

Going to Bed Now

Modern Baseball

What do you give someone who's already got one of everything you thought would be the perfect accoutrement
to their unnerving temperament?
Attention. What could a lowly peasant, being like myself, offer a perfect, pleasant savior of humanity, redeemer
of us sickly, sitting hillbillies?
Attention. Just one more resounding stab at all the others
You've almost blown your cover,
But your traps don't stick
One more bottle should do the trick
Discretely cleansing the remnants of every disdainful quip
We've found no escape route,
But I know you well enough to hate you now
It's too bad you haven't figured that out
What do you call someone who calls you out on DIY ethics you don't embody, as he drains his dad and
mommy's monthly data plan?
An asshole
With an iPhone. I'll admit I'm in the same boat:
Caught between my adolescent safety net
And where the world wants me to be
But I never use that as an excuse
To treat my friends
The way that you treat me
Just one more distorted and sad attempt at humor
From the jagged, bleeding tumor in our throat
Malignance at best
And quick to address yourself as anything other than what we've learned to expect.
The patron saints of Good God Damn.
I'll kick myself to sleep before I shake your grimy, dirty, crusted, arrogant hand.
So please leave my house.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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