

Two Good Things

Modern Baseball

Trying hard not to look like I'm trying that hard
Failing miserably at everything including that
Making plans in my head right before I go to sleep
Trying to think of who could make a better me than me
Maybe I'll shoot him an email,
Maybe he'll give it a go
Then I'll be free to just evaporate, disperse or implode
Picking at holes in my jeans
There's so much god in my gene pool
Not feeling lonely, I just like being alone
I've called a through if already but no one knows why
One girl, one man, two pay checks are more than I can handle
Mathematically, and I can't be more than one end of a candle
Bottom of a ninth, can't find my socks
Lord knows I'm stuck between two good things
But I just want to get out
And mom knows i should've been home an hour ago
But I'm still outside not doing anything wrong
Just walking in circles, and playing high school songs in my head
Because it's better than lying awake

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