

Ballgame

Kevin Devine

A good man doesn't drink
And I've been drinking alone
So what does that make me?

My hands they always shake
And no one's calling my phone
So what does that make me?

And I know the kid with his guitar
So drunk and anxious
Has been done to death
So tell me what hasn't
I'll try it

Because I'm selfish enough to wanna get better
But I'm backwards enough not to take any steps to get there

And when you realize it's a pattern
And not a phase
It's what you've become and it's what you will stay
That's ballgame

'Cause I don't got room in my life for anyone else
And I've driven away all the people that could help
And I still don't even know what I need to do to fix myself

There's a clamp around my chest
That tightens every time I lapse into
Another sorry story

About my miserable collapse
A bronze box I keep encased in glass
And dust off whenever I want your pity

'Cause lately I've had to come to grips with scope and figure
How my problems stack up in a world two steps from ruin
(Or maybe it's rapture)

Well, either way, I realize that my shit's about as small as it could be
But that makes me feel worse for even feeling this bad in the first place

'Cause there's a war starting soon, and all the flags'll be waving
Daniel's 20-year-old friend will be ready, and willing, and waiting
He's a Marine and he told me

And that makes me sad
Really, really fucking sad
But at least he'll act

I'll just bite my tongue and then say, "Daniel you wish him luck
or pray that he comes back for his mother's sake",
and then I'll drink those thoughts away
I've gotten good at that

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That's ballgame