

Nervous Guy

Old 97's

In the court of our friend's opinion
In the right-cut eyes of all our friends
In the way the phone goes dead
In the way you lose your head
I can see how this thing is gonna end
In the darkest hours of my depression
In the tumbling rocks it takes to mend
In the way you cross you legs
In the way my right hand shakes
I can see how this thing is gonna end
Goodbye, goodbye from a nervous guy
Goodbye, goodbye from a nervous guy
From a nervous guy
When the smoke pours into the bedroom
When the man comes 'round collecting all our friends
When the loved one finally learned
That the fire no longer burns
I can see how this thing is gonna end

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