

Passing Out Pieces

Mac DeMarco

Watching my life, passing right in front of my eyes
Hell of a story, oh is it boring?
Can't claim to care, never been reluctant to share
Passing out pieces of me, don't you know nothing comes free?

What mom don't know has taken its toll on me
It's all I've seen that can't be wiped clean
It's hard to believe what it's made of me

Passing my life, living it out in her sight
Listening closely, hearing her mostly
Can't shake concern, seems that every time that I turn
I'm passing out pieces of me, don't you know nothing comes free
?

What mom don't know has taken its toll on me
It's all I've seen that can't be wiped clean
It's hard to believe what it's made of me