1229 Sheffield

Brian Vander Ark

Another day of deflating your face into tears
I shook your mood with the game and a bottle of beer
The day I fell off of the wagon, you threw up your hands in disgust
Once again you just get the best of meRemember you loved to be held, how you loved to be touched
And anxiously laughed at my jokes just a little too much
When I was so careful of cursing while you were still nursing your beer
Now, it's a shame but I know thatThere's really no use for a brand new convertible
A mile to your parents', a mile to the store
Returning our bottles for 10 cent deposits
I'll drink us two dollars moreI don't recall anyone placing a gun to our heads
We traded a trip around the world for a family instead
Our friends were dispersing while you were still nursing our boy
And I knew that things had changedWhen the pet names that you once gave me
We soon gave to the pets
But I still come when you call them, just to be sureNow, there's really no use for a neighborhood cheerleader
A block party president mowing his lawn
Whose cabinet is empty with a mind full of nicotine fits
God, I can't make you love me 'cause I don't have the strength anymore

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/