

Eat Dinner Bury The Dog And Run

Polar Bear Club

200 gallons ago, I buttoned up my jacket
I said goodnight to my supervisor, walked to my car, and unlocked it
The inside's so cold, at least the shit's still running
Picked up my cell phone; the roof of the car looks good for slugging

Walked in through my back door like a bull through bedsheets
There were flowers on the floor went from bull, to weak in the knees
Yeah, I'm a fuck-up. First day home.
Yeah, I'm fucked up and I'm calling you.

Put a camera in my car and you'd get me less and less and less.
I need a windshield built for war that can withstand my confidence
Today I reached into a shitter and saw the inmost part of me
My reflection has looked better, but never clean

Yeah, I'm a fuck-up. First day home.
Yeah, I'm fucked up and I'm calling you.

Nights like these won't be avoided.
Not by me.