

Nausea

Jeff Rosenstock

Held in a bong hit, sitting in a
Hot tub in south Wisconsin. I feel
amazing when I'm all alone
switching between porn and Robocop
Turned off my cellphone, drank a bottle
of wine and read a Cometbus and
Passed out naked, shriveling, stumbled
To bed in a fucked up sleepwalk
I got so tired of discussing my future
I've started avoiding the people I love

Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea. I read the worst thing ever in a bathrobe of off-white terricloth,
Translated by technology from your voice extremely inaccurately.

I got so tired of discussing my future
I've started avoiding the people I love
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea
Shake and sweat and I can't throw up.
I got so tired of discussing my future
That I walk through my life like I'm the only one
With evenings of silence and mornings of nausea
Shake and sweat and I can't throw up. Cleaned up the empty bottles.
Let the smoke out through chilly windows.

I used the stationary bike
I watched the end of The Price Is Right
Ordered an egg-white sandwich and I
Drove south through mid-day traffic and I
Called up some folks I truly love and
Hung up after they said hello.
I got so tired of discussing my future
I've started avoiding the people I love
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea
Shake and sweat and I can't throw up.
I got so tired of discussing my future
That I walk through my life like I'm the only one
With evenings of silence and mornings of nausea.

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