

Broken Cash Machine

Modern Baseball

Home alone on friday night
No better time for exercise
And wishing you were still my girlfriend

Sweeping floors and folding napkins
Praying something cool might happen
The sun explodes we die
The world ends

Talking to my friends about stuff
Nasty beer and plastic handcuffs
Back when them and you and me
Would share our space in harmony

Oh, why did I do that?
Why does everything collapse
Even when it's glued together

Hey, why did I do that?
I make everything collapse
Even when it's glued together

Questioning my awkward footing
Mixing bitter pills with chocolate pudding
Hiding gifted fixtures

Trying to not say words out loud
Wondering if I'm talking too loud

My eyes burning holes in your old pictures

Oh, why did I do that?
Why does everything collapse
Even when it's glued together

Hey, why did I do that?
I make everything collapse
Even when it's glued together

Fuck you why did I do that?
It's your fault I can't relax
But nothing changing while I'm sitting here
With both hands glued together