

# Broken Cash Machine

## Modern Baseball

Home alone on friday night  
No better time for exercise  
And wishing you were still my girlfriendSweeping floors and folding napkins  
Praying something cool might happen  
The sun explodes, we die  
The world endsTalking to my friends about stuff  
Nasty beer and plastic handcuffs  
Back when them and you and me  
Would share our space in harmonyOh, why did I do that?  
Why does everything collapse?  
Even when it's glued together  
Hey, why did I do that?  
I make everything collapse  
Even when it's glued togetherQuestioning my awkward footing  
Mixing bitter pills with chocolate pudding  
Hiding gifted fixturesTrying to not say words out loud  
Wondering if I'm talking too loudMy eyes burning holes in your old picturesOh, why did I do that?  
Why does everything collapse?  
Even when it's glued togetherHey, why did I do that?  
I make everything collapse  
Even when it's glued together  
Fuck you why did I do that?  
It's your fault I can't relax  
But nothing's changing while I'm sitting here  
With both hands glued together  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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