

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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