

And Now I'm Nothing

The Wonder Years

I can't help myself
I keep ending up in Memorial Park
Breaking finger nails while I claw at the frozen ground
Because as long as I'm home
I can dig up these bones
There's no point to just letting go
And as long as you've known me I've been backing out slowly
I won't end up underneath the snow

This is where it's been
The manger scene every Christmas
Next to the cannon
Every year someone steals baby Jesus
Nobody stops them
It's a nice tradition

I'll put my life back together in silence
While writing songs on Molly's guitar
And Suburbia, stop pushing
I know what I'm doing

So I moved myself and two boxes of things
To the basement room at Richie's house
And I'm happy here for now
Because I've been in search of some steadier footing
Or just a place to call home
I know that I'm introspective when broken
But I've been spending most of my nights here alone
And that doesn't scare me like it did a year ago

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While writing songs on Molly's guitar
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I had dreams of myself

As the Allen Ginsberg of this generation
But without the talent, madness or vision
I guess it's looking hopeless
We're a city left digging out cars in unison
And humming like we've healed
I know we've got miles to go
But I'm putting my shoulder to the wheel

Lyrics submitted by Greg MacDonald.

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