

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

Lets 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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