

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.

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