

Bed Bugs

Fred Thomas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Let's stop and talk on a slow street
Your guy is cross-eyed and muttering
Looks at me like "now who the fuck is he?"
And I tell you man I wish that I knew
Trash scavenged mattress and a stuffed bear
Bed Bugs crawl through your lovers hair
You got that thousand yard stare
I get itchy just from talking to you
Drained hopes sinking with the Argos son
Floating out on the freshman year beer run
It's so hard to have fun
but there used to be a way to get through
All your amazed days fade
But all of the damn dogs, they think that they've got it made
And no matter what you say,
You know that you are going to do it anyway, do it anyway
Knuckle tattoo says "I hate to live
On another dickhead who assures me that I'm just too sensitive"
You can't tell everybody to fuck off forever
Then be mortified when they finally do
You had a textbook breakthrough on a shaky plane
Seated next to kid hyperventilating
She's so embarrassed by her dad's use of slang
And nobody ever gets to feel cool
And these days I'm only saying something if I'm swaying
That's the only time it doesn't feel like I'm explaining
So if you see me and I seem to entertaining
I'm not singing I'm just talking to you
But you don't want a funeral unless everybody comes
And you don't want a kiss unless you're adequately numb
And you don't want to speak not even to say goodbye
And you don't want to share how you're in shadows all the time
And you don't want to think about the people that you knew
They're a tug on your sleeve, they're an embarrassment to you
Just some bones in the sun, just a decomposing rind
Just a sitcom that aired before you even were alive
Your friends are full-length mirrors that you pull out of the garbage
Or orange juice soaked cotton balls to convince you, you aren't starving
You need somebody to fuck, someone to call when you get down

And some people to make wonder why they even stick around
And now you don't want to drink, you say it feels the same as water
And you don't actually even like me, I just subconsciously remind you of your father
And his flannel shirts that smelled liked cigarettes and rain
And a catalogue of things you wished never had to change
But it's never been quite like it was when you were a kid
Puffy eyes, play fight, bug bites, jiff peanut butter, cinnamon toast crunch
Strawberry allergy, bee stings All of the people are asleep
But tomorrow the punks and the cops will both have to eat
And whatever those people say
You know that you have got to do it anyway, do it anyway, do it anyway

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