

Barf

Pulley

Why every time when something hurts
Someone always comes and wants to make it worse?
I'll never make the cover of a rolling stone
But at least I know my life's my own
On my back porch what will it mean
On my notes tell me what they'll mean
Splitting up the difference between one and two
Doesn't make a difference for me or you
What the signs they say
Trucks that we met back and forth on any day but Sunday
At four o' clock
And the meter's running too late now
Put your quarter in
And you know you won't be found
Don't know it
Don't know it
I know inside that you're afraid of me
I've become all the things that I said I would be
Something more than rehearsed, the pain I feel contained
I look in the mirror and I saw someone else
Don't be anything [Incomprehensible]

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