

Rock Bottom

Modern Baseball

Is he here? Are you making out?
I can hear you guys on the couch
Shut up, make out, do something already, I'm waiting.
After reading that text from your friend, I start losing all of my confidence
Oh, I'll stay tired, I know soon I'll be bailing
Then you, you ask if I've gotta leave and I wish that I could say no
My head is on the verge of exploding
No amount of aspirin or pizza could help this from hurting
And now I'm turning to you, scared shitless, hoping this song goes well
Can we hide, like, the fact that my mouth smells like coffee and garlic
The five cups I had this morning are getting to me
I gotta go, I've got like the worst fucking spins
Then you, you ask if I've gotta leave and I wish that I could say no
But we're so caught up in the moment
And I just need a second to catch my goddamn breath
Fuck it
To hell with the spins, I'm staying
There's no good reason why I should leave your bed tomorrow
We can watch planet earth and brain storm tattoos To hell with class I'm skipping
Let's order food and sleep in
I've got so much to do
But it's ok cause whatever, forever
To hell with the spins I'm staying
There's no good reason why I should leave your bed tomorrow
We can watch planet earth and brain storm tattoos
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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