Runner Ups

Kurt Vile

Hey old man, how many times we gotta tell you
We don't want a number, where you been so long?
Hey girl, come on over
That'll be just fine
If it ain't workin', take a whiz on the world
An entire nation drinkin' from a dirty truck
My best friend's long gone
But I got runner ups, yeah
When I walk in, my head is practically dragging
Yeah, and all I ever see is just a whole lot of dirt
My whole life's been one long running gag
Two packs of red apples for the long ride home
Well you know, baby
See you walking till you took a wrong way train

Then you sat down and couldn't get up
My best friend's long gone
But I got runner ups
I don't know if it's real but it's how I feel
Don't if you really came but I feel dumb in asking
You should have been an actor, she's so domineering
Take two eyed gold earrings for your troubles, man
Visibly dark points of future in a faze
Instead of standing, I'm running around
The sharpest tool in school doesn't know what's up
My best friend's long gone
But I got runner ups, yeah

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