

Thank God, Sarcastically

Bobby Meader Music

Cause I'm a subway car rushing down the boulevard
And you're a pretty girl with an actual meaning
And you know I always get lost on the way to your house
And I usually don't find where I'm going til my coffee's all cold
But there's nothing worse than making money
That's why I thank god sarcastically
It seems like I've got no one left to impress
But who the fuck am I to question progress
Cause I'm a tightly wound rope hanging in my dreams
And you're a constant addiction
I can't stand living life the way it seems
You will swoop up all the women I know you will
I'm not interested in looking like a case of goodwill
I wish I could be the feeling hearing my favorite song on the radio
But I don't keep enough things in my memory
Cause there's no alibis for things that have already died
So thank god sarcastically for what's on your mind
I'm another night stuck where I might drown
And you know what they say it's all the shit you do that follows you around

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