

The Old Gospel Choir

Modern Baseball

There's a tombstone in the brush with your name on the front
But I had no bucks to get "Here lies They-Ran-Outta-Luck"
On the back of it
Sharp as a tack, but in the sense that you're not smart, just a prick
In my finger or my toe
Ripping staggered holes all the way to my chest
All the way to my chest
But every tremble in your voice still echoes in my ears
One good night of sleep per year
There's a tombstone in the brush with my name on the front
But I had no bucks to get "Here lies He-Ran-Outta-Luck"
On the back of it
Sharp as a tack, but in the sense that I'm not smart, just a prick
In the fingers and the toes of all of those who show interest in me
And from where I'm standing It looks like I'm way long overdue
I know what you meant when you said "fuck you"
Breaking up never felt so cruel
And now I'm tired
And now I'm dead to me
Can we act like we never broke each others' hearts?
At least mine, I don't know how you felt from the start
Oh, that's vile, oh, I'm cruel, oh it's god damn mean
I sure as hell know one thing You sure ain't dead to me

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

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