

Marbles

Single Mothers

I'm losing all my marbles, soon blow a hole in this whole bag
So if I start tumbling, don't be startled up
Just try to get back some of my things
Unfamiliar disorientation,
Unfamiliar faces keep on buying all my drinks
Try to talk about Matt and Miller
Well, your bookshelf doesn't impress me I don't care about your first editions
I don't care about your type writer ribbon
I don't care about your punctuation
Puncture wounds that you try to inflict me with
'Cause I'm a hypocrite, and I'm okay with it
I'm so self-aware, that's crippling
At least I don't pretend
My whole life is held together by book ends She all like bla, bla, bla, bla
Something about McSweeney's
Something about her thesis
Something about its meaning
Something about whatever
Something like why do you gotta be so mean(x2)
(Cause) I don't care about your first editions
I don't care about your type writer ribbon
I don't care about your punctuated
Puncture wounds that you try to inflict me with
'Cause I'm a hypocrite, and I'm okay with it
I'm so self-aware, that's crippling
At least I don't pretend
My whole life is held together by book ends! She's got passionate penmanship
A BA in the soft sciences
And I'm just a drop out without a clue
At least I'm not incubated

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