

Apartment

Modern Baseball

The first time I saw you was in your apartment
I followed my friends single file through the darkness
I looked your direction for excessive inspection
And I could not muster the courage to say a single word to youFor a while we were playing this game that your
friends bought
But everyone cheated and no one could spell
You didn't say much of anything
I must have come off annoying
'Cause you went to bedI walked home with my eyes closed
Dreaming of conversations we'll have tomorrow
Your loose ends, my new friends
All the classes in high school we fell asleep in
But now I can hardly close my eyesThe next time I saw you was in your apartment
Oh why do I keep ending up here on starlit evenings
Should be home sleeping
But this time you sat next to me on the couch(Dude, nice!)I stare out the window
Hands glued, tight, and sore
Praying to god knows what
That you would sever what's stuck
With something shiny from the kitchen drawerI'll walk home with my eyes low
Dreaming up conversations we'll have tomorrow
Your loose ends, my new friends
All the classes in high school we fell asleep in
But now I can hardly close my eyesI was wondering if maybe you wanted to hang out tonight
We could make dinner or something

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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