

Dog Problems

The Format

Don't you dare
Speak for someone you don't know
They'll feel it in the back of their throat
We know I cant construct a poem
'Cause words like girls get bored and run
c'est la vie
I say "I've got so many better things"
I've got nothing
you should see me
I smoke myself to sleep
And blame postmodern things I cant relate
Like summer camp and coastal states
Like alcohol and coffee beans
Dance floors and magazines
I think its safe to say I've only got
myself to blame
But boys in swooping haircuts
are bringing me down
Taking pictures of themselves
oh no

“Boys in swooping haircuts you know who you are”

And so I walk the web in search of love
But always seem to end up stuck
I'm finding flaws in everyone.
I've reached the point where all I want
Is to sleep around in hopes that I will catch back up
We are parallel lines
Weâ€™re running in circles
We're never meant to cross

I'm at a loss
You were my tangerine
My pussycat, my trampoline
Now all's I get are wincing cheeks
And dog problems
I signed a lease
Thinking my heart belonged

at 93rd and park
Instead I broke a girls heart
And flew back to Phoenix
to finish the year as it started

Can you hear me?
Are you listening?
This is the sound of my heart breaking
And I hope it's entertaining
Cause for me
it's a bitch

Was it worth it?
When you slept with him?
Did you get it all out of your system?

I am a man
Holding it all
I couldn't breathe
Coming across
I didn't know
I couldn't get up

B is for believing you'd always be here for me
E is for everything, even when we'd see it though
C, C is for seeing through you, you are a fake, which brings me to...
A because, because, you always run away

I never finish phrases I misspell
An open arm's a prison cell
When I said, "I hate what I've become"
I lied, I hated who I was
So when you start to wonder
about the pain in my throat,
Then don't you ever, no never ever
Speak for someone
You
don't
know

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