

# Nothing Feels Good Anymore

## The Menzingers

I am a tiny fly, buzzing around in a field  
Somewhere in the overgrowth of your memory  
And at night you wander though, as the image of a  
Former you, searching every nook and every cranny for  
The form that I am takingBut "baby, baby I'm right here!", I try to shout and scream  
And say, but my darling you just swat, you just swat me  
Away, and in my greatest desperation, I dig deep into  
Your skin, a little itch to keep the thought of me  
But nothing feels good anymoreI'm at the party in a cloud of nicotine  
Exhaled by drunk twenty somethings  
There's a couple arguing in the bathroom  
There's a couple kids just trying to get high  
I try to make my way out, 'cause I've got to see you  
Tonight, I start pacing then running"But baby, baby buzz me in!", I ring you intercom and  
Say, but you just poke your head through the curtain  
And my hearts on the floor

Songwriters

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