# 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

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