

My Friend Marcus

Manchester Orchestra

My friend Marcus, he sleeps in my basement
And his father touched more than spirit
Now he can hardly sleep, sleep

My friend Marcus, he's got such an ego
I beg him oh daily to let go
Find your father and find your meaning
Please

I don't give a good shit if your lonesome
I think that you should go home son
Find the father and your meaning

Now I can see
You mean everything to nothing
Now I believe
You mean everything

Now I can see
You mean everything to nothing
Now I believe
You mean everything

My friend Marcus, he works on a train set
And I still can't move off my broke track
He's helping me find my meaning
Eventually and hopefully we'll see

And now I believe
I mean everything to nothing
Now I believe
I mean everything

It's funny how many don't know
How many don't have a home
It's funny how many don't know
How many don't have homes
Ooooooh