

Note to Self

Modern Baseball

Holt's above my hideout
I dug this hole beneath the floorboards
Buzzing bad and locked in
Try to not recall Counting numbered days

From the wheel we cried to clutch

Looking for some inspired land

But all I found were empty cans and cigarette butts
Lining dirty parking lots in Ottawa

(Glazed eyes, trying to rub away at the sketches of the...)

Daytime

When every second of sun's the same

What's the point of staying awake?

Your hands are out and I see

You're asking me for a vowel but I am weak and I am stubborn

So I'll say "This is all I have right now"

But I want to make something good

I want to make something better

Something that cannot leave the ground

Unless we lift it up together Where I want to be still seems a thousand miles away

But pretending we feel safe right here gets harder every day

It's a note to self mislaid

You ate the words you always used to say

There will be no more fucking around today Drunk and worthless, spewing bullshit all across the stage

Wake up and we find new hiding places

Trying desperately to escape

The glare from our stupid, spineless

(I don't believe you, you're all the same)

Words just whining, every fucking day

What do I really want to say?

Where I want to be still seems a thousand miles away

But pretending we feel safe right here gets harder every day

It's a note to self mislaid

You ate the words you always used to say

There will be no more fucking around today

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.