

Marathon Shirt

sElf

 tell me who's to blame for this ink spot, question mark,
 blood-stained sleeves in the parking lot
 i've had it since i was twelve and i wear it like hell
 wash it when it gets worn, dirty, tattered, torn
 fell in love with me and wears me with pride
 we bathe in ultra tide when i start to feel guilty
 and everyone's jealous cause they wish they had it
 i'm half a man without it
 i'm the king of style
 and i'll keep on wearing my marathon shirt
 and i'll wear it everyday til it hurts
 and i got no lady over her
 confidence-a-plenty in my marathon shirt
 once loaned her to a friend for a party and i worried all
 night like a mother does
 and when she returned all wrinkled and helpless, she smelled
 of cheap cigarettes and other drugs
 i'd wear her in any season
 i'd wear her for any reason
 the only promise in my life's that shirt of mine
 and day after day, as her colors fade away, i'll remember
 what she felt like the first time
 now i've come to lay you down
 you can soak into the sound and i'm so elated
 she can't be recreated and the water's turning brown
 my baby she's no hand-me-down

 Lyrics provided by
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