

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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