

Casket

Modern Baseball

Though you might think you're cute
It's not so giggly, when you prance around acting like you're a somebody
Growing up in this good for nothing town
Saying "I'm gonna make, I'll get out"

Well good luck, when all you'll ever be
Is just a dreamer, stop convincing me
Otherwise, with actions you hold with dignity
Like dropping out of college cause it's quote unquote
Getting the best of me

Free from the life that will be our demise
Like searching around for some real occupation cause you say well
"I've got connections man"
I'll search long, I'll search long and hard for you
But you'll just be at home
Face -First in a bowl and I'll say
"Well, where did he go?"

Working back-room at Staples just for the extra money
Cause you already live off your parents and your friends weed
Living each day by some new decree
"Well if I just wait around things will surely come to me!"

Might as well just throw away your dreams and aspirations
Cause truth be told they wont just fall in your lap
Now I'm not saying I want you out of my life
But I'll go grab your coat and hat

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I've been tryna think of ways to say this without spraying it
But I can't cause I'm up in your face
Talking to you
Searching around for answers and clues
Of why you have nothing to do

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Let the shotgun shells of your parents graduating class, light up your eyes

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Now don't call me cute
And don't call me giggly
Cause I'm getting the f**k outta here, you'll all see
I'm actually running around chasing my dreams
You won't say "Where did he go?" about me