

It's alright, David, I'm fucked up again
I'm tired of waiting
Of being your friend
Cause you're stuck on the first page and I'm close to the
end
So just shut your mouth and pretend

You scream your cellphone and you watch your TV
Sometimes you look like a fool
Sometimes you look right past me
And I'm the one singing you songs in the end
So goddamn, I guess we'll be friends

And oh, all the days pile up like used paper plates
And you know but you still go

Pictures and movies and books and cartoons
When I'm lookin' at them sometimes I'm thinkin' bout you
And writing down things that i think you should do
You know, I might get sick of me too

And oh, all the days pile up like used razor blades
And you know but you still go

So David I'm here and my fingers are sore
From writin' down words that I know you'll ignore
When each one comes out it fees more like before
So David I've evened the score
David I've evened the score.