

# Nausea

Jeff Rosenstock

Held in the bong hit sitting in a  
Hot tub in south Wisconsin  
I feel amazing when I'm all alone  
Switching between porn and Robocop

Turned off my cell phone  
Drank a bottle of wine and read a Cometbus  
got stoned naked, trip and stumble  
to bed in a fucked up sleep walk

I got so tired of discussing my future  
I started avoiding the people I love  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea

I read the worst thing ever  
In a bathrobe of off-white terry cloth  
Translated by technology  
From your voice extremely inaccurately

I got so tired of discussing my future  
I started avoiding the people I love  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea  
Sweatin' and shakin', dont throw up

I got so tired of discussing my future

That I walk through my life like I'm the only one  
With evenings of silence and mornings of nausea  
Shakin', sweatin', and dont throw up, oh no

Cleaned up the empty bottles  
Let the smoke out through chilly windows  
I used the stationary bike  
I watched the end of Price Is Right

Ordered an egg white sandwich  
And I drove south through mid-day traffic  
While I called up the folks I truly love  
Hung up after they said hello

I got so tired of discussing my future  
I started avoiding the people I love  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea  
Shakin', sweatin', don't throw up

I got so tired of discussing my future  
That I walk through my life like I'm the only one  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea