

I'm Never Bored

The Walkmen

My weekdays
So busy its my schedule
Well giving in my apartments just as full
Those ceilings and white unforgiving walls
And now that's rigid than the days lined on my calendar
As subways trains they roll
Me home late its hard to keep proper intervals of sleep
I like it thou

My weekends
I travel as I visit friends
Sometimes I go out sometimes I stay in
Its too late to change my self
Its only in the humor
In a story I recall
I mimic with my arms as I
Exaggerate a joke
Oh where I go

Its only in this drama
In a story I recall
I mimic with my arms as I
Exaggerate the plot

I go to
Unhook the vcr
Cable and
The bath of massive tangled grey and black
And turn across to somewhere in the back
I'm leaning over down behind the TV stand a radiated pause
A hissing line and stranded as
Spits among the dust
I give up

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