen
                                                                What I was wearing
What's about to happen
                                                                The yellow dashes in the street
I remember
                                                                I prayed those lights would take me home
I remember certain things
                                                                Then I heard: Hey kid get out of the road
What I was wearing
The yellow dashes in the street
                                                                Oh, oh
I prayed those lights would take me home
                                                                Oh, oh
Then I heard: Hey kid get out of the road
                                                                (And then he slowed down)
                                                                (And rolled down his window)
                                                                (And he said)
I don't wanna be here
                                                                Can't change what you've done
I don't wanna be here
                                                                Start fresh next semester
                                                                 D Bm 4x
 Can't feel my legs
Might suffocate
                                                                  It's a taste test
There's a pressure in my chest
                                                                Of what I hate less
I don't wanna be here
                                                                I don't wanna be here
I don't wanna be here
                                                                Start fresh with a new year
What's about to happen
What's about to happen
                                                                Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
I remember
                                                                Can't change what you've done
                                                                Start fresh next semester
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Acordes

