

Going To Bed Now

Modern Baseball

What do you give someone who's already got one of everything you thought would be the perfect accoutrement to their unnerving temperament?

Attention.What could a lowly peasant, being like myself, offer a perfect, pleasant savior of humanity, redeemer of us sickly, sitting hillbillies?

Attention.Just one more resounding stab at all the others

 You've almost blown your cover,

 But your traps don't stick

 One more bottle should do the trick

Discretely cleansing the remnants of every disdainful quip

 We've found no escape route,

 But I know you well enough to hate you now

 It's too bad you haven't figured that out

What do you call someone who calls you out on DIY ethics you don't embody, as he drains his dad and mommy's monthly data plan?

 An asshole

With an iPhone.I'll admit I'm in the same boat:

 Caught between my adolescent safety net

 And where the world wants me to be

 But I never use that as an excuse

 To treat my friends

 The way that you treat me

Just one more distorted and sad attempt at humor

 From the jagged, bleeding tumor in our throat

 Malignance at best

And quick to address yourself as anything other than what we've learned to expect.

 The patron saints of Good God Damn.

I'll kick myself to sleep before I shake your grimy, dirty, crusted, arrogant hand.

 So please leave my house.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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