

Pedestrian at Best

Courtney Barnett

I love you, I hate you, I'm on the fence, it all depends
Whether I'm up or down, I'm on the mend, transcending all reality
I like you, despise you, admire you
What are we gonna do when everything all falls through?
I must confess, I've made a mess of what should be a small success
But I digress, at least I've tried my very best, I guess
This, that, the other, why even bother?
It won't be with me on my deathbed, but I'll still be in your head
Put me on a pedestal and I'll only disappoint
you
Tell me I'm exceptional, I promise to exploit you
Give me all your money, and I'll make some origami, honey
I think you're a joke, but I don't find you very funny
My internal monologue is saturated analog
It's scratched and drifting, I've become attached to the idea
It's all a shifting dream, bittersweet philosophy
I've got no idea how I even got here
I'm resentful, I'm having an existential time crisis
Want bliss, daylight savings won't fix this mess
Under-worked and over-sexed, I must express my disinterest
The rats are back inside my head, what would Freud have said?
Put me on a pedestal and I'll only disappoint you
Tell me I'm exceptional, I promise to exploit you
Give me all your money, and I'll make some origami, honey
I think you're a joke, but I don't find you very funny
I wanna wash out my head with turpentine, cyanide
I dislike this internal diatribe when I try to catch your eye
I hate seeing you cry in the kitchen
I don't know why it affects me like this
When you're not even mine to consider
Erroneous, harmonious, I'm hardly sanctimonious
Dirty clothes, I suppose we all outgrow ourselves
I'm a fake, I'm a phoney, I'm awake, I'm alone
I'm homely, I'm a Scorpio
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Songwriters

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